

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

THE UNOFFICIAL 1984

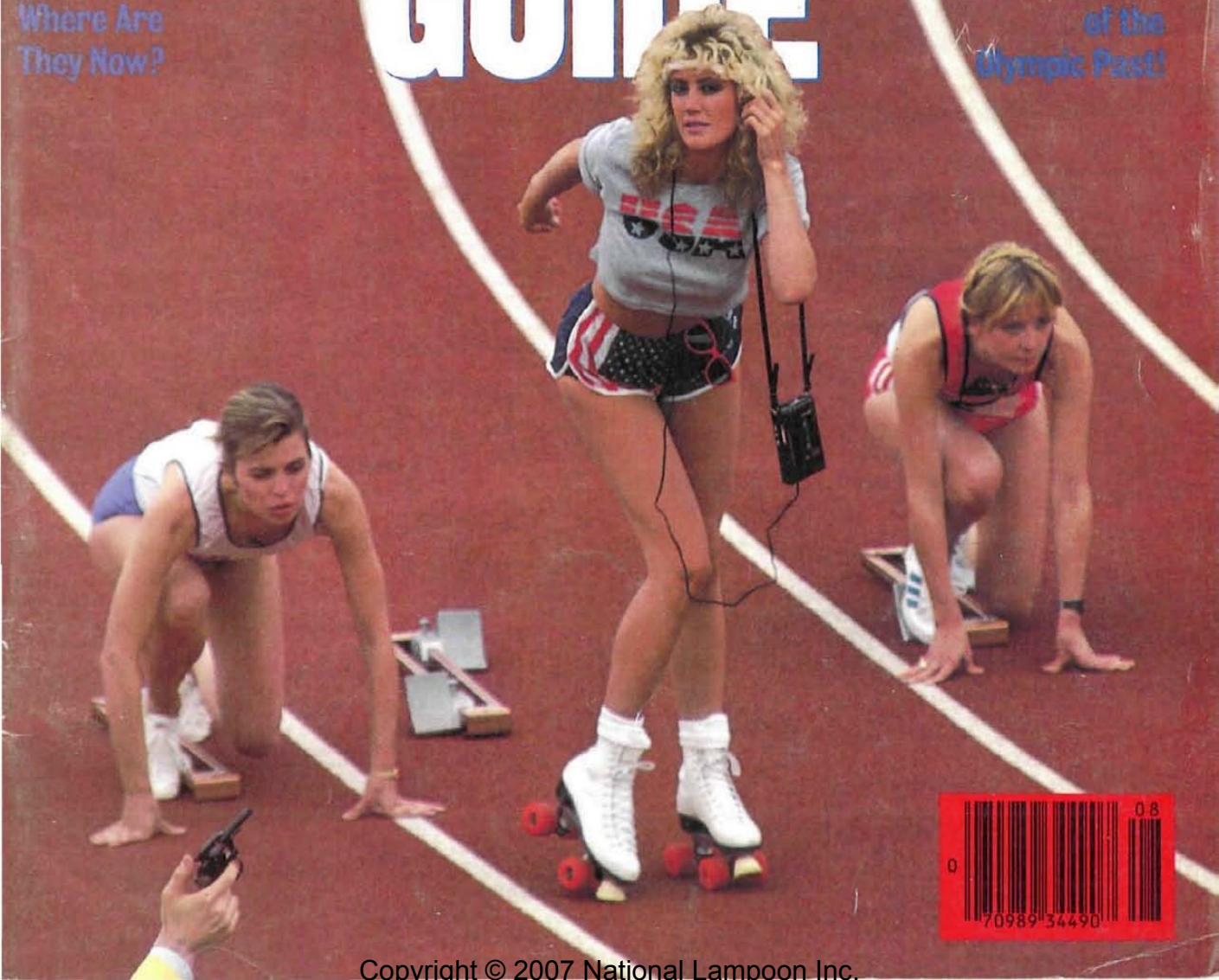
# OLYMPIC GUIDE

Includes  
Counterfeit  
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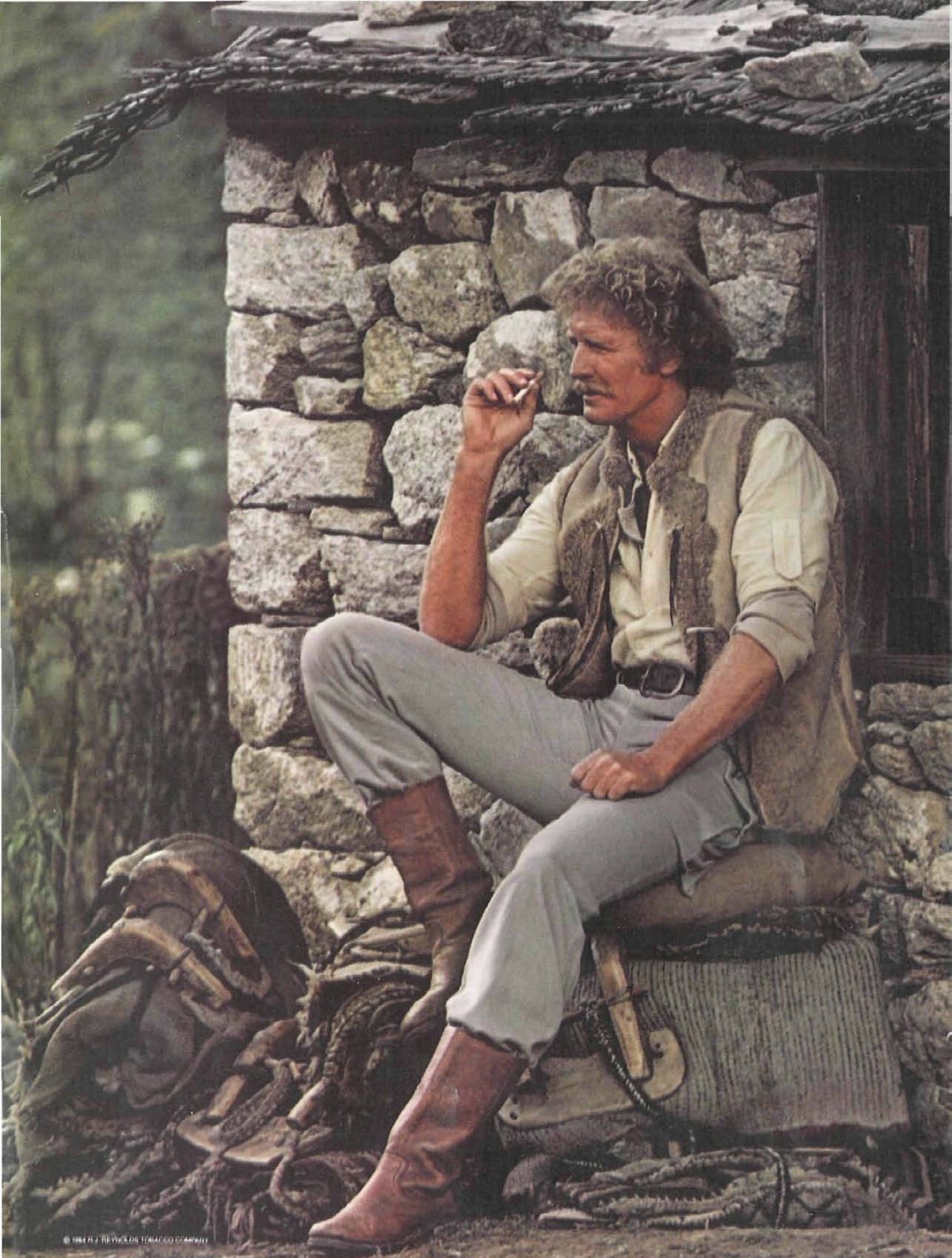
PLUS  
Old Athletes:  
Where Are  
They Now?

Special TV  
Watcher's  
Section

AND  
Dark Secrets  
of the  
Olympic Past!







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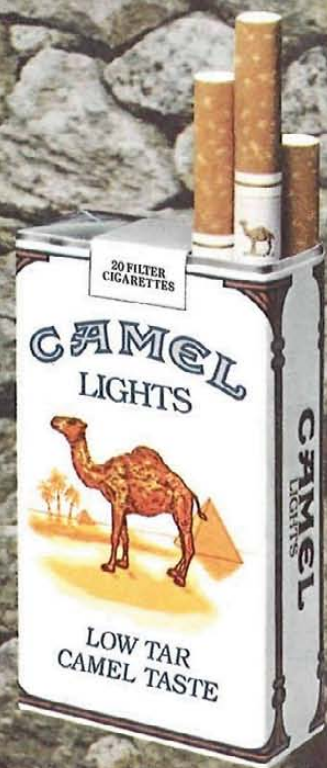
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# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

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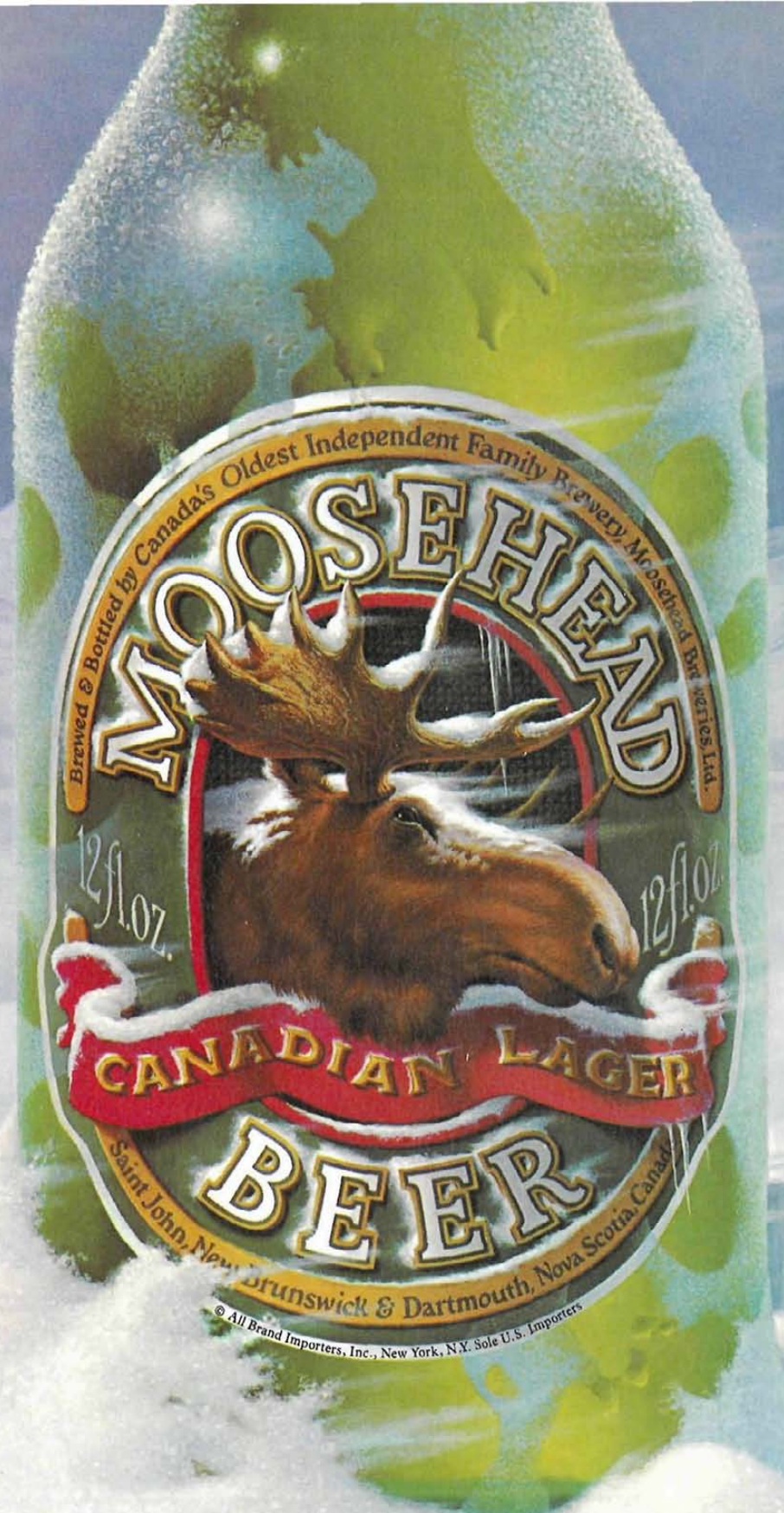
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**Stands head and antlers above the rest.**

**IMPORTED MOOSEHEAD. BREWED BY CANADA'S OLDEST INDEPENDENT FAMILY BREWERY.**

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**Though he is barred from Olympic competition because he regularly accepts money for competing in sporting contests, the president's presence will nevertheless be felt at this year's Games.**

*My Fellow Olympians,*

*I welcome you to the XXIIIrd Olympiad in Los Angeles, the international celebration of my first successful term as president of the United States.*

*It is truly heartwarming to see thousands of athletes, coaches, officials, journalists, and other hangers-on and social parasites from every corner of the globe coming to compete in these Games, which give such honor to me, Ronald Reagan.*

*Of course, there are those who refuse to see these Games for what they are, who insist on using them to make a political statement. I'm not going to name names. They know who they are. But I am going to say to every athlete bound by the chains of repressive, totalitarian regimes that they are welcome to defect to*

*the United States to participate in these Games.*

*As I write this letter, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee is busy organizing facilities to host just such a team of defecting citizens from totalitarian regimes. We'll call them the Soviet team, since we've already ordered all the uniforms.*

*After the Olympics, these defecting athletes will be protected under the United States Justice Department's "Witness Protection Program," which has served those who have defected from the Cosa Nostra, the Communist party in America, and the Jesuits.*

*But enough about me. Have a good time, everyone. If you're having any problems getting tickets or finding a place to stay, give my son Mike a call—he might be able to work out a nice deal for you.*

Ronald Wilson Reagan

President of the United States



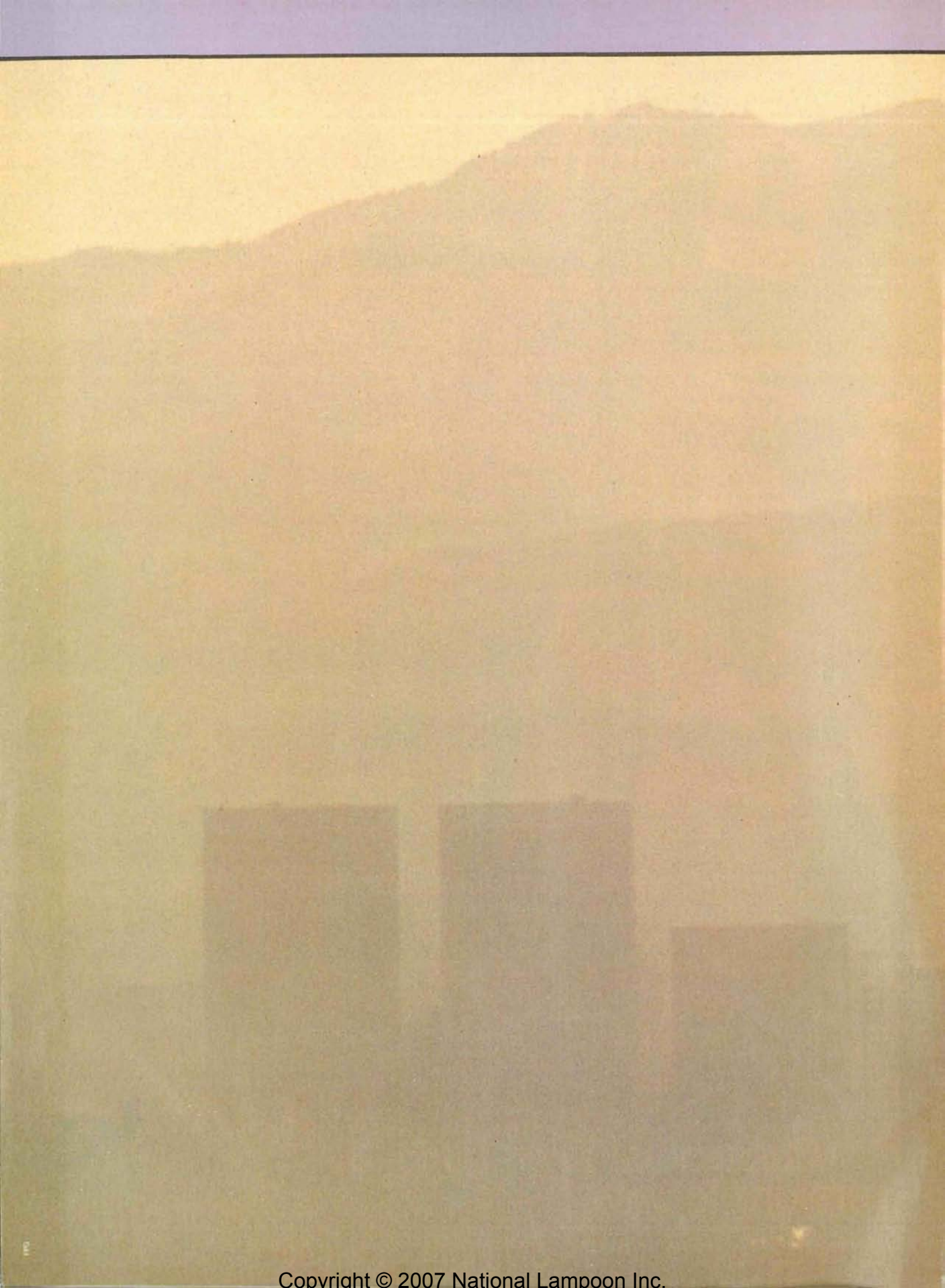
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Anything  
can happen.

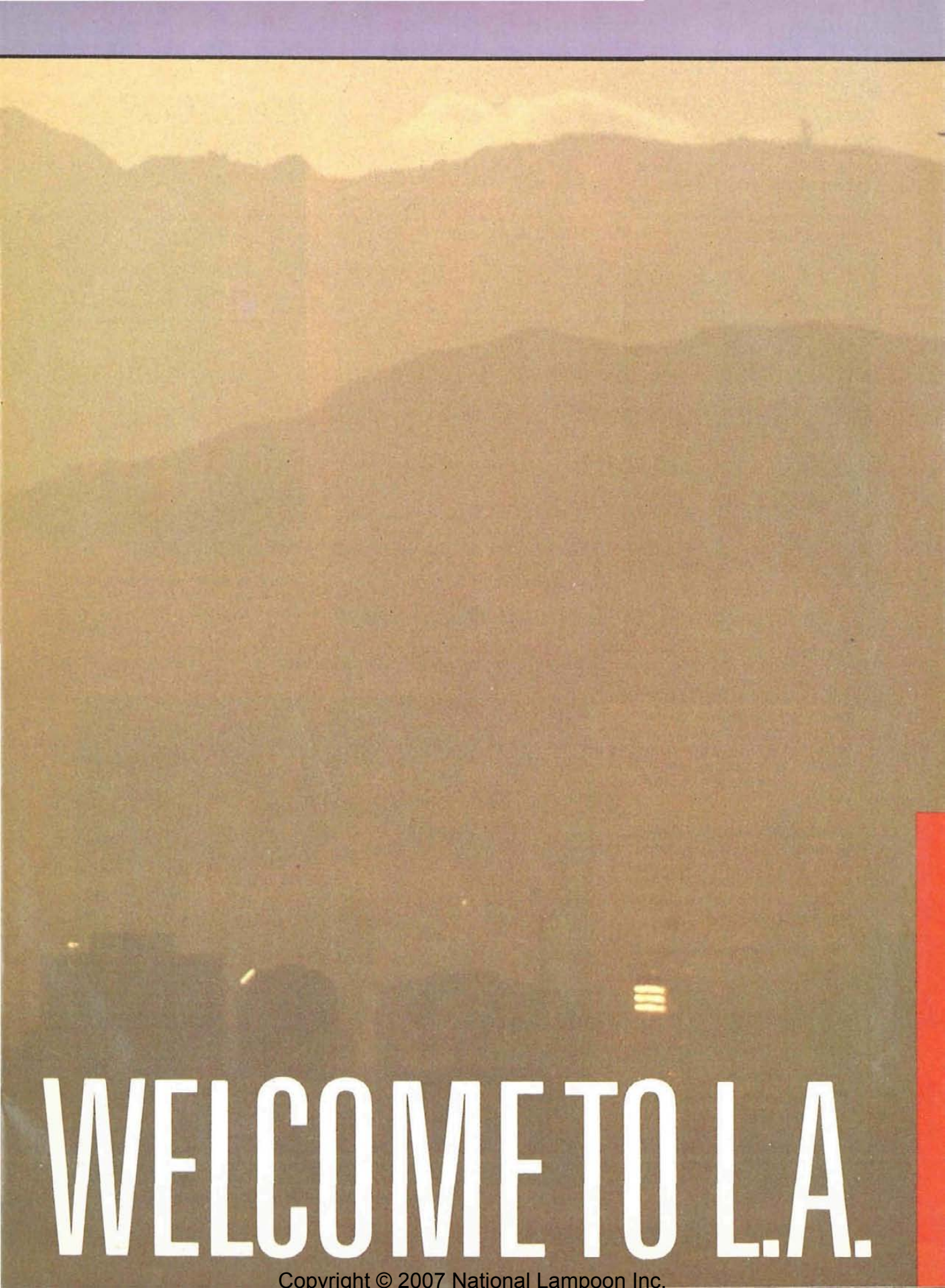


Cuervo  
Premium Tequila





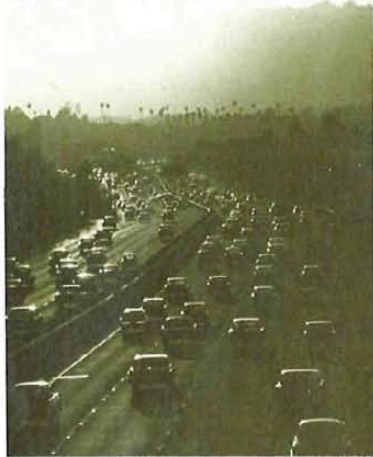




**WELCOMETO L.A.**



More than a year ago, you could feel it: something was in the air in Los Angeles, something apart from the usual dazzle and hustle and proven carcinogens. Operators of polyfoam-blanket motels way out in Pacoima were starting to think in terms of five hundred dollars a night. Peace officers were learning to say, "Spread 'em,



FFC

Sambo, and watch your fucking mouth" in more than thirty languages and dialects. Members of the Board of Supervisors were drawing up plans to put all the winos within sight of the Bonaventure Hotel in internment camps. Los Angeles was preparing to host the Olympics, in the same sense that a confidence man who gets fifty old people together to perform a mass pigeon drop on their life savings can be said to be "hosting" a Golden Age social.

And what city could be a more perfect Olympics site than Los Angeles? Like the great and ancient Games themselves, L.A. has a history of the impossible made possible, of perfection being bested by yet greater perfection, and, above all, of dreams. L.A. "shoots up" dreams as an Olympic athlete shoots up anabolic steroids. The dreams that are dreamed in Los Angeles—dreams that become

**Getting up a good head of steam, commuters rev up to break twenty miles per hour on the Santa Ana. "Feel that breeze," they seem to say.**



## The Olympic Arts Festival: World-Class

A veritable hurly-burly of arts and performances will bespangle the greater Los Angeles area in celebration of the Games. Artists from all over the world will display their talents in such exciting events as:

**The Albanian National Arc Welding Ensemble**—Four exhilarating evenings of Albania's premier performance group. Featured are highlights of the group's adaptation of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* for arc welders.

**Dance-o Weird-o Ghecktloht-groft**—The progressive Dutch dance company premieres its new work, *Slapping Young Theodore*, to recordings, made in Rotterdam late last year, of weather.

**The Changdaamun Acrobatic Troupe**—Thailand's most famous performing group, consisting of ten thousand trained acrobats in green jumpsuits riding unicycles, waving fans, and singing, a capella, "MacArthur Park," in honor of Los Angeles.

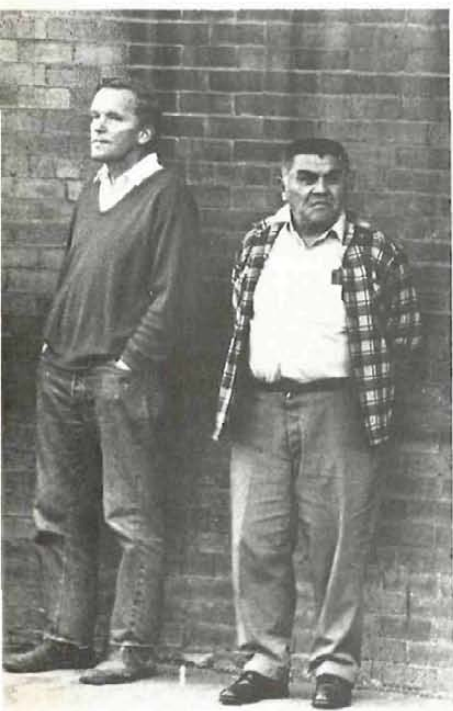
**The Belgian Puppet and Torture Theater**—*Barefoot in the Park*, as performed by a cast of man-size puppets and puppet-size men, with a heavy overlay of erotic violence. For children of all ages, and adults under twelve.



**Paraguay's Grupo Teatro Chili Relleno: "Incomprehensible, yet oddly moving."**

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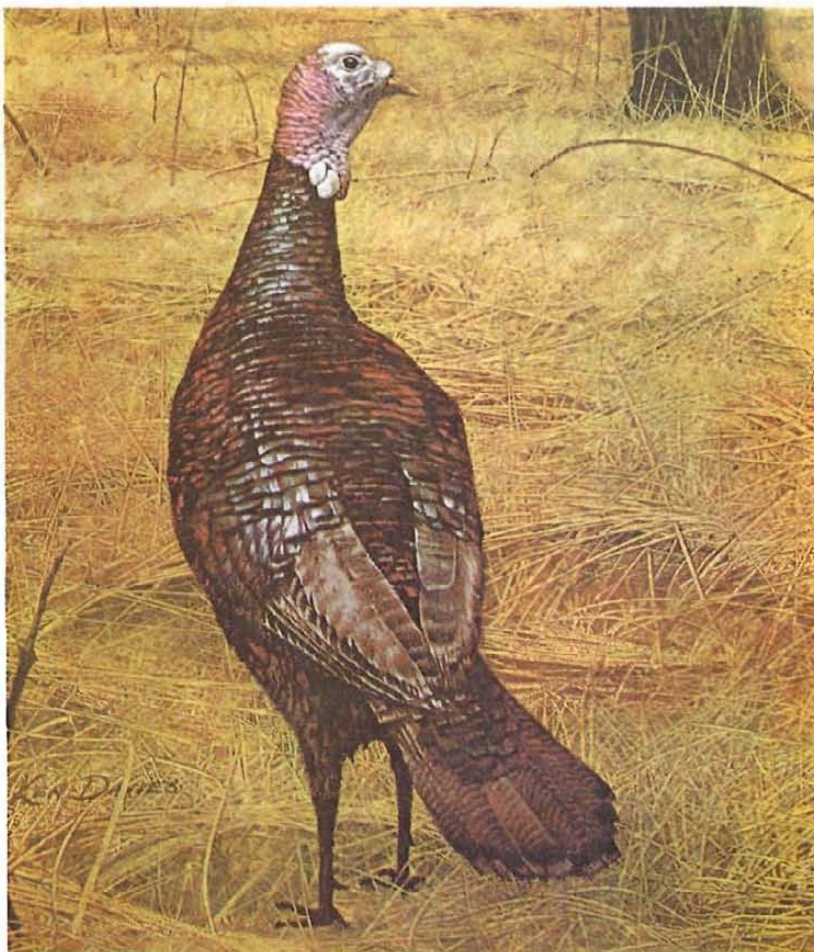
**"My agent expects the deal to be inked in a week. Where's the wine?" says veteran screenwriter William Goldman, second from the right.**

movies, records, television programs, and video games—bring magic into the lives of people the world over who might otherwise have to read something. And Los Angeles's Olympiad will be a razzle-dazzle production for all time, a mighty spectacular to match anything that John Waters or George Romero has ever put on the big screen.

But what *is* this host city, this Los Angeles? So elusive and volumi-



**A frequent expression among L.A.'s singles bunch is "Hey, babe, meet me under the dog."**



For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18" x 19", send \$10, payable to "ANCO", Box 2817-NL, NYC, 10163

## Why It's Such A Rare Bird

Wild Turkeys are masters of camouflage and evasion. A large flock of birds will lie quietly within yards of a man passing through the forest, and never be seen.

The Wild Turkey is truly a native bird, unique to America. And it is the unique symbol of the greatest native whiskey in America—Wild Turkey.



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nous, so sprawling that it can truly be called spread-eagled. L.A. is slow to yield up its identity, almost as if it were waiting for a better offer. But at the heart of L.A. is Hollywood—ah, Hollywood! Just the mention of that fabled name fills the mind with images of screeching cops-and-robbers car chases; of hell-for-leather shoot-outs; of romance and reverie and, yes, sex offered up for sale. That is Hollywood, especially east of La Brea. And then there is the movie business—ah, the movie business! That pixie-dust plantation, that tinsel-garlanded toyworld, whose talented "grips," "best boys," and "coke mules" can turn a simple public intersection into a "location," tying up traffic in all directions for four hours to produce three seconds of film of a superannuated chorus boy in a brown suit and two inches of makeup saying "Let's go" and getting into a Buick.

But there is more to Los Angeles than entertainment—in fact, there is a great weave of diverse, vital communities in which hardly anything entertaining ever happens. In the San Fernando Valley, endless, string-straight mercantile boulevards make the argument that God might have let Sodom and Gomorrah off if only they had enacted a sign ordinance. In Pasadena and Hancock Park, wealthy homeowners long written off as brain-dead



"Now this is living," say Mouse fans on the water, not realizing they are now in a line of boats.

by modern medicine are snapping to alertness on hearing rumors of real estate agents showing houses to customers of questionable ethnicity.

In Marina del Rey, young singles are caught up in the contagious atmosphere of infectious good fun that surrounds their fashionable dockside

## Olympic Achievement Atmospheric Conversion Table

EVENT	LOS ANGELES RESULT	STANDARD EQUIVALENT
HUNDRED-METER DASH	43.6 SEC.	9.6 SEC.
MILE RUN	10 MIN. 30 SEC.	3 MIN. 58 SEC.
SHOT PUT	7'6"	12'6"
LONG JUMP	4'	27'
MARATHON	4.5 (DAYS)	3 HRS. 40 MIN.

The Scientific Advisory Group of the International Olympic Committee found, in March 1983, that it would not be feasible, "given foreseeable budget considerations," to remove the atmosphere of the city of Los Angeles and replace it with that of Lucerne, Switzerland. Therefore, the Olympics would have to be held utilizing the air already in and around the city.

L.A. air has a specific gravity of .83, and higher than normal concentrations of particulate and disgustulate matter. It is anticipated that the air's density will have an adverse effect on all events in which the following physical actions take place: running, swimming, throwing, reaching, seeing, and breathing. Runners, for example, will be slowed down considerably, not only by the relative scarcity of breathable oxygen, but by the viscosity of the air mass and its appreciable opacity. Swimmers are expected to experience confusion with respect to distinguishing when they are, and are not, underwater.

Accordingly, a series of conversion factors has been developed with which judges and spectators may translate Los Angeles Olympic performance into "normal" athletic performance. For example: a fifty-meter-dash result of 22.3 seconds (Los Angeles) is equivalent to a result of 4.6 seconds (Standard). It is the committee's hope that by such computations spectators may assure themselves that, contrary to appearances, they are indeed witnessing championship-level performances.



# There's only one way to play it.

Wherever the music  
is hot, the taste is Kool.  
Because there's only one  
sensation this refreshing.



Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 15 mg. "tar",  
1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



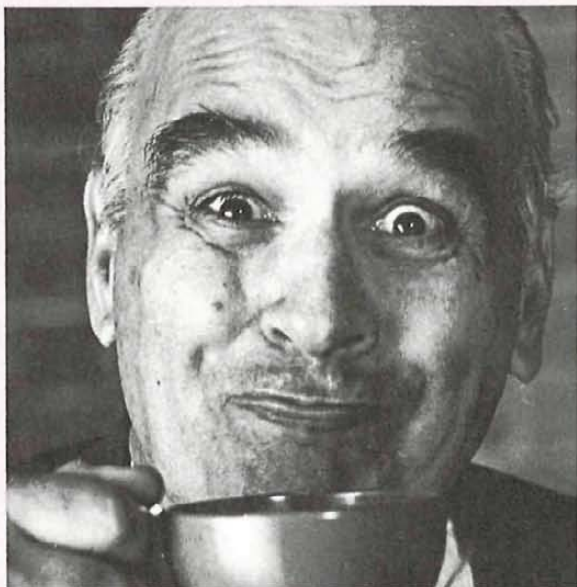
## The Other Olympicses

Like a great mountain casting an odd, misshapen shadow, the Olympic Games will give rise to a host of "anti"-Olympic and quasi-Olympic activities. They include:

**The Friends of Latex Humane Games**—Rubber trees, say the Friends of Latex, are living organisms. The manufacture of athletic equipment—shoes, waistbands, goggles, etc.—from their latex sap is, therefore, "theft." By way of protest, this steadily growing organization will conduct an entire "parallel" Olympics, in which every athletic event will be held according to official regulations, except without rubber.

**The YES/NO Art Collective Na-Na Schmo-lympics**—An avant-grade art group dedicated to outlawing the playing of "Fanfare for the Common Man," the YES/NO Art Collective will hold an "Invitational Decathlon." Participants will compete in drinking decaffeinated coffee and cola beverages.

**The Heritageum Americanum Anti-Olympics**—This conservative political organization believes that team sport is a form of Communist subversion, and that all sports teams are controlled from Moscow. Its "anti-Olympics" will consist of "strictly individual" track and field events. Highlight: the one-man four-man relay, in which one runner hands the baton to himself three times, drops it, and cannot face himself, himself, or himself—let alone himself—ever again.



No caffeine here, just speed.

FREDERIC IJWS



AP/WIDE WORLD

## Architecture: Ad Hoc, Ergo Post Hoc

Even a city as large and populous as Los Angeles requires the construction of additional arenas to accommodate the broad spectrum of athletic activity of the Olympic Games—structures that will remain for local use long after the athletes have won their medals and returned home.

Work on such arenas has proceeded apace in the City of Angels for more than a year, with impressive results. Visitors driving north from Los Angeles International Airport on the San Diego Freeway (405) will see the parabolic, armored Ray Kroc Memorial Shot Put Drome. Upon completion, the "Drome" will be the only building in the world exclusively dedicated to the sport of throwing a sixteen-pound ball of lead—fitting tribute to McDonald's, the building's sponsor, and to the company's late chairman. After the Games, it will be used for decommissioning Goodyear Blimp noses.

**The Herve Villechaize High Jump Pavilion (post-Olympics use: the Joanna Carson Alimony Silo and Gift Warehouse).**

Further north, off the Santa Monica Freeway (10), will stand Michael Graves's colorful Greco-Roman Wrestling Arena and Colonial Pancake House. Postmodernist Graves has designed with abandon, melding the traditional elements of a Roman coliseum with those of a seventeenth-century town meeting hall and a contemporary fast-food restaurant—all in a profusion of the architect's trademark pastels and particolored stick-on foil stars. Its post-Olympics use: as West Hollywood's first "magnet" school, to combat the rising incidence of illiteracy among magnets.

To be sure, there have been problems—e.g., several cyclists practicing late at night in the new 7-Eleven Velodrome have been robbed at gunpoint. But any new house requires a "settling in" period. Once such architectural newcomers as the Caspar Weinberger Javelin Research and Development and Procurement Center have established themselves in their neighborhoods, Los Angeles will be able to welcome with open arms not only the Olympics, but the future.





EPG

*"What should we do tomorrow?" "Let's skate some more." "Okay."*

complexes or, often, simplexes. On the west side, a large influx of British expatriates has made the name "Santa Monica" a synonym for "surly and missing some teeth."

And now—quiet on the set, please!—L.A. makes ready to host the 1984 Olympics. And let's face it: any city in the world could lay out a twenty-six-mile marathon course, and any city in the world could set an international field of athletes running around that circuit. But how many cities could *guarantee in writing* that a perfectly healthy runner who starts that course will have contracted acute emphysema by the finish?

Only one. Only my Los Angeles. ■

*"You'll have a vonderful time in Los Angeles, dahling. Vave bye-bye to the nice readers, Chi-Chi."*



FFG

# You never forget your first Girl.



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## The Making of the Athletes

How are the great Olympians chosen? The methods are as pried as the planet herself. From the sophisticated Russians, who pick their competitors through grueling examinations administered every two hours from birth, to the simple but lovable Papuans, who choose their delegates by virtue of the fattest wife and the loudest laugh, the athletes of the XXIIIrd Olympiad have origins truly as colorful as their skins.



**China** For the first time since 1952, mainland China will participate in the Summer Games. Olympics watchers all over the world are speculating on the impact of the Red nation's presence. Unfortunately, the team has been training under the utmost secrecy, so information as to their abilities has been scarce.

What we *do* know about the Chinese comes, for the most part, from watching them cook in Chinese restaurants across America.

The Chinese, as we know, tend to use a great deal of the drug MSG—a drug which has been banned by the IOC. The Chinese also have a habit of cooking as many things as possible in one pot. Will we witness one small team of Chinese performing in every event in the Olympics?

Finally, Olympics watchers hasten to warn us that the Chinese have one secret weapon which has been the downfall of many an athlete in the past—the fortune cookie. For example, athletes from around the world have been known to receive small fortune cookies reading "You are going to lose tomorrow," or the even more subversive "Breathe through your nose, it will help."

**A Chinese training center bears few similarities to the Occidental gymnasium.**



**United States** Whereas some nations must ferret out and cajole their Olympians, America enjoys the advantage of free and unregulated competition. Beckoned by peer praise, national honor, and maxi-pad endorsement residuals, tens of thousands of would-be medalists struggle every four years for their fifteen seconds in the sun on ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. Coaches select their athletes from this plague of monomaniacs on the basis of ability, overall stick-to-itiveness, and a healthy percentage of the future gross.

Yet ingratiating themselves with greedy coaches is only the first degradation America's best must face on the road to Olympic/financial success. Training U.S.-style means sacrifice. All team members must give up their chosen varieties of support hose, deodorant, sandwich bread, and transmission fluid in favor of inferior name brands on the "Official Choice of the U.S. Olympic Team" payola bandwagon. Bland food and idiotic harangues at seemingly endless Lions Club promotional banquets follow. Those persevering young adults who are not morally broken by this training and go on to grab the gold are assured of short-lived six-figure salaries and at least one profile in *Us* magazine.

**All U.S. athletes must complete a rigid training in product endorsement. Due to certain Olympic regulations, there can be no sexual discrimination in the program.**



**Latvia** Ah, Latvia, nation-like home of premier female weightlifters, shot-putters, and trenchermen! How does this nearly nonexistent Soviet slave state get its amazing Amazons?

For the answer we must hark back to the invigorating days of Stalin's first Five-Year Plan. The year: 1929. Nikolai Seunabavich, a hoary Magyar biochemist assigned to Uncle Joe's *Upshkagastriev* ("The Comrades Will Increase Intestinal Productivity") task force, isolated the genetic strand responsible for squat, sinister, bulldykey she-men. Although Seunabavich never lived to see his research bear fruit, falling victim to a Luger-induced cerebral hemorrhage in 1935, the post-Stalinist *Upshkabutchmamapiatski* ("The Mother State Will Escalate Levels of Dubious Female Endomorphs") work unit deliquided his ideas in 1954.

Thousands of Latvian women, selected for their short legs, thick pelvises, and heavy mustaches, underwent operations that replaced their ovaries with small nodules resembling Good & Plenty candy, each chock-full of the Seunabavich double helix. Only a handful of those intrepid *zoftigs* lived to whelp offspring through self-insemination, but those that did might have been proud (had they not been made voluntary subjects of cancer research). They became the "mothers" of Latvia's excellent "female" Olympic squad.

**Latvia's unconventional training programs have produced some of the Olympiad's quirkiest heroes. Here, a member of the Latvian team trains for the national sport, working around the village, which they hope to convince other countries to compete in.**





AP/WIDE WORLD

**El Salvador** The pseudo-Mexican Salvadorans will field two Olympic teams in 1984. The first is an outgrowth of the government's much ballyhooed "death squads," equipped with American AMF and Nike exercise gear and redubbed "deft squads." Bruce Jenner and Mark Spitz, drafted by the Reagan administration to advise the gold-hungry Central Americans, pledge that the Salvadoran Olympians will not become "another Vietnam." Training in the decathlon deployment of antipersonnel cleats and fragmentation discuses takes place in the secret recesses of the government-controlled rain forest, so as not to attract the attention of *Sports Illustrated* reporters.

Little is known about the second Salvadoran team. Financed by Cuba and Edward Asner, the *gymnarillas* seem to believe in free medals for malnourished peasants, and nationalization and redistribution of aerobics lessons. Training consists of indoctrination in the dialectical materialism of Olga Korbut.

**President Reagan appealing to Congress to supply another \$3.5 billion to help fund the Salvadoran Olympic Death Squad for 1984.**



FRG

**Botswana** This proud and plucky African republic might someday boast the world's best Bantu basketballers. But for 1984, while newly civilized tribesmen attempt to assimilate the Western concept of "overtime," resourceful Botswanan scouts cross the border into South Africa to recruit Afrikaner hoopsters by the cageful.

Olympic coach and General-for-Life Kunta Kareem Chamberlain keeps his all-Caucasian team in court-ready shape with a high-protein diet of powdered bark and beetle grubs. The "Reverse-Apartheid Five" prepare for the challenge of Olympic competition by running naked through the veldt, pursued by squads of Bushmen armed with Russian AK-47s.

**African tribesmen protesting the stereotyping of tall, quick, powerful black men as basketball players. "What if we wanted to be swimmers, or compete in the equestrian events?" many complained.**

# Break tradition.

## Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

You already know what your gin and vodka have to offer. Just try one drink mixed with Ronrico, and you'll realize what it is you've been missing all along.

Ronrico is a superbly smooth and light rum. With a surprisingly distinctive flavor that's bound to win you over. Isn't it about time you broke tradition with Ronrico Rum?

### RONRICO RUM & ORANGE JUICE

2 ozs of Ronrico Rum in a highball glass; ice cubes; fill with orange juice, add a slice of orange.

# RONRICO RUM

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## We Rented a Home in Beverly Hills . . . but It's Nobody's Fault

**Editor's note:** Lester and Midge traveled to Los Angeles to watch their son, Boyd, go for the gold on the U.S. swim team. They rented a home from Tinseltown Home Leasers. As a result, they'll be watching the Olympics—sans Boyd—on their home TV in Minnesota. Here is their tragic story.

Now listen up good, you folks at Tinseltown Home Leasers: I wouldn't never want you hearing *one word* of this if it meant you was gonna start blaming yourselves. No, sir. 'Cuz really, weren't *none* of you fine, upright folks exactly *forced* me, Lester, or my better half, Midge, to quick unload our dairy farm back in Lakeland, Minnesota, at a gigantic loss so's we could afford to airplane on out here to Los



**California dreamin'?**  
The search for Olympic gold, like a home built on the San Andreas Fault, can end in ruins—just like that!

Angeles with our boy, Boyd, and put up in someone else's fancy home for two weeks at your fee of \$327,000 per so's we can see Boyd swim his little tail off for some of those Olympic medals for the U.S.A. You hear me now? Wasn't none of you *made* us. Just like wasn't none of you *made* orange fungi turn our poor Boyd into a human tangerine quicker than I could cry "Goodbye, gold medal in the 1500-meter freestyle." It's been our own dad-blamed luck is all.

Shucks, if anything, it's you Tinseltown folks all deserving of gold medals for at least arranging for us to lodge in such a jim-dandy L.A. home in the first place. I mean, if we was ever to get back to Minnesota, our friends there ain't hardly gonna believe it: us, booked into the house—heck, *Jap temple*—of the motion picture star, Mr. Harrison Ford, for two

weeks! And in Beverly Hills, no less! Sure, we felt awful let down when you folks said we had an hour to clear out. But also you folks was real polite to rightaway take even more time to explain to us that sudden moola problem up at the motion picture studio. And it plainly wasn't your fault Mr. Ford's new picture (called, I think, *Indiana Jones and the Revenge of the Schizo Temple Monkeys Who Hang Glide and Drive Jeeps Real Fast*), which he was *supposed* to be off starring in while we holed up at his place, went belly-up last minute, before the cameras even got a-rolling. But life's just full of surprises like that, ain't it? It surely weren't nothing you folks ought to go blaming yourselves over. And far as Mr. Ford's behavior went—*so what??* Maybe I'd go lock-

looked like a huge lower denture 'cept with a ladder in front—to bust off and go a-slip-sliding partways down the ravine there. *Mother in heaven!* You shoulda seen the water a-shooting outta that gap! Weren't any Niagara Falls, but our boy, Boyd, who'd been perfectin' his lap turns right then and who very nearly got hisself poured down the ravine in it, had it about right when he said it sounded like the milk-storage tank we had that give at the seams last winter.

So, little do Midge and I know then that this'll be one of the last things Boyd ever says to us in English. Really, by next daybreak it's already just "HHMMMMMFF" and "EEEEIIIIIOOOOOO." Geez, how were we supposed to know that some orange slime from a swamp in Sir Lanker—where I hear Mr. Ford shot his last picture—would sneak home on his swim trunks and breed in his pool? Even those great Los Angeles Health Department officials were plenty stumped at first. And so how could we expect for any of you fine folks from Tinseltown Home Leasers to know about some godawful orange slime then either? If anybody's to blame, it's most likely me and Midge. 'Cuz we're the ones left Boyd curled up a-sleeping in that little bit of water still covering half the bottom of the pool—and containing God knows what—while we sacked out over on the other dry half. And you know, it's probably high time a doctor talked Mr. Ford down out of his house so's he can get hisself a once-over, too.

Shucks, it seems like only yesterday we was cashing in our old cow-juice factory just so's we could come out and sit ringside and watch our boy, Boyd, swim faster than Mark Spritz on fire, and so much danged faster than the East Germans they'd a-been looking like they was doing dead man's floats!

Listen now, though: If all you nice Tinseltown folk don't go picking up the free sideshow tickets we'll have put aside for you-all up at the Santa Monica Carnival next weekend, then you *will* have something to be blaming yourselves for. You'll be missing the Moss-Haired Girl, the Double-Bodied Wonder, the What Is She?, the Human Skye Terrier, and mainly, of course, our own pride and joy, the Human Tangerine, who had to freestyle his way 'cross more cold blue Minnesota lakes to look that way than anybody'll ever appreciate. ■



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Hi, I'm Peter Ueberroth, president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, and I'm proud to tell you of a special offer available—at this time only—to all athletes participating in the 1984 Olympics.

We at the LAOOC know that you've invested a lot of time preparing for the Games of the XXIIIrd Olympiad. We also know of the enormous investments made by our corporate friends which have made these Games possible.

Let's face it. We've all invested far, far too much to see this beautiful friendship go down the drain on August 12.

That's why the folks at the LAOOC are happy to pass on to you, the athletes, some of the valuable connections we've made over the past five years. We want to put you in touch with the many Official Sponsors of the Olympics. We want you to get on the fast track as an Official Olympics Product Salesperson in the fastest-growing sales organization in the world—OlympCorp.™

Think of it—you marching proudly through your neighborhood, wearing the colors of your nation's Olympic team, and carrying a briefcase filled with order forms for hundreds of Official 1984 Olympic Products. These are not cheap, fly-by-night goods we are offering. These are high-quality, high-end, top-of-the-line products, with names like Snickers, IBM, Coca-Cola, and the Bradley Pie Company.

Not only will you, as a door-to-door OlympCorp representative, be marketing these fine products, but you will also sell a full line of Official OlympCorp Products, featuring OlympCorp's friendly mascot, Smoggy the Cloud.

And that's not all. As a medal winner in the XXIIIrd Olympiad, by virtue of your demonstrated excellence, you will automatically become eligible to be named a manager of a McDonald's franchise or a 7-Eleven convenience store ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD!!!

"But Pete," you say, "I am a marathon runner from Lagos, Nigeria. Can this be for me?" Yes, it is. Sound too good to be true? Well, for an Olympic star, nothing's too good.

How do you enter the fastest-growing sales organization in the world, OlympCorp? You can only become an OlympCorp salesman by contacting a present member of the organization—that is, anyone currently on the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee. That person will become your "sponsoring executive," and for a small piece of the action, get you started on the OlympCorp gravy train!

So don't delay. If you act now, we'll make sure that you have your complete OlympCorp sales kit in time for the big closing ceremonies parade—a fine way to signal to the folks back home, via worldwide television, that you've taken the first step toward capitalizing on your athletic achievements.

Go for it!



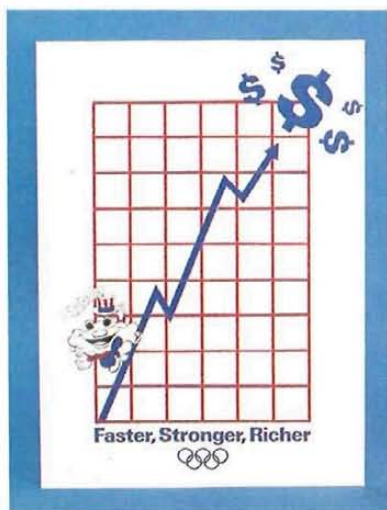
Peter Ueberroth

P.S. And what's the best part of all this? You won't jeopardize your amateur standing!





## Athletes! Sell Official OlympCorp™ Products



**OlympCorp™ Commemorative Poster** Capture forever the stirring achievements of the bold entrepreneurs who made 1984 Olympic history. . . . **\$4.95** each.



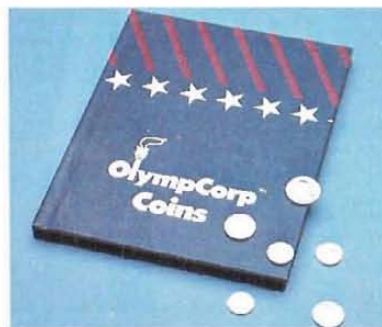
**Smoggy™ T-Shirt** What would an Olympics be without an Official T-shirt? . . . **\$10.00** each.



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**OlympCorp™ Coins** We've emptied the loose change from the pockets of Greg Louganis, Alberto Salazar, Mary Decker, and many, many more. . . . **\$35.00** a set.



# The Story of Smoggy the Cloud, The Official OlympCorp Mascot



Smoggy

The happy-go-lucky dustball you see here is "Smoggy," who reigns as mascot over the Games of the XXIIIrd Olympiad in Los Angeles. It was the sincere goal of the Licensing and Merchandising Commission that you, the visitor to California, be unable to lift a cereal box or flip through a magazine for about two years without being reminded that the 1984 Olympics do, indeed, have a mascot: a mascot for the 1984 Olympics.

Smoggy earned his place on your thermos by defeating more than a thousand other entries in a nationwide competition—but he almost didn't make it. There is a silver lining unseen in Smoggy's dark coat.

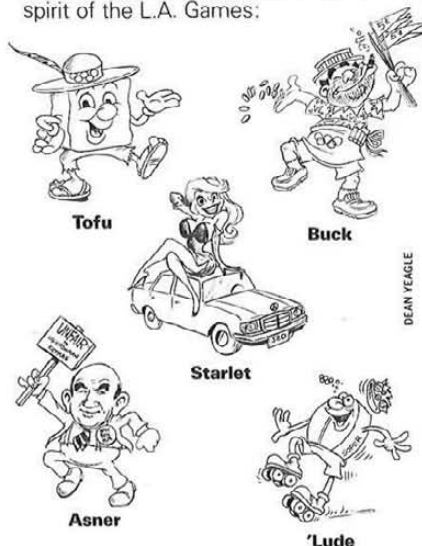
The contest was undertaken in the spirit of the Games themselves. Competing artists were given minimal guidelines and were encouraged to create freely. We told them they would be judged on the quality and originality of their drawings and ideas. Our one re-

quirement was that the mascot be drawn in the style of the Disney newspaper comics of the 1970s, the ones where Mickey wore leisure suits and was always doing suburban yardwork. We just loved that "feel." We also asked that our mascot wear a "wacky" hat and pants that covered its genitals. We mentioned that the winning entry would most likely be suitable for reproduction on countless articles of clothing, glassware, and trinkets.

Perhaps most importantly, we suggested the character have something to do with Los Angeles, the Olympics, or maybe America. And finally, that the artist include his social security number for billing purposes in case his drawing got picked.

The initial outpouring was mixed. Many entries met most of the requirements but neglected to include pants to cover the genitals. Others had the pants but no hat. A few met all the requirements and were suitable for reproduction on clothing and trinkets, but we just couldn't picture them on glassware. There was no second outpouring. That was it. We waited and waited until

finally we took what we had and narrowed the number down to six. We felt these came closest to capturing the spirit of the L.A. Games:



Tofu

Buck

Starlet

Asner

Lude

DEAN YEAGLE

We still weren't happy. We figured any of the six was passable, and probably wouldn't get any of us fired, but we wanted to hold out for that real moment of inspiration. I'm not apologizing, but what we had to work with was not great.

It was my wife, late one night, who came up with the winning idea. She said, "Grid, nobody cares. You're thinking about it too much. In two years all the glassware and clothing and trinkets will be passed over by shoppers in secondhand stores the world round. The cereal boxes will get tossed. Kids won't like the mascot whatever you do because it's just a tool to promote something and it won't have any real character like Bugs Bunny or even those Cabbage Patch things. So forget inspiration. Anyway, you're a businessman, what do you know about art? Or writing?"

The next morning, our commission settled on Smoggy, one of the ideas we'd already looked at but thought could be a lot better.

We hope you'll enjoy him.



Grid F. Lumnus  
Grid F. Lumnus,  
Chairman,  
Licensing and  
Merchandising  
Commission,  
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To enter, just answer the three questions below and mail in the coupon. Or listen to the weekly Rock Quiz program on your local radio station and mail in the answers to the DJ's questions along with your name, address, and age on a 3" x 5" note card.



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MAIL ENTRIES TO:  
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1. Which superstar's latest album featured guest appearances by Paul McCartney, Eddie Van Halen, and Vincent Price?

2. What rock star was once a cast member of the soap opera General Hospital?

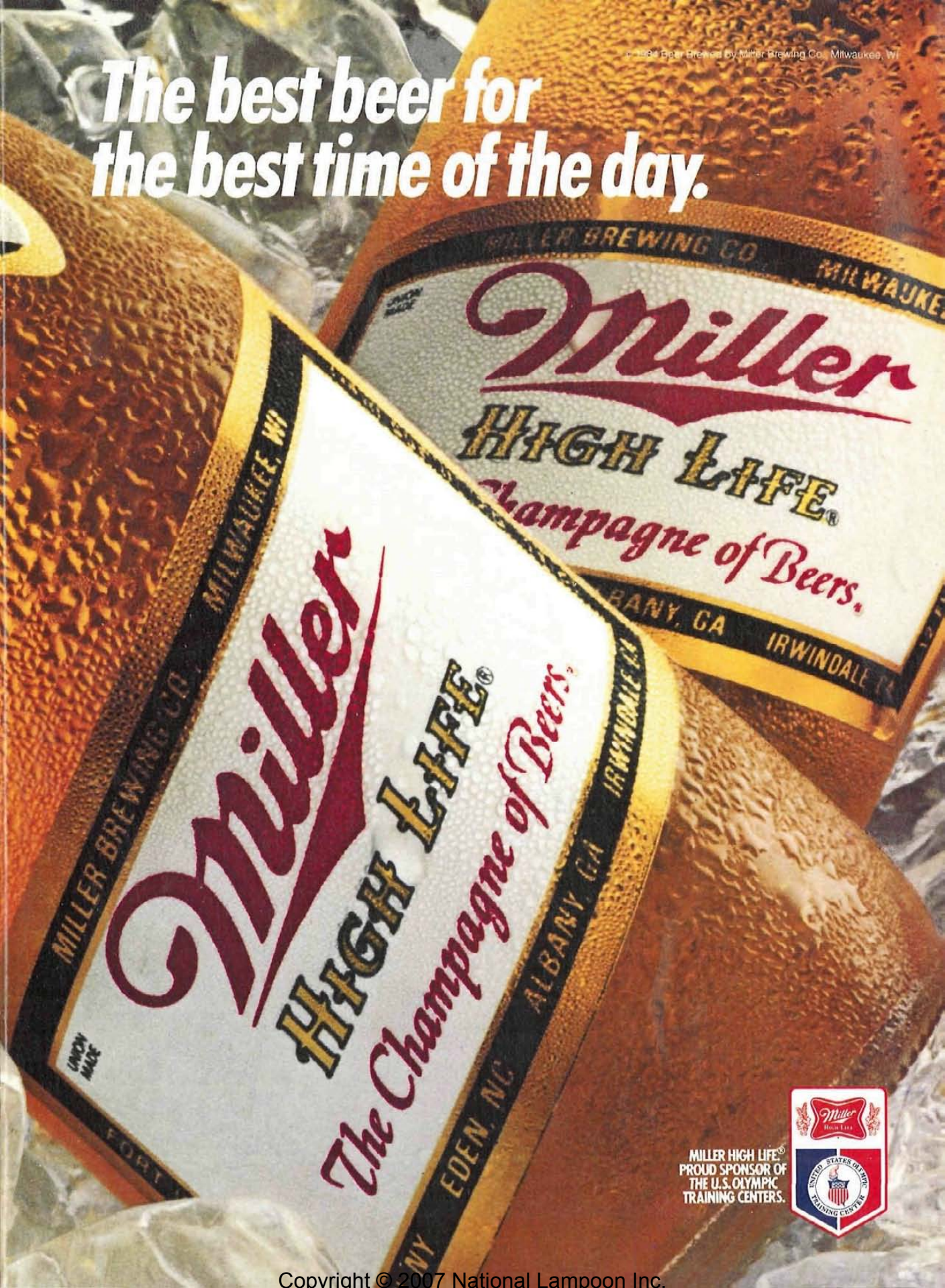
3. What group's drummer recently married Britt Ekland?

- All entries must be postmarked no later than Sept. 7, 1984. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately.
- The winner will be determined by a random drawing.
- This sweepstakes is open to residents of the U.S. who are of legal drinking age in their place of residence at time of entry. The Miller Brewing Company, Philip Morris, Inc., and M.J.I. Broadcasting, Inc., their distributors, affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies, retail alcoholic beverage licensees and the employees and families of each ARE NOT ELIGIBLE. Void in Kansas, Missouri, Ohio, Texas and Virginia, and wherever prohibited by law. Limit one prize per family. Taxes are the sole responsibility of prize winners. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply.
- The Grand Prize is subject to certain time restrictions. The prize winner must be obligated to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, an alternate winner will be selected. Any prize returned to the sponsor or M.J.I. Broadcasting, Inc., as undeliverable will be awarded to an alternate winner. No substitution of prizes is permitted.
- To obtain the correct answers, or the name of the major prize winner, send a separate, self-addressed stamped envelope to: Rock Quiz Sweepstakes, M.J.I. Broadcasting, Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103.

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## Secrets of the Olympics

The Olympic Games. Last bastion of the purity of athletic competition and international camaraderie? Or a filthy garbage stew of ambition, greed, lust, and untold secrets? What awful truths would be revealed as I made my inquiries, truths covered up like bodies in the long-jump pit?

My first contact, who had worked for the International Olympic Committee for the past sixty years, revealed that the modern Olympic movement was started by Baron Pierre de Coubertin in 1896 for one reason. He wanted to meet girls.

"It's all true. The baron liked 'em young and firm and thought the kind



FOCUS ON SPORTS, AP/WIDE WORLD

**What was Marilyn doing in the champ's locker room at the Rome Games?**

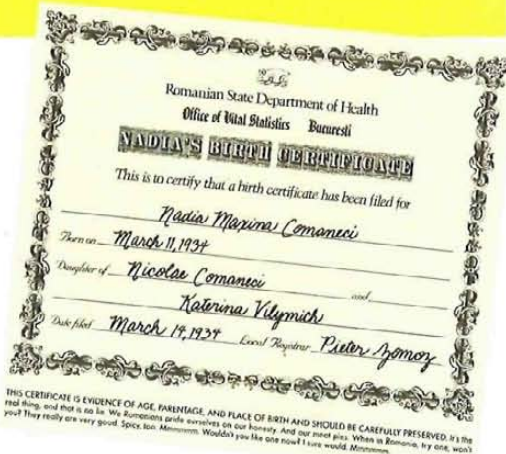
of girls he liked would all turn out for an Olympics in order to check out all the athletes. His favorite come-on line was 'Hello, I'm the father of the modern Olympics. What's your major?'

My next source was Contessa Anastasia Durshenko, a White Russian turned waitress, who lived in a shabby little studio in Hollywood. For a glass of gin and a pickled egg from Joe's jar at the Blue Dolphin, she'd tell a few tales about her athlete friends.

She said that Johnny Weissmuller was the nicest of all the swimmers, but totally insane. He claimed he got his swimming prowess from his ancestor, King Neptune. He always said that after the Games were over the two of them would head over to Atlantis for a couple of drinks.

As the gin took effect, her stories became even wilder. 'Jesse Owens really won thirty-eight medals at the '36 Games,' she declared. 'That bastard Hitler confiscated thirty-four of

**Is this Nadia's real birthday?  
Or somebody else's?**



them at customs. . . . I had a summer home right on the Volga. . . . That bastard Hitler took it away. . . . Jesse Owens was really a Nazi spy. . . . That bastard. . . . Don't call the cops, Joe. I got a right to be here. I got a right!"

I left just before the squad car pulled up in front.

Only a handful of the forty lanes at the big bowling spot in the Valley were in use when I arrived. The air-conditioning would have given penguins fits, so I sipped some coffee and waited for the next contact.

"Want to know what Marilyn Monroe was doing in Cassius Clay's dressing room during the '60 Rome Olympics? And who was the mysterious Johnny who trailed after her? Five bucks. . . ."

The stranger had slid into the seat opposite mine in the booth. He smiled and stuck out his hand, and I pressed the bill into it. His tote bag had copies of *Variety* and the *Racing Form* sticking out of it.

"Marilyn and Clay were doing publicity shots together. Johnny was Johnny Links, a delivery boy sent to bring her a draft of *The Misfits* which she'd left back at her hotel. I promise I won't gyp you again."

A few bills later, the man known only as "Mr. X" began to come to life.

"That Nadia Comanche kid? She was forty-three years old in Montreal. She's a freak, and the Romanians had been training her for years. Here's a Xerox of her birth certificate.

"Mark Spitz? I got three witnesses who say the kid made a pact with the devil before he won all them medals. Kid was scared he was gonna mess up and gave away his personality in exchange for the devil's help.

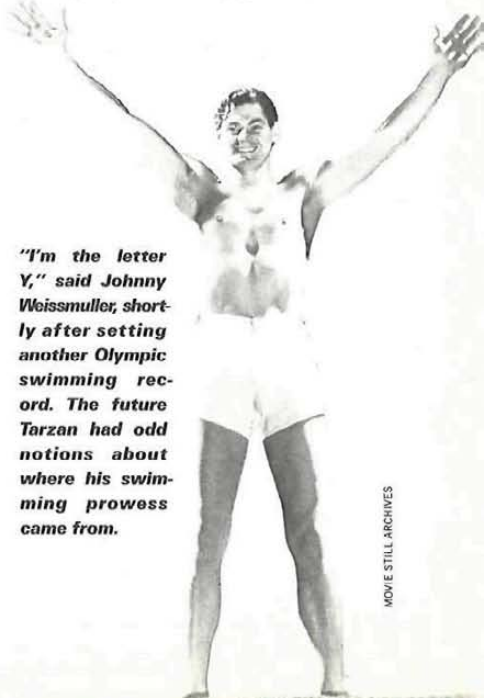
"Vasily Alexeev, that big Russian weightlifter, never showered. He broke some guy's neck who said he

smelled like a goat farm. The Russians had to pay plenty to have that one hushed up—guy he snuffed was related to the pope.

"Cathy Rigby gave some gym lessons after school, if you pick up my drift. Ask some of the East German boys. But don't ask the '76 U.S. track and field team about Charlene Tilton—man, those cats had to run to the infirmary faster than they had to run sprints."

"Mr. X" finished his corned beef sandwich and motioned for our waitress to bring me the check.

"Man, I've kicked around Hollywood, the movie industry, the race-track, the Olympics, and it's always the same. Show me a buck and I'll show you some guy who'll cut your throat for it. Show me a pretty girl and I'll show you some guy who'll stab you in the back for her. Try the lemon meringue pie. It's very good here." ■



**"I'm the letter Y," said Johnny Weissmuller, shortly after setting another Olympic swimming record. The future Tarzan had odd notions about where his swimming prowess came from.**

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# Life at the Olympic Village

## Housing

Nineteen eighty-four's Olympic Village is an ideal combination of comfort, convenience, and antipersonnel devices. Situated in Los Angeles's historic Watts district, the sprawling half-acre compound has been in preparation for the Olympians since mid-June.

Formerly the site of the USC Dangerous Particles Accelerator, the Olympic Village offers a wholly degraded home away from home for this year's international diplomats of good posture. Fourteen separate enclosures will house athletes of many lands. Each cheerful cellblock provides Weyerhaeuser plank beds, Johnny-on-the-Spot latrines, and Westinghouse electric toothbrushes/cattle prods.

The eight thousand athletes quartered at the six-hundred-bed complex will be tended by a veritable army of forty-five IOC employees, all operating under orders to monitor the Olympians' every need and movement. A Committee-Appointed Physical Organizer (CAPO) will oversee the behavior of athletes in each enclosure, dispensing good advice and the occasional bar of soap to cooperative athletes.

Unfortunately, space limitations prevent all nations from sharing in the forced camaraderie of the Olympic Village. A second site, in L.A.'s Malibu Beach district, will house the compet-



Free-nation overflow housing lacks the amenities of the Olympic Village.

itors from the United States, West Germany, Japan, and the other free, well-to-do nations that boycotted the 1980 Olympics. Athletes at this mini-village will have to do without the security of hourly bed checks and machine-gun nests.

## Feeding

Whether it's *Essen*, *comida*, or borscht, Olympian appetites know no ethno-linguistic barriers. Food is an important component of every ath-

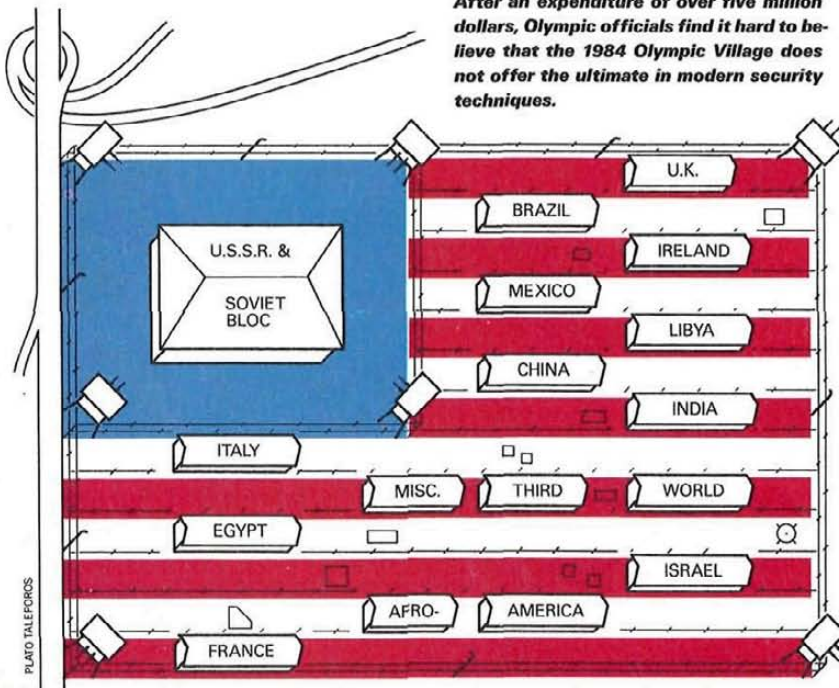
**After an expenditure of over five million dollars, Olympic officials find it hard to believe that the 1984 Olympic Village does not offer the ultimate in modern security techniques.**



Girls with nice breasts are off-limits to Olympic athletes.

lete's diet, and 1984 is no exception.

Although the desire to eat links nation to nation in the brotherhood of the Olympiad, every country has its own peculiar and often repulsive eating habits. What strikes Daley Thompson as delicious and delectable might induce projectile vomiting in Mary Decker. Culinary differences can even result in tragedy. In a 1976 Montreal breakfast, for example, pole vault medalist Tad Slus of Czechoslovakia reacted to his first slice of Canadian bacon by first slapping it to his forehead, then stabbing himself repeatedly in the chest with a butter knife.



PLATO TALEFORS



Olympic Committee nutritionists have been faced with a twofold problem: first, selecting food that every athlete will recognize as food, and second, selecting no food that any athlete enjoys enough to make a pig of himself over. The 1984 Olympic Village menu therefore offers three high-energy staples: cauliflower, granola bars, and banana chips. In order to hone that "hunger" for victory amongst the athletes, these food-stuffs are buried in small quantities all over the Village, resulting in friendly treasure hunts.

"Extracurricular" eating and between-snack meals are effectively curtailed by wiring each athlete's jaws shut whenever he is obliged to leave the Village.

### Recreation

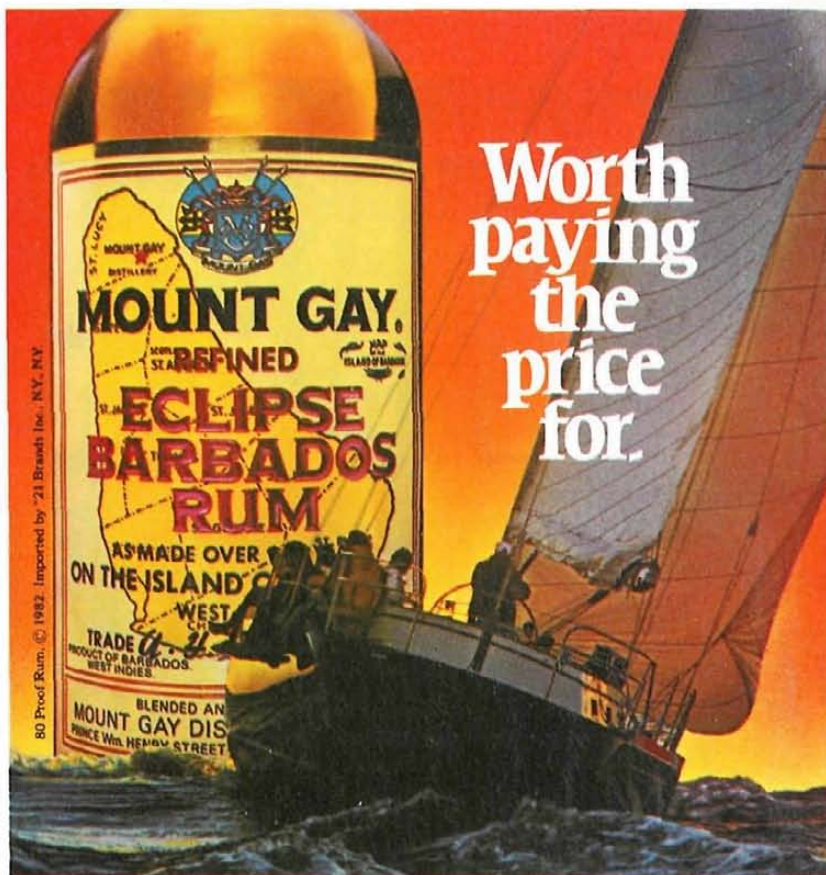
Athletes, to the extent they resemble humanoids, are subject to desires for pleasure. Unfortunately, most forms of entertainment—such as drinking liquor, watching TV, ingesting drugs, igniting kittens, and listening to Michael Jackson—are prohibited by coaches and trainers. What, then, is fun-loving marathoner Grete Waitz to do after a hard day of doing laps?

For 1984's Olympic organizers there seemed but one answer: Bear Country. With the cooperation of the Anaheim Sewer Authority and Disneyland officials, the IOC has opened a 23.2-mile subterranean concourse from Olympic Village direct to Disneyland's fabulous Bear Jamboree. The mechanical singing ursine exhibit, closed off by electrified wire for the exclusive use of Olympians, also features a Dole banana chip concession. Special books of one thousand C-tickets even offer a slight discount to the athletes.

Those Olympians unwilling to hazard the silted sewer water to Bear Country can put their names on the waiting list for one of six Double Yahtzee games made available for the Olympics by Selchow & Righter.

### Entertainment

Each night a different nation performs native rituals at the Olympic Village. Whether it's the Yugoslavians' beloved "Cleansing of the Freshly Captured Game" or Japan's lively "Salute to Hygienic Peoples," there's always something enjoyable going on. This year Mexico will lead off the festivities with a "Fiesta of the Biceps," a salute to the upper arm, and America will wind up with a multimedia presentation, "Wake Up, It's All Over!" ■



# AMERICA'S ENERGY IS MINDPOWER

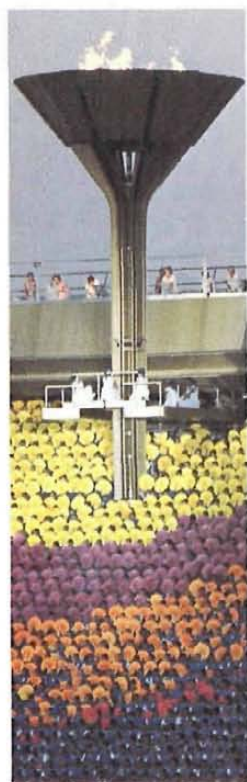
It's vital to the renewal of our nation.

From coast to coast, border to border  
and beyond, we can keep this  
country going and growing together.  
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Support our universities and colleges!



**Ladies and Gentlemen, Please Welcome Warmly...**



# THE 1984 OLYMPICS!

***The Greek athletes would parade around, showing off their naked bodies. . . . No one could tell any of it from regular Greek daily life.***

According to psychologist Howard K. Robinson, the opening ceremonies of the Olympic Games fulfill an important purpose. "The human being," says Robinson, "is possessed of an innate need to order his life by first knowing what he is getting into, then getting into it, then getting out of it, and then knowing what he has gotten out of."

The first opening ceremonies occurred, naturally enough, right before the first Olympics, which themselves can be traced back to the ancient Greeks. The ancient Greeks, as we know, were all homosexual. For centuries not a single Greek male—whether athlete or artisan—was attracted in any way to a woman. Most of them, in fact, didn't even know what women were. In order to reproduce, Greek women had to import normal men from countries like Rome. This Greek proclivity for constant homosexual activity determined the basic nature of the early opening ceremonies. The Greek athletes would parade around, showing off their naked bodies, and then proceed to do all sorts of unnatural things to each other that were duly recorded on vases. The Games themselves consisted of more of the same. So did the closing ceremonies. No one, in fact, could tell which was which. And no one could tell any of it from regular Greek daily life, which also consisted

of nothing more than an endless succession of unnatural sex acts. It was equally impossible to distinguish the participants from the spectators, since the latter, too, spent all of their waking hours in homosexual activity.

The opening ceremonies took on a more formal structure when heterosexual Romans, who had been imported to impregnate desperate Greek women, brought back the idea of athletic contests to Rome. After months of attempting to satisfy sex-starved females, the Romans were in a state of total exhaustion. So instead of actually playing out the Games, they decided only to hold the opening ceremonies and not do anything else.

Just as the Greeks were all homosexuals, the Romans were all pyromaniacs. The average Roman spent his entire life burning insects, animals, families, houses, and villages. Their technology wasn't too advanced, and setting things on fire was about the only thing they knew how to do. So to celebrate the opening ceremonies in style, every four years they would burn a major city. After they had used up all the cities in the then quite limited civilized world, they decided to settle for just lighting a person or two, and when the supply of people began to get low, they turned to old rags soaked in oil. These at least gave off a fleshy smell, and so the tradition of the Olym-



pic torch remains with us today.

After the Romans, Olympic-like games pretty much disappeared from the world. With things like the Dark Ages and the black plague to worry about, people didn't have much time for performing abnormal sex acts or setting things on fire. However, by the late nineteenth century the world had settled down a bit, and nations were willing to take the notion of Olympics seriously again.

The first modern opening ceremonies took place when the Games were revived in 1896, and they bore little resemblance to their Greek and Roman forebears. For the first time the athletes felt the need to wear clothes, and teams began the tradition of marching out in their native uniforms, a practice that was, of course, soon replaced by the famous "signboard march," in which athletes wandered through the stands displaying the names and slogans of their sponsoring manufacturers.

Unfortunately, as the world became more complex and rivalries among nations intensified, politics soon reared its ugly head into Olympic matters. The 1928 opening ceremonies were particularly marred when the French decided to boycott because they refused to march side by side with the Russians. Other countries, angry at the French, then decided to boycott also, and eventually every participating country had boycotted, and there were no Olympics at all. Then, angrily refusing to share a boycott with the French, the Russians decided to boycott the boycott. Determined to stay even with the Russians, the French boycotted the boycott also. Soon every country boycotted the boycott, and the Olympics were back to normal. But the French, still seething, decided to boycott the boycott of the boycott, and to this day no one knows if or when the Games were held.

The postwar Olympics of 1948, with world tension at a peak, were particularly noteworthy. For their protection athletes all wore mili-



ARWIDE WORLD

**The French boycott of the 1928 Games would change the Olympics forever.**

**Soviet defectors in a suburb of Buffalo, New York, rehearsing their triumphant march into the Los Angeles Coliseum.**

tary uniforms, carried machine guns, and went around in tanks. Several major skirmishes were reported during the opening ceremonies, and casualties were heavy.

However, as Emerson once said, "History is just the past buried in itself." The 1984 Olympics are about to begin, and this year's opening ceremonies promise to be especially impressive. After the dramatic lighting of the torch will come the colorful "product parade," with athletes from all over the world taking orders for their sponsors via toll-free 800 numbers. Next comes the parade of arms, in which countries like the United States and Russia show off their latest tanks, ground-to-air artillery, nuclear submarines, and ICBMs. This will be followed by an appearance of the AT&T Divestiture Drummer Corps, and a seven-day Japanese seminar entitled "The Glory of the Transistor." The entire World's Fair of 1964 will then be reassembled by ballet dancers, with the General Motors Pavilion being lowered by dirigible amid fireworks. President and Nancy Reagan will be in attendance to help judge the "10,000 Best International TV Commercials," which will be projected onto an artificial mountain. Finally, an expanded version of the Rockettes will form a mile-wide kick line, flashing classified ads printed on the bottoms of their shoes as they perform their precision routines.

After the opening ceremonies, the Games themselves will start immediately with the discus-throwing event. This will be followed by the second discus-throwing event, and then the third. Deep in their hearts, everybody knows that the Olympics consist only of discus-throwing events. There are no other sports whatsoever, although bored reporters frequently make things up, complete with doctored film footage, for a sports-hungry public.



ARWIDE WORLD





The bow and arrow are among the oldest human inventions, dating back to the Stone Age. It was not until 826 A.D., however, that warfare was revolutionized by the idea of actually using the two together.

In folklore, archery has long been associated with two great figures, Cupid and Robin Hood. Ironically, neither would qualify for the modern Olympic event of which they are the patrons, as the rules specifically prohibit naked gods and convicted felons from competing.

In unofficial trials, archers seem to do consistently better than people armed with small stones but consistently worse than people armed with high-powered rifles. As a result, people with high-powered rifles have been banned from most Olympic archery competition, and people with small stones are generally eliminated quite early.

Surveys show that Olympic-caliber archers are surprisingly unresponsive to the old "arrow-through-the-head" gag prop, although many find Steve Martin otherwise very funny.

## Zen and the Art of Winning

The story is told that, not too long ago, a young member of the Japanese Olympic archery team undertook the long and arduous seventeen-and-a-half-minute journey by bullet train from Tokyo to the slopes of Mount Fuji, where his teacher, a very old and wise master archer, had retired to meditate upon the infinite sorrow and exquisite beauty that comprise human existence.

Expecting to find his master in a state of radiant tranquillity, the young man was not a little surprised to find him jumping up and down with great animation and apparent agitation of mind in front of the twenty-six-inch Sony color television that was the centerpiece of his small, otherwise sparsely decorated hut.

"Ah, what is this?" exclaimed the youth. "Can it be that my master has entered into a more sublime realm of consciousness than I can hope to comprehend, or is he just an old fraud after all?"

"Shut up!" the old man shouted angrily. "Can't you see I'm watching TV?"

At this, the young man was instantly enlightened.

This traditional instructional tale, used in the teaching of Zen archery, illustrates to some extent an essential difference in mind between East and West, a difference that is manifested prominently in the Oriental attitude toward sports. What is competition? Who is it that competes? In answer to the first question, a Westerner would probably direct you to Webster's Dictionary. To the second, he'd respond, "Well, probably not the Russians." But to the Asian mind, these questions would appear in a very different light. "Competition," the Oriental will tell you with a knowing wink, "is not between illusory selves on the illusory teams of illusory nations, but between the arrow and its target." And he will bow. "It is all one whether the Russians compete or don't compete," he will go on to say, "because the Russians are such lousy archers anyway." Then he will bow again.

To the Japanese, archery is a sacred art going back thousands of years, an inner discipline of which it can neither be said "Wisdom is more important than winning," nor "Winning is more important than wisdom," but only "Wisdom is winning!" Asked to comment further on this paradoxical, but ultimately quite ruthless, attitude, the Japanese archer might be tempted to quote an ancient Zen proverb: *The path of Enlightenment and the path of Lucrative Product Endorsements are not two.*



PHIL SCHILLER





Locker-room shenanigans have long been an essential part of the athletics experience, despite protests from Olympic officials. In Rome, in 1960, for example, a seemingly unstoppable epidemic of "short socking" broke out, resulting in thousands of blisters, bunions, and other foot injuries. After a thorough investigation, all fingers pointed to the Albanians.

In the 1982 Pan-American Games, extensive drug tests revealed the heavy use of powerful hyperbolic steroids among the judges and technicians. "The stuff was just lying around," Carol Beluszik, a doctor's assistant, claimed. "It's easy to get hooked on having huge muscles and a deep voice."

Famous Olympic decathlete Bruce Jenner claims that he can't remember anything from his famous 1976 event. "All I can remember is waking up, eating Wheaties, drinking Tropicana, having my picture taken with a Canon camera, and stopping at the end of the day for some Swanson TV dinners. The rest is a blank, I swear."

To understand the significance of athletics to the Olympic movement in general, we need only go back to the first modern Games. The marathon, in 1896, traversed the broad plains of Marathon, the same route taken by the warrior Pheidippides to tell the Athenians of their victory over Persia, after which he collapsed and died.

So, in that first great modern marathon, twenty-four strong, brave runners ran toward Athens with but one thought in their minds: "Is this going to kill me?"

Shortly after the halfway point in the first marathon, many of the runners, suffering from cramps and exhaustion, dropped out. But many of the Greek runners pressed their natural advantage and completed the race. What did the Greeks have that others did not? To begin with, most owned small beeping watches that helped them to keep pace, as well as eighty-dollar running shoes and special nylon mesh T-shirts.

After winning the first marathon, Spiridon Loues was offered anything he wanted by his wealthy Greek countrymen. His request? A glow-in-the-dark Gore-Tex™ suit!

We've come a long way since then. Today, millions of people around the world are schooled in the training techniques that made those first Greeks excel in marathoning. Millions own beeping watches, expensive shoes, nylon mesh singlets—and more. Some even use them. And, with the millions of dollars spent on this equipment, companies such as Athletics West sponsor the truly elite runners, the Olympic champions, who in turn wear the products sold by Athletics West, and fool millions of people into thinking that a watch that beeps or a shirt that "breathes" will make the difference in their overall performance.

### On to Los Angeles

How appropriate, then, that the XXIIIrd Olympiad, where dozens of world and Olympic records will come under attack, will take place in a sunny paradise filled with men and women who think nothing of beginning their day with a brisk ten-mile run. The same men and women who, when asked to cross the street to buy a chili dog for lunch, will tell you, "Hey, are you nuts? Let's take the car!"

The Olympic champions teach us much about the human spirit and the human body. As famous Olympic discus thrower Al Oerter once said, "A man is made of his body, his mind, and that part of him that thinks about eating sugar all the time. The Olympic effort concerns itself with the first two. Only victory is sweet."

The Olympic spectator, whether at the track or watching at home, falls into one of two categories: the runner and the nonrunner. Each has his own specific interests and concerns. While the nonrunner generally wants to know how fast an athlete has run, who came in first, and who is winning the most medals, the runner ponders the deeper issues: Is the athlete running on orthotics?

Does he take many vitamins? Is she a heel striker or a pronator? Does he belong to a health club for his anaerobic conditioning?

### More Than Track and Field—This Is Athletics

Many people wonder how such disparate activities as javelin throwing, triple jumping, and hurdling became combined with the simple yet powerful sport of running.

Contrary to popular belief, the ancient Games were *not* honored and revered. Many of the runners in the streets and fields of Athens were pelted with objects thrown by jeering spectators: long sticks, known as javelins; hammers; heavy metal balls; and flat, round stones used by merchants for adding and subtracting, known as hard discuses.

In turn, the athletes would pick these objects up from the field and chase after the hecklers, often having to jump over low hedges or walls. All of this proved to be such exhilarating sport that when the modern Games were developed by Baron de Coubertin, he insisted that these activities remain intact.

The superiority of the athletes in the first Games, though, led to a surprising number of fatalities among the spectators, and the polite, nonviolent form of competition we see today was developed.

There are over forty individual competitions in the athletics category, each spanning a wide variety of achievement. As the baron



At the suggestion of their mutual friend, Kate Hepburn, Michael Jackson will lend Grete Waitz one of his famous sequined gloves for her run in the 1984 women's marathon.



told the first organizers, "This is athletics. Everything else is just rich boy's games."

And yet, athletics is often overwhelming for the spectator. While watching the competitions, it will help to remember that all athletics fall into one of five categories:

**I Running Fast Sports**

**II Running and Jumping Sports**

**III Jumping over Something Sports**

**IV Throwing Sports**

**V Some People Just Won't Get off the Track Until You Let Them Try Everything Sports**

**Predictions**

Unlike most other guides to the Olympics, we're willing to go out on a limb and predict what will actually happen at the 1984 Games. Why are we willing to take such a risk? Why not? Who among you will call us on the phone and say, "Nyaaah-nyaaah, Carol Lewis didn't win the long jump!!!"? (Okay, so you don't count.)

**I. Running Fast Sports.** While Olympic purists claim that this category begins, humbly, with the twenty- and fifty-kilometer walks and ends, gloriously, with the grueling marathon, this will *not* be true in Los Angeles. The twenty- and fifty-kilometer walks have been canceled, since no one walks in Los Angeles. Athletes who insist on walking will be pursued by Olympic officials in cars, who will harangue them from open windows shouting, "Hey, let me give you a lift! C'mon, it's not out of my way!"

Carl Lewis will emerge the victor of the hundred-meter dash, the two-hundred-meter dash, the long jump, and on the relay team. Thus, he will become the next Jesse Owens. In a publicity stunt, Alex Karras will dress like Hitler, but Lewis will refuse to shake his hand.

There will be two big names in the women's divisions, defector Marita Koch of East Germany and Mary Decker of the United States. Koch will burst into tears when a news reporter asks if she is related to the mayor of New York, and later become the darling of the media when she coins the phrase "Hey, cuts it out!" Decker, the darling of America's running set, will fall in love with Edwin Moses, forming the the team of Black & Decker.

The marathon will see huge casualties, due to the atmosphere and Los Angeles officials' failure to close off the ramp of the expressway leading to the marathon route. Grete Waitz will take the women's division, and Rob de Castella, an Australian, will threaten not to run in the men's division unless ABC stops playing Men at Work's "Down Under" every time it shows him on the screen.

The relays are hard to call. In 1983's Helsinki World Championships, four teams ran almost perfect relays. It remains to be seen if replacing the traditional baton with a paper

**The Soviets Are Out to Get Me!**

by Mary Decker

I don't care if there's a boycott or not—the Soviet Union has only one goal for the 1984 Olympics: stop Mary Decker. Ivan doesn't like me. Ivan wants me stopped, or at least slowed. It started ten years ago at a meet in Moscow. I was pulling away in a relay when the Soviet team surrounded me and squeezed me tighter than a pair of Lithuanian loafers. They do that over there. They box you in, they intimidate. They even sacrifice a lesser runner. I'm not paranoid, understand, but they brainwash the runners. They tell them that it is their patriotic duty to elbow me on curves and break my stride. I have pictures of my bruises.

They use intimidation. It's a way of life. After what happened to that Korean jetliner, a lot of Western runners became afraid of running dashes against the Soviets. The great Korean quarter-miler, Kim Soo Chuk, has nightmares about veering into the Soviet runners' lane. Pow-pow.

The KGB has plenty of other tricks at its disposal. Most of these can be used whether or not the Russians even show up. While I was training this winter, I began to experience headaches. The doctors tested me but couldn't find a problem. Then I realized what was going on—microwaves. The Soviets were bombarding me with invisible microwaves while I ran. To test my theory, I ran the next day with a raw chicken. (I told my fellow runners I'd misplaced my Heavy Hands.) I tossed the chicken up and down on straightaways. By the time I'd run my first kilometer, that chicken was barbecue city. I made chicken soup out of it and froze it for evidence.

The headaches stopped within a week. Ivan knew I had his number.

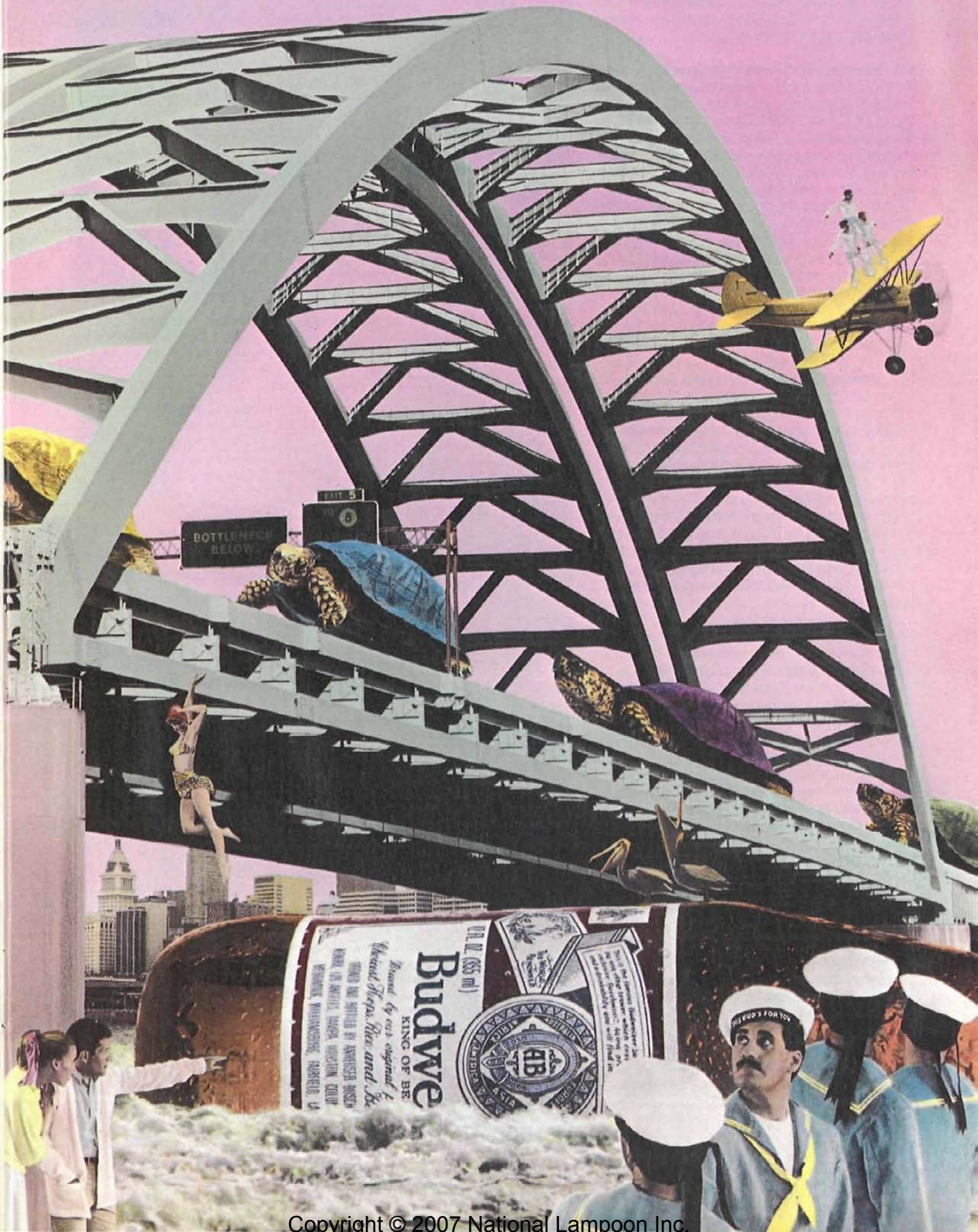
But the Russians have a lot more pranks in their pathetic Politburo pantheon. They use ESP to broadcast into my head. Sometimes, at the end of a day's long training, I see weird visions. I see images of cheap, low-grade toilet paper; I see baby carriages tumbling down staircases. I see Robin Williams trapped in Moscow. They're trying to brainwash me through secret psychokinetic means. But they won't get me.

According to an article I read, they've even gone so far as to amputate the arms of Soviet runners. These runners, outfitted with bionic elbows, will try to nudge me off the track. If that fails, they may use injections from syringes hidden inside the mechanical arms. The same article, in a paper for inquiring minds, detailed their experiments with superbabies who train under water, vying for the chance to race against me.

They will stop at nothing in their quest for domination of women's middle-distance running. If all else fails, they will even pull out of the events in an effort to break my stride and concentration. Then they'll use mass psychokinetic brainwashing to convince the crowd that one of their own noncompeting runners won the race. But I'm prepared for that—I've got three quarts of chicken soup sitting in a freezer that will expose these madmen. And I have photos of my bruises . . . bruises the size of strawberries.



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towel tube, which the thrift-conscious Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee plans to do, will affect the results.

**II. Running and Jumping Sports.** In the long jump, the ghost of Bob Beamon's incredible 29 ft. 2½ in. record will loom large, although the smart money says Carl Lewis is the man to beat it. There's also a very good chance that Carl's sister, Carol, will take the women's long jump. Carl will reduce Carol to tears at the awards ceremony when he teases her about having only one medal, while he has zillions.

The triple jump will be won by American Willie Banks, who stunned spectators in Helsinki with his original style. Willie begins every jump by pointing at the athlete whose record he is about to beat, then punctuating every jump with the words "You . . . are . . . OUT! Mutha!"

**III. Jumping over Something Sports.** Edwin Moses' unique combination of speed, agility, and strength makes him a favorite in the men's divisions of the hurdles. This will lead to his replacing singer Isaac Hayes as the new "Black Moses." Kenyan Henry Rono looks to be the favorite in the steeplechase events, but will be slowed down when he spots Krugerrands placed in the bottom of one of the pools by an unethical South African. The Chinese will make an impressive showing in the pole vaults and high jumps, but that's the Chinese for you, and who can figure 'em?

**IV. Throwing Sports.** Just as in real world events, the Communists specialize in throwing big weights around, while the Free World countries just like to toss in the shaft. The installation of special guards to protect spectators from wild throws will remove a great deal of the inspiration that many competitors in these sports once felt.

**V. Some People Just Won't Get off the Track Until You Let Them Try Everything Sports.** You can never tell about the grueling decathlon and heptathlon. Many Americans don't understand this quest to find the best all-around athlete in the world through these competitions, since they wonder, "If they're so good, why ain't they rich?"

Daley Thompson of Great Britain will be the decathlon champion, giving the English at least one reason to have made the trip across the big pond. In a revolutionary move, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee will allow Thompson to compete, in drag, in the heptathlon, which he will also win.

And what happens when the contest has ended? Perhaps defector Klaus Neuwirth of East Germany said it best: "We sign contracts now, yes?"

## Activewear of the Stars

The enormous strides made during the last decade in the science of Olympic training have been matched, if not surpassed, in another, less carefully watched area of competition: sports activewear. Gone are the leather track shoes and the skirted Vulveeta bathing suits; today's athlete, as he straightens his Gore-Tex sleeves and tugs at his polypropylene-encased balls, barely has time to check the Venusian time on his split-level seismoronic chronograph/wrist television before hurtling down a super-fast track composed of fission-produced aluminum/chicken fat alloy. Special athletic equipment creates news on its own, particularly for a publication willing to offer editorial tie-ins to the right manufacturers. *NatLamp* asked several top-rank Olympians about their equipment for the Games; following is what they would have said if athletes could talk.

### Amadou Dia Ba • 400-Meter Men's Hurdles • Senegal

Few observers really believe that Amadou, a relative newcomer to hurdling events, can upset the U.S.A.'s awesome Ed Moses—but the supremely confident Amadou begs to differ. "Moses is good, yes," admits the African, "but he has not the secret, no." Amadou refused to elaborate on "the secret," but several dozen of his wives have indicated that it has something to do with the introduction of television to his Senegalese village last week. He is said to have been studying reruns of *Superman* quite carefully, and is expected to appear at the starting line wearing blue tights and a big red cape. Regardless of the outcome of the event, say friends, Amadou will shoot himself immediately afterward.

### Zhu Jian Hua • Men's High Jump • China

Zhu Jian Hua, who holds the world's record (2.37) in this event, is Communist China's first, best hope for gold as the jolly Chinks reenter the Olympic arena. While sportswear technology behind the Bamboo Curtain pales sadly alongside our own, Zhu will be using one special piece of equipment: a pair of cherry-flavored edible underpants. The Chinese government startled even veteran apparel watchers by approving the foreign-made garment (manufactured, ironically, in Taiwan), but, as Zhu put it cheerfully through his interpreter, "I tell them, no hump, no jump. I no travel halfway across the world to hop like hormone bunny unless I am assured penis-gobbling blond girls ensue. Yes?"

### Judy Livermore • Women's Heptathlon • Great Britain

While Judy Livermore is considered something of a dark horse in the heptathlon competition, she has one important factor in her favor: no one has ever seen a heptathlon or has the least idea of what it is. Judy will take care of her special equipment needs on the way to the Games, when she stops at New York's Times Square and has a novelty shop print up several dozen phony newspapers. Their headlines will read: HEPTATHLON EVENT AMENDED. NOW INCLUDES BARIUM ENEMA. Says Judy, "Nothing narrows down the field of competition like the threat of a radioactive nether-cocktail." Amen to that.

### Calvin Smith • Men's 100-Meter Dash • U.S.A.

Calvin Smith set the world's record for the 100 meters last year with a time of 9.93, and he did it without special equipment—a feat he says he will not try to duplicate at the Games. "I have to worry about Carl Lewis," says Calvin, "and his goddamn kick." To compensate for Lewis's amazing power, Calvin has selected the Pontiac Fiero as special equipment for the race. Notes Calvin, "Electronic fuel injection, a 2.5-liter engine, rack and pinion steering—Carl is dead. Literally." Kudos to Calvin for buying American!





AP/WIDE WORLD

**When they die, they're mine!**

### **Thomas Noguchi's Guide to the Marathon**

My name is Thomas Noguchi, Los Angeles County Coroner to the Stars, and I've been asked to prepare this little introduction to one of the great Olympic events, the twenty-six-mile marathon. More than any other event, the marathon tests the athlete's will not just to win, but to survive.

It is a grueling, arduous race that takes place not inside the womb-shaped stadium, but rather on the freeways and streets—the arteries and entrails, if you will—of greater Los Angeles County. As the runners push their bodies beyond normal physical limits, they will encounter one last threat to their very existence: anaerobia—the absence of oxygen.

This year's men's marathon is slated to begin at 5:00 P.M. The hope is that the lead runners will enter the stadium for their final lap just as the closing Olympic ceremonies begin, thus providing a thrilling coda to the Games. The fear here is that because of rush-hour air quality, the runners may not make it to the stadium at all. My analysis shows that by 6:00 P.M., L.A. air is composed entirely of carbon monoxide, asbestos, and Charlie residue. Since no one has ever completed an anaerobic marathon, the betting is three to one that most of these runners will be carried into the stadium on shields. My office is poised for, indeed salivating at, the prospect of so many good-looking corpses.

But enough idle fantasizing. The fact is the marathon is more than just a race, it's a travelogue of a city, a running history lesson. As the marathoners collapse along the streets of Southern California they will be adding their names and cadavers to a pantheon of celebrated corpses.

As I look over the twenty-six-mile marathon course, I see a montage of the Famous and the Dead. I see Marilyn and Janis, I see Belushi and Natalie, I see Alan Thicke.

What a thrill it will be for the runners as they start their final race in Santa Monica—Santa Monica, where Stan Laurel and Douglas Fairbanks both expired and where Thelma Todd was found dead in her car for reasons never fully explained. Her death occurred several decades before I became coroner, and I cannot help but think that the mystery of her death could at last be solved if I could only exhume her body and apply modern forensic techniques. A thought that I'm sure will cross the minds of many runners as they pass within kilometers of that death-shrouded home on Posetano Road.

As the runners head north onto Twenty-sixth Street, the beautiful Santa Monica Mountains will be ahead on their left. On their right they'll be able to see the fabled Hollywood Hills.

Janis.

A talented young woman. Dead, clad only

in a nightgown, at the Landmark Hotel, Hollywood Hills.

Heroin. The drug that killed the Queen of Rock.

A drug remarkably similar to the endorphins spinning through the blood and brains of these runners as they round Wilshire, higher than kites.

They'll brush by West L.A., home of Fatty Arbuckle—a man who could perhaps be thankful for the absence of modern forensic science in his heyday.

Then past Bundy Drive, no relation to Ted, and onto the grassy median of San Vicente, just a few cul-de-sacs from Fifth Helena Drive. The runners here will have only one thought: Marilyn.

Yes. I'm sure it was probable suicide. Okay?

Even though I was then just a junior medical examiner, I knew that her autopsy would be an important one. Buddhist or not, I could not help but be affected by the sight of her corpse. It is an image that will haunt me forever—even if I lose the photos.

From Marilyn, the runners will head south along Ocean Avenue. They will smell the salt water, they will hear the shore. They will think, for a moment, of Natalie.

Soon they'll be at the halfway point, and then they'll hit the Richard Nixon Freeway—I'm sorry, the Marina Freeway. The freeway to nowhere—a fitting symbol for a town so dedicated to success that the very people who work for the town, the teachers, the cops, the medical examiners, often find their altruistic behavior questioned and scrutinized. A town that accuses civil servants of cheaply trying to cash in on—

But that is not what the marathoners will be thinking as they head past Culver City at the thirty-kilometer point. No, by then the hot Santa Ana desert wind will be decimating their ranks. Legs will stiffen, blood sugar will drop. Endorphins will secrete at a rate that would have satiated the vast majority of my cases. They'll be surrounded by history in Culver City: home of Section F of the Holy Cross Cemetery. Final home of Bing, and Durante, and Bela Lugosi. Home of suicide victim Charles Boyer. Home, forever now, of Sharon Tate. Medical Examiner's Case No. 69-8796.

By now the squalid air of the city will be sticking to their alveoli. The men will be gasping for air. Beverly Hills and Hollywood will be a blur of oxygen-deprived pleasure. At the forty-kilometer mark the men will think about the final moments of Freddie Prinze, of Belushi, and of their own rapidly approaching final moments. They will see my face, and the faces of my fellow dedicated medical examiners in the crowd. They will know that modern forensic science will be on their side.

I pray we will be up to the challenge.





## What Amateurism Means to Me

by Carl Lewis

Today's athlete receives many blandishments. He receives the blandishment of fame.

Women and money are other blandishments. But the chiefest blandishment of all is turning pro. That is why I am proud to be an amateur.

By resisting being pro I remain amateur. People ask me, "Carl, is it really that simple?" And I say, "It is that simple." Of course there are years of hard work and lots of striving.

I am not a "gifted amateur," meaning "Ask his price." I am just a plain amateur, and you call me amateur the way you call your pup Spot. Or someone, maybe he is called Dutch. Would you call Dutch "Aunt Shirr"? So that is my point.

I like the feeling I get when I walk down the street and kids say, "There goes the amateur."

I wish I could get more kids interested in amateurism. They need programs in the schools where amateurism is taught. An ex-policeman could lead them. I would lead them but I am too busy flying around the world competing in track meets. As an amateur. I cannot stress that enough.

I know I could have benefited from such programs in my youth. I grew up in a pretty rough section of Jersey. My parents had some money and there was always food and if I needed something, I could have it. I had a treehouse where I made up stories starring my nine pairs of sneakers. But no, it was not "the land of Oz." I had my demons. I kept demanding, "Do I remain an amateur or turn pro, and if so, when, and how do I do it without hurting anyone, and is it okay?" Neither my parents nor my sneakers knew for sure.

I spent a lot of time wrestling with my conscience, but it kept learning new holds.

I remember one meeting with Jesse Owens. I said, "Do I want to stay amateur, or do I want to turn pro?" He said, "Well, what do you think?" I said, "Amateur." He said, "Pro is nice too." I said, "Then pro." He said, "Something's wrong with amateur?" I could see what he was getting at: I was boring him. It was such a great honor to meet Jesse Owens.

My first coach saw I was a hollow man. For days he watched me do my sprints. Finally he said, "You must dedicate to something mightier than yourself." I asked, "Will it weigh something?" Because I could not afford to carry around any extra weight. And he said, "You will not know it is there." But I was still skeptical, so he took me to a seminar of young men who wished to be drafted into the National Football League. To each he would say, "Tell the boy what your parents do," and each would respond, "My father's missing and my mother's a pro." Right then I decided to become an amateur, and I fell down on my knees and embraced amateurism with all my heart.

But I was still not entirely out of the woods. For example, my supermarket job. I was a boxboy. If I carried a lady's groceries to her car, she would offer me a "tip." But I would leap back. If I took her money, was I still an amateur? It only got worse. Other ladies, hearing I would not accept revenue in this way, would be lined up for me to carry their things. The other boxboys would laugh at me, as I was dead tired. The ladies would pretend they had forgotten my "affliction" and they would say, "Carl, are you sure you will not take this thin dime?" I wanted that dime, but I would leap back. Suppose that dime affected my amateur status? One woman, Mrs. Georgina W., would only make me carry her "small things," and for that I would like to publicly acknowledge her kindness at this time. But the others would hand me everything and then—it seemed—view me with secret scorn.

Just when my humiliation was at its height, a crazy thing began happening. My times were getting better and better and I was starting to attract national attention for my long jumping. I looked down at my body—carrying all those packages had built up my forearms! And all that leaping back from the "tips" had developed my legs!

And that is how being an amateur made me a better athlete.

One postscript. Before he died, I saw Jesse Owens again. He recognized me and started waving. I got up closer and he said, "Jim?" and I said, "Carl," and he said, "Thorpe?" and I said, "Lewis," and he broke into a wide grin. "You old drunken Injun," he said. I was honored he had the respect for me and my abilities to remember me. I said, "Jesse, I stayed amateur. Remember when I asked you if I should stay amateur or go pro?" "Yes," said Jesse. "I remember. What did I say?" I said, "You didn't say anything." He said, "I must've said something." I said, "No. Nothing." He said, "I didn't say go pro?" I said, "No, Jesse." He said, "I mean amateur." I said, "No, Jesse." He said, "You were just not listening. Young man, you will end up like your father if you do not stay off the rotgut. They will put it in the papers and you can raise the flag on two Jima all you want, they will crucify you." That is also why I do not drink.

**"Would a man go at it this hard for just any beer? Not if it threatened his amateur standing."**

AP/WIDE WORLD





AP/WIDE WORLD

**Whether on the field or on the big screen, a saucy, perky, happy-go-lucky smile will take you far, claims the ever-lively Ms. Hemingway.**

**Fitness: It's Really Important!**

by Mariel Hemingway

It's so, so important to be fit!

I can remember way back before I was a real athlete—like when I was in *Manhattan*. Not that I was *fat* or anything, but I sure didn't look, you know, that great. But once I got into shape for *Personal Best*, I could really see a difference.

I mean, did you notice my *thighs* in that movie? Like a lot of people said all I did in it was cry and get food poisoning, but my thighs—not a dimple anywhere. I had a clause in my contract that they couldn't show me below the waist when I was jumping hurdles if my legs looked bad. I mean, even a lot of women *athletes* have these thighs that look like a lot of popcorn jumping around. But I have to say I had *no problem*.

I was in *Playboy* twice, once before the implants and once after. I really like them both. Of course I look more *athletic* in the first one,

but it's maybe not quite as sexy. Or no—it's sexy in an *athletic* way. That's what I want more than *sexy sexy*, I guess. Especially since *Star 80* isn't really doing that well. Like if you're muscular and hard and everything—but I don't mean that the way it sounds!—people *know* you're not a slut. They still always talk about how, you know, innocent you are. I mean, it's bad enough with Margaux in the family. I just want all the reporters to keep talking about how sweet and unaffected I am.

So that's why I think it's so important to keep in shape. It's hard, of course. Lots of times your trainer—I think *everyone* should have a trainer—will get really bossy and you just want to fire him. But I mean they could talk to the press, too. So you just bite your lip and keep going.

I'd say running and doing hurdles and everything probably give you the best allover look. Or no—maybe swimming, actually. But I'm not writing for the swimming section, am I?

**1984 Olympics to Introduce "Run for the Big Gifts"**

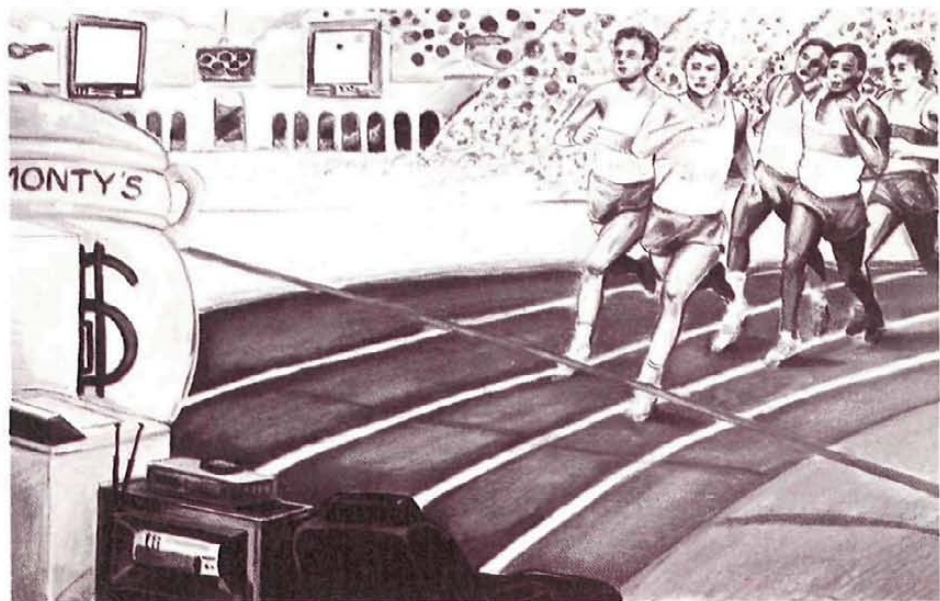
In a revolutionary compromise over the heated issue of athlete endorsements of leading products, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee will allow athletes this year to race for expensive prizes placed at the end of their lanes.

Spectators at this year's track and field

events can expect to see their favorites racing for Maytag washers and dryers, General Electric refrigerators, Electrolux vacuums, and a host of other household appliances.

"Most of these products would look pretty silly as Official Products of the Olympics," said LAOOC President Peter Ueberroth. "This program will give them a chance to claim that their product was the incentive that made the athlete give that little extra winning push."

**The "Run for the Big Gifts" was a big hit when it premiered at the Helsinki World Championships in 1983. You can expect to see Monty and the gang in '84 in L.A.**



PERRY REALO





Larry Bird never played on an Olympic team, because he graduated on an off year. More amazing, though, is the fact that he is actually black. Extensive makeup is applied and a wig added before each game. His former slave name? Byrd Larree. . . . One of our greatest Olympic teams ever, the '60 hoopsters that went to Rome, featured Jerry West, Walt Bellamy, Oscar Robertson, and Jerry Lucas. The fifth member of that starting five? None other than Don Knotts. . . . Defecting seven-foot-two Soviet center Arvidis Subonis hopes to ride upon the special "victory tractor" American officials have built for him if the team wins. He will still, however, be expected to meet Wilt Chamberlain at the Playboy Mansion on July 30 at 8:00. "Bring your pajamas," says The Stilt. . . . Kenyan forward Abi Kipcho got his start tossing coconuts into a rhino's mouth and says, "You learn fast that way" . . . The Hungarian team was banned from competition last year for not laundering their shorts for the semifinals. . . . The odds of someone's substituting a giant, mutant orange for the basketball in a crucial part of the finals are astronomical, but organizers still made sure by taking out a special insurance policy with Lloyd's of London, which also covers mole people drilling up through the ground and emerging at half-court.

**Editor's note:** This year, Olympic basketball will be played by real "American" rules. Consisting of one forty-eight-hour pickup game played on the vacant parking lot of Disneyland, Olympic basketball will award medals to whatever country still has a team standing after the marathon session.

Here to explain how the city game is played is National Lampoon special correspondent "Blood" Brennan.

## In Your Foreign Face, Sucka!

by "Blood" Brennan

I'm talking to you, fool! We got us the pill, dig? This be B-ball, hoops, chuckets—Made in U.S.A.—damn straight! These foreign dudes never knew shit 'bout roundball till they be learning how to run and gun from the brothers in Europe who got cut from the damn NBA to make room for big slow white boys. That's why the U.S. gotta change the rules this time down the floor. No more honky ball, y'all. Ain't no way five bitty



Local rules, chump! Did the Russkies show up yet?

Smurfs from Indiana gonna keep whipping the world's sorry ass every four years. This here's a black man's game. And that's a fact, Jack! Those Russian niggers got over on us in '72, and this year the fucking Eye-talians got them two playmaking guards, seven foot three. You seen this boy Ali Jewan from Africa? He's a fucking freak. Some kinda Giant Jaws from Mars. I ain't jivin'! The Chinese got them a nigger nine motherfucking feet tall. He dunks on his knees. His fucking knees, sissy! Just standing in the lane, his head sticks up through the damn net. And it ain't tending, neither.

Naw, this time in L.A. we gonna do us a little bit o' good ol' American shake and bake. Enough of these Commie refs cheating us out of the gold! It's back to the street, the playground, where the Doc learned to operate. The city game, pickup five on five, make/take, straight-up ball. No refs. No blood—no foul. You gots to make someone respect your call, Rodney. I wanna see some midget Venezuelan guard try and get a game. Who the fuck's gonna give a run to a guy who shoots with two hands and wears black socks?

This is you-lose, you-sit time. First one to eleven, by ones, win by two, it's good if it goes. Asphalt ball, got that, fool? Only problem is the fucking Puerto Rican team. They're gonna be a bitch. P.R.'s always be pulling blades choosing up bullshit calls.

The games gonna all be played in the Disneyland parking lot. They got special hoops set up for us there. We gonna move on those Yugoslavians so bad they be sittin' on their asses in the middle of Pirates of the Caribbean, going, "Yo, ho, ho, we just got our butts whipped." Some cheese-smellin' French wimp's gonna try and take a charge on a freight train bringing the rock to the iron, and—BOOM! He's gonna look like Goofy and be talking like Snow White for a month and a half. Big men be camping in the paint, climbing backs, and if any Eye-talian fuckin' noodle tries dunking on us, we'll send him on a real voyage to Tomorrowland. Ain't no lie. The bros be hacking.

Say goodbye to White Bobby Knight and the whole U.S. team. No more plays, no more passing. Shoot that J! We need us a street team with dudes named Blood and 2-to-10. Maybe Bad News Barnes will detox. C'mon by the lot, you don't need no "E" ticket, watch a little scoop-a-doop with a triple-hitch Tomahawk slamma-jamma. These niggers gonna play all day long. Sit down, suckas!



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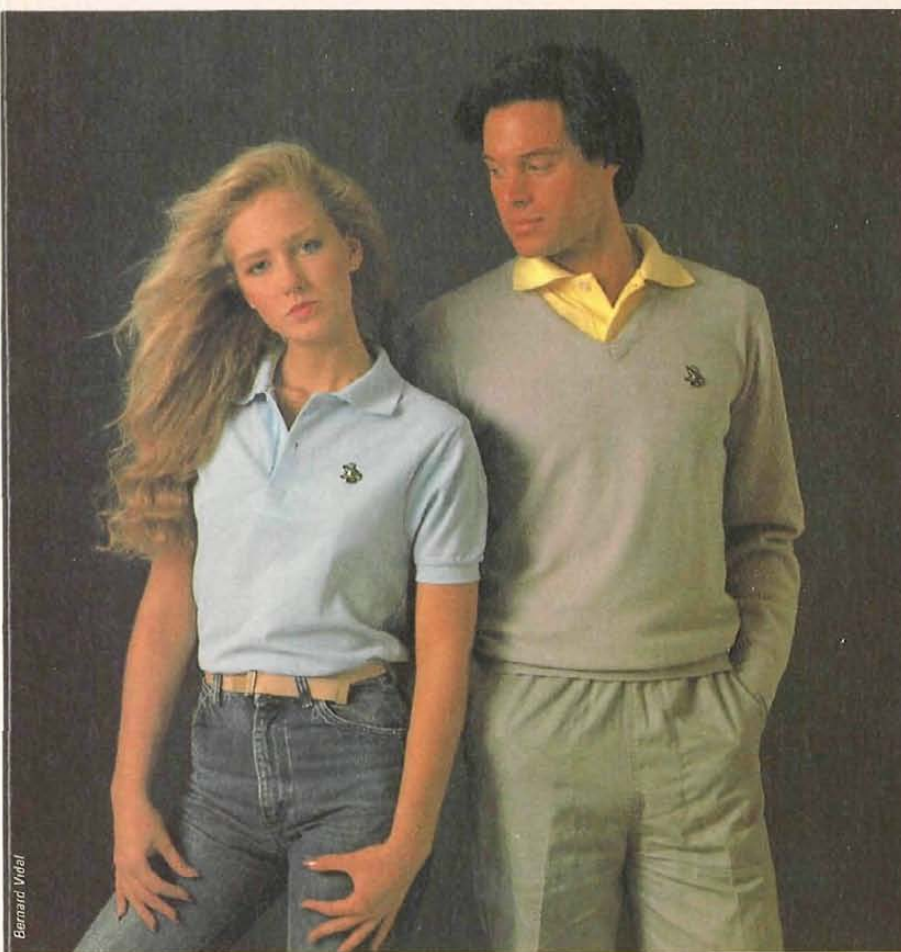
# FROG

The Frog family of fine apparel is proud to announce the introduction of the **Frog Sweater**. The Frog Sweater comes in three sizes and is a legend for its softness, warmth, and style. And Frog Clothing continues to offer the **Frog Polo Shirt**. Both shirt and sweater sport the distinctive symbol of the Frog line, a double-amputee frog.

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Bernard Vidal

# FROG

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*You've got what it takes.*

# Salem Spirit

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THE UNOFFICIAL 1984 OLYMPIC

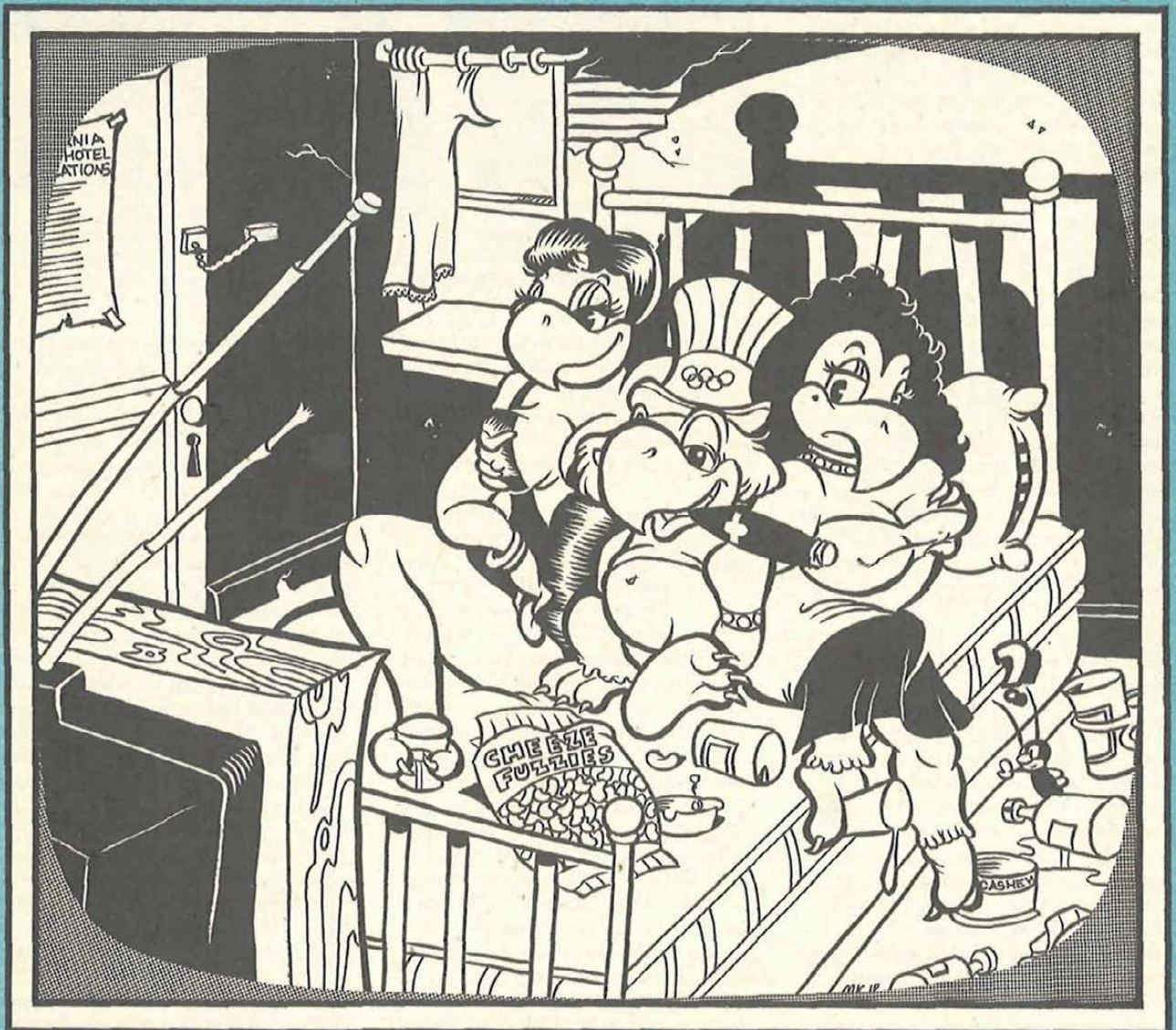
SPECIAL  
July 28–August 12, 1984

# TV

## WATCHER'S GUIDE!

INSIDE!

- Jim McKay: Agoraphobic • Couch Potato Viewing Hints •
- Make Your Own Human Interest Story • Tons o' Listings!





# "I Lived in Terror of the Outdoors. . . ."

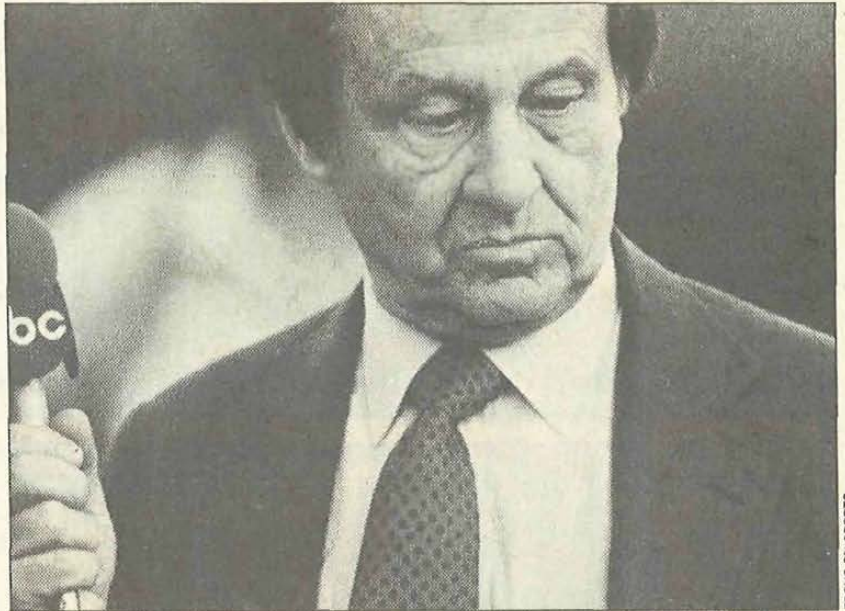
## The True, Horrifying Story of Jim McKay

"I guess we should have known something was wrong the day we first brought little Jimmy home," Jim McKay's mother remembers. "The moment we walked out of the hospital into the bright clean air, he started screaming in unearthly terror. Those weren't just the normal cries of a newborn. There was something different about them—a deep, profound, hellish agony that was to haunt our family for many years to come."

"It's funny," his father adds, "I remember the first time the doctor used that terrible word: 'agoraphobia.' I didn't really know what it meant. Oh, I'd remembered seeing it in *Reader's Digest* a couple of times here and there. But us? Our family? Things like that just didn't happen to folks like us who have a nice car and drive it to church."

But Jim McKay himself is far more blunt about it. "Let's call a fumble a fumble," he says, his jaw hardening. "It's a handicap. I'm a handicapped person. True, very few people know about my affliction, and I've found my own special way of overcoming it. But you can only deal with something like this when you're willing to face it. And you can't face it unless you admit it. And you can't admit it unless you're willing to admit it. So I am willing to admit it. And I do admit it. Does anybody have a sandwich?"

Jim McKay muses, "My early years were extremely traumatic. Naturally, I didn't have any friends, because kids that age like to go outside a lot. And, to make matters worse, I had the acute form of the disease, where it progresses rapidly. I quickly reached the point where I couldn't even bear to look at the outdoors, and my parents had to board up all the windows. If I saw a picture of the outdoors in a magazine, I would run and hide in a closet for weeks. The disease was moving into the critical stage, and my prognosis was dim. The doctor frankly told my parents that if I didn't have a remission I would soon reach the point where I stopped eating, because all food comes from the outdoors. Then,



Unfortunately, even the most trifling incident can still reduce Jim to a pouting, petulant schizoid. Here his rage builds as a four-year-old child asks to hold his microphone. "No, no, no," Jim says. "Mr. Microphone is mine, and must not fall into hands stained by hot dogs and fruit drinks."

because even the air in the room had to originally have come from the outside, my body would automatically stop breathing, and I would be dead. Few people know it, but agoraphobia is a truly devastating illness."

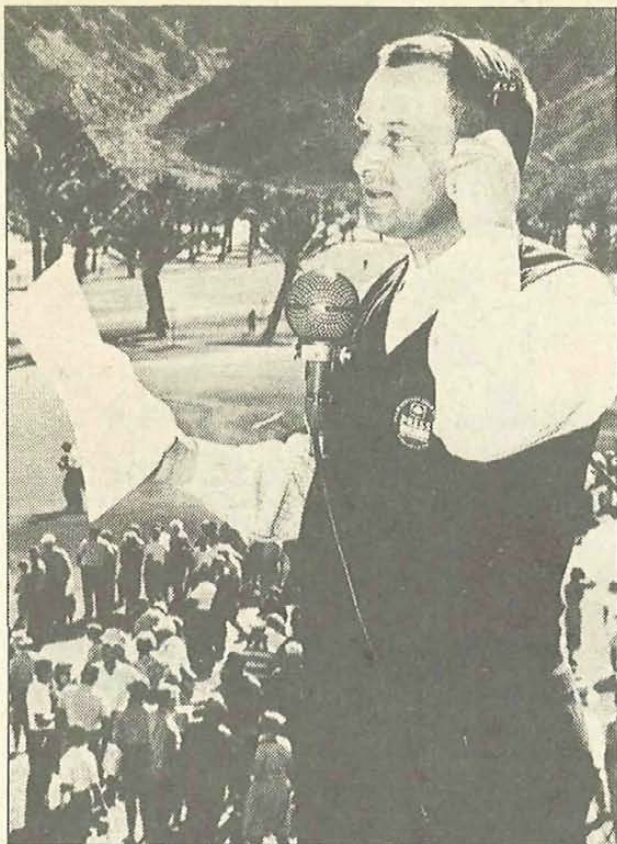
If there was a single turning point for Jim McKay, it came when he was eighteen years old and he met Patti Sue Anderson. Jim recalls, "I'll never forget the first time I saw her. She just happened to drop by with a friend, but for me it was love at first sight. Instantly, I knew that there was nothing in the world I wouldn't do for this woman, except, of course, go outside or talk about anything outdoor-related, or have anything at all to do with the outdoors in any way, shape, or form. But she was a good Catholic and, for the first ten or so dates, they believe in making you take them somewhere. When I invited her into my favorite closet, she ran away and I never saw her again. I was devastated. I even ran up to the bathroom and put a razor blade to my wrist. The only thing

that stopped me was the fear that if someone came in and discovered me, he would take me out to a hospital."

Jim's trained, professional voice becomes soft. "I guess losing Patti had a profound effect on me. For the first time in my life, I felt a little bit of fight stirring inside. I think that's what made me receptive to what happened next."

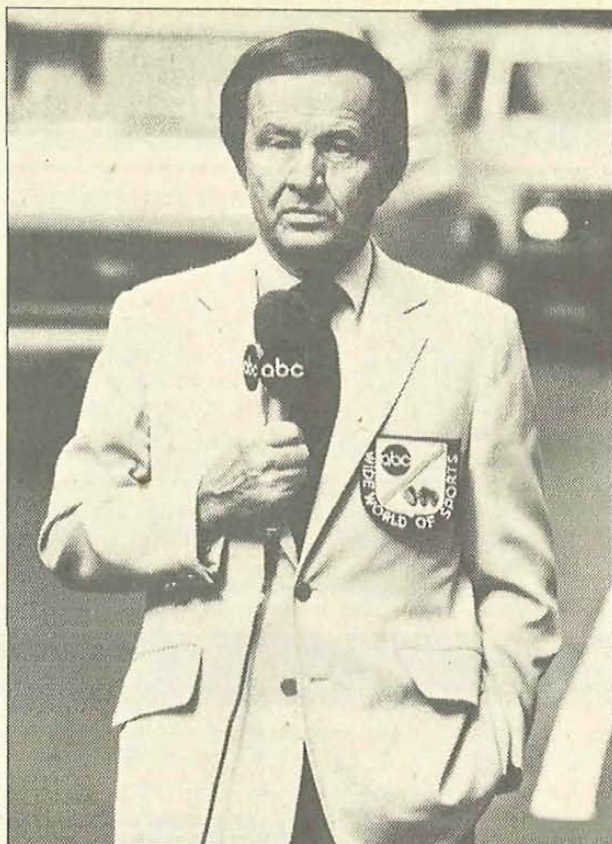
It was a day or two later, Jim recalls, when his uncle Frank dropped in for the fateful visit. "He was always my favorite uncle," Jim says. "Very careful not to make any references to the outside so I wouldn't have to punch him and throw fits and stuff. But this time he had something with him. It was a new eight-millimeter movie camera. He was very proud of it, and for several hours he made us make funny faces and strange motions with our hands and horns in back of each other's heads. Why, my mother even winked and showed a bit of her shoulder. Then I noticed something. For the first time in years, I'd stepped within twenty feet of a window! We





AP/WIDE WORLD

Jim McKay, wearing a microphone he constructed from the discarded parts of an old washer-dryer. Thanks to this device, he was able to visit his parents' country club for the first time at age nineteen.



FOCUS ON SPORTS

"I'm going out for a little breakfast, and then I have to stop at the post office," comments McKay, providing the local color in a closed-circuit broadcast to his psychiatrist's office in New York.

all sat down and cried for hours."

Jim continues, "The next day Uncle Frank came back with an even bigger camera. It had lots of shiny knobs and dials and a zoom lens, and this time I could get within ten feet of a window. Now, for the first time in my life, I could see light at the end of the tunnel—and it was the pure, blue light of the great outdoors."

A week later, for the first time since he was born, Jim was able to step all the way up to a window. "This time Uncle Frank had to bring a sixteen-millimeter camera and klieg lights," he recalls.

Then came the biggest test of all: would a thirty-five-millimeter professional movie camera, complete with full unionized crew, allow Jim McKay to take his first fateful step out the door? The camera and crew were assembled and Jim stood at the threshold, trembling. "I was terrified," he says. "I knew that now I had truly come to the crossroads. I can remember praying and reminding God, 'If you

were an agoraphobic, you couldn't be up in heaven.' Then, suddenly, I felt a strange, sweet peace inside of me, and before I even realized what happened, there was a dapple of sunshine on my shoulder and I was throwing up on the lawn."

Today, Jim McKay isn't cured of his agoraphobia by any means. He can still only go outdoors when accompanied by a full camera crew. Seeking a profession where being outside was tantamount to having a camera crew present, Jim could only become a sportscaster. Confesses Jim, "I never really liked sports much, but I read up on them, figuring that someone with a handicap has to fit in where he can." Luckily, as if to compensate for his other shortcomings, Jim was born with an ability to talk endlessly and a knack for insignificant detail.

"Luckily, too," Jim says, "I've made a lot of money sportscasting. So I can afford to bring the camera crew with me anywhere I go. I admit it was a little awkward with the women I was dating—at first they thought I was

into some kind of weird thing, but when they realized that I was a sportscaster, they knew that I was wholesome all the way through, so they agreed to put up with the camera, the crews, the vans, the lights, and all the rest."

Sometime in the future, Jim McKay hopes, there may be a true cure for this terrible affliction. Says Jim, "I understand that the National Agoraphobic Society is actually trying to have its first meeting, via telephone, and once we've got a functioning organization, that could lead to things like fund-raising by sending people free address labels. But until that great day comes, I hope everyone who suffers from a fear of the outdoors will take inspiration from me and realize that a handicap is only that: a handicap and not a lifestyle. It's a pothole in life's highway, perhaps even a wide one, but with faith, inspiration, and courage, you can find a way around it just like I did. Now would you please send out a crew call? It's getting late, and I want to go home."



# The Couch Potatoes Show You How to Enhance Your Olympic Viewing Pleasure!



The upcoming Summer Olympic Games will prove to be a real challenge of stamina and sportsmanship for all viewers. Indeed, hundreds of hours will be invested by dedicated spectators as they follow each event carefully. Over two weeks of Olympic programming will be offered; definitely a video feat not to be taken lightly, because every viewing skill acquired will be put to the test. That is why the Couch Potatoes, a movement dedicated to the cause of prolonged television watching, is offering the following approved techniques to enhance your viewing of the Olympics.

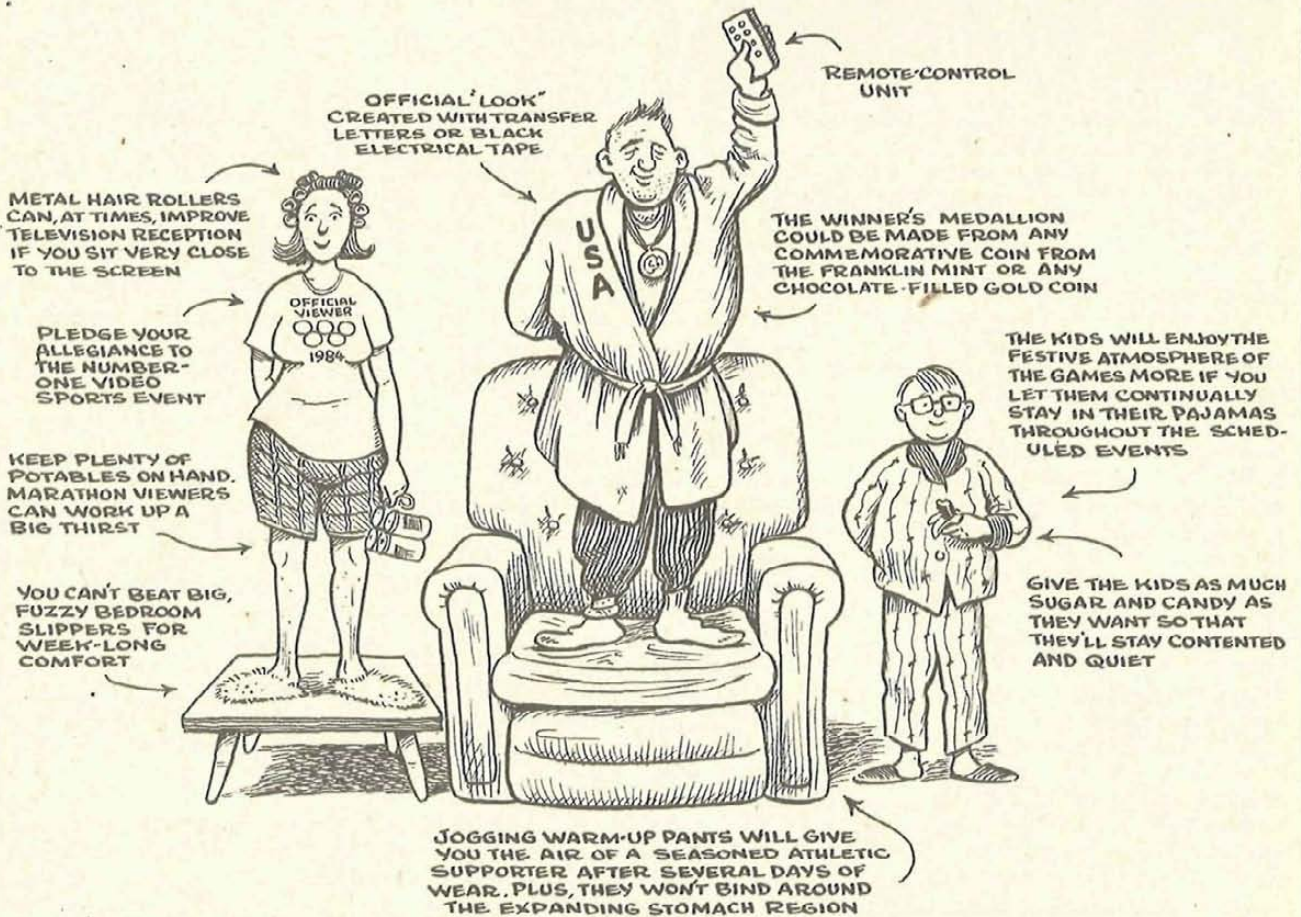
The Couch Potatoes are dedicated to the glorification of all TV watching. If you feel you show signs of being a Couch Potato, you can reach them at Box 327, Dixon, Calif. 95620.

## The Opening Ceremonies



Allow Junior the privilege of carrying the Olympic viewing torch. (You may want to reuse a tiki torch left over from your last luau.) For tradition's sake, get him to race around the block with it a few times, wearing a toga (made from recycled bedsheets), before the flame is ceremoniously placed beside the TV set.

## Suggested Viewing Attire



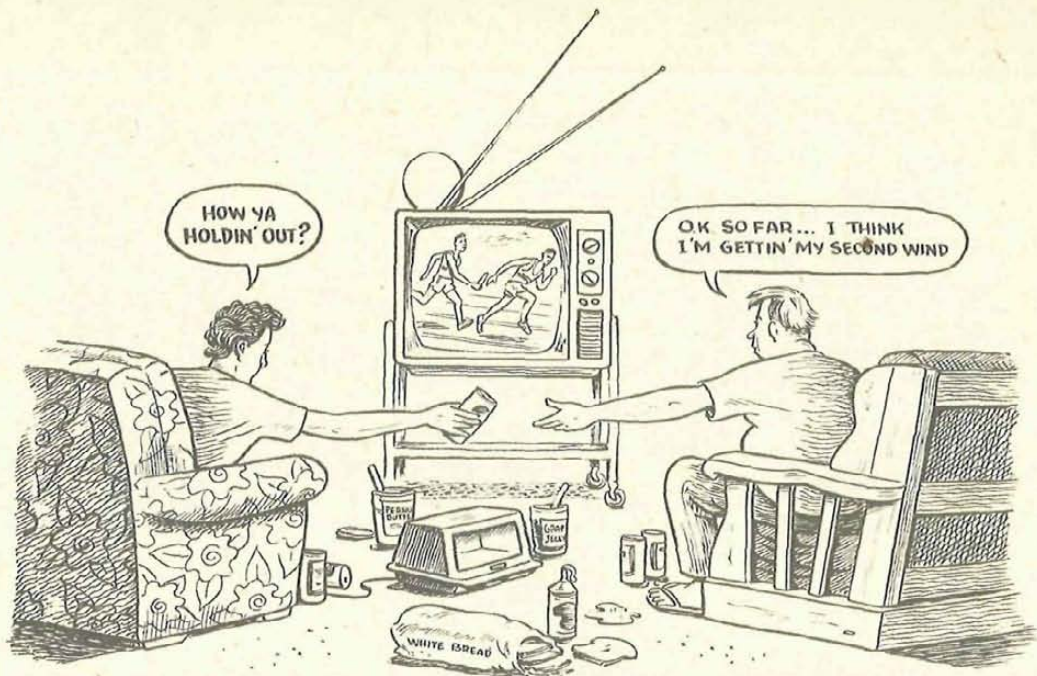
Select your wardrobe carefully. Keep in mind the fact that you'll be on your back indulging in some very intense viewing for at least two solid weeks. So don't sacrifice your comfort for so-called "style"—after all, style is simply a state of mind.





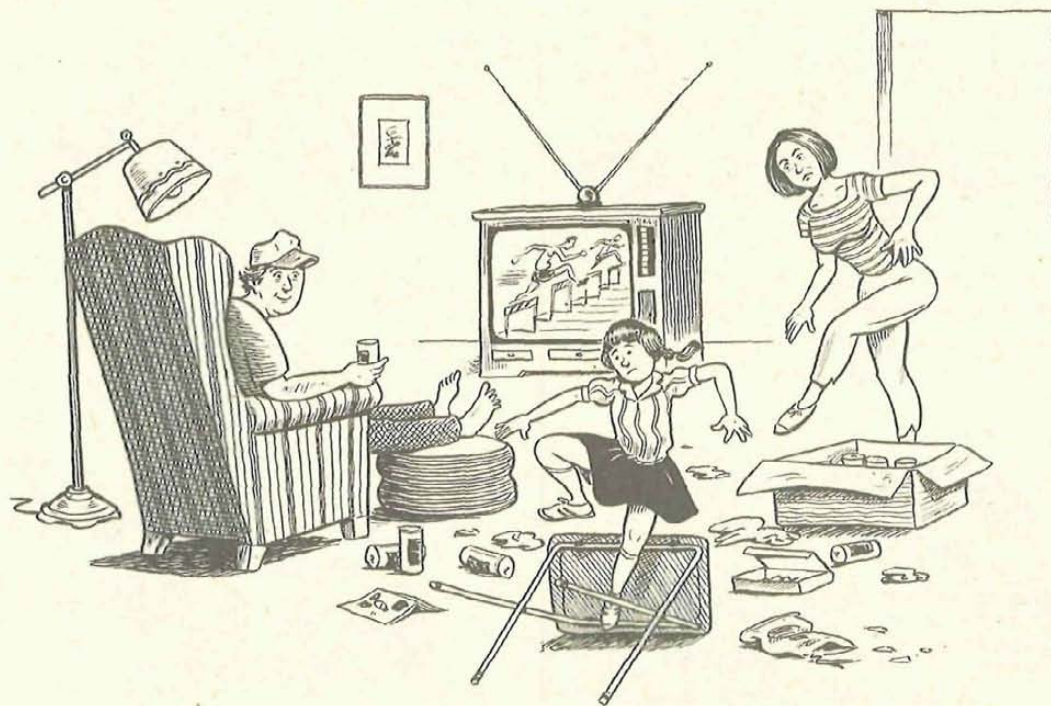


## How to Set Up Your Living Room



### **With a Friend—Passing the Baton and the Couch Potato Twenty-Beer Relay**

Share the excitement of this marathon event with a friend as you develop teamwork skills in passing drinks and making snack meals of toast, Velveeta, and peanut butter. Bending and stretching to make use of the toaster oven (placed an extra few inches away from the couch) will give you the added benefit of a real workout, and it will keep your tuning arm in shape.



### **By Yourself—The Living Room Low Hurdles**

Bring the low hurdles event right into your own TV room by allowing family members to take advantage of those beer cases and snack-food containers that you haven't gotten around to cleaning up. It can be an event worth catching along with the real thing on TV. Get yourself a stopwatch and time them for added fun.



## Be an Athlete . . . or Just Eat like One



### Thematic Doughnuts

Here's a novel way to maintain the Olympic theme when serving up a meal of doughnuts.

### Olympic Treats

When you get hungry during your Olympic viewing sessions you'll want to be prepared to eat sensibly—without taking too much time away from your set for unnecessary meal preparation. Stick with your basic convenience foods and always eat what tastes good.

The following menu employs as many "official" Olympic foods as possible.

### Suggested Daily Menu

#### Breakfast of Champions

- 1 pkg. Wheaties®
- 1 qt. chocolate milk
- 1 Snickers® Bar (official snack of the Olympics)
- 2 tbsp. instant coffee crystals

*Pour the chocolate milk over a bowlful of Wheaties.® Add diced portions of Snickers® bar, and sprinkle on instant coffee crystals to taste.*

#### Luncheon Casserole

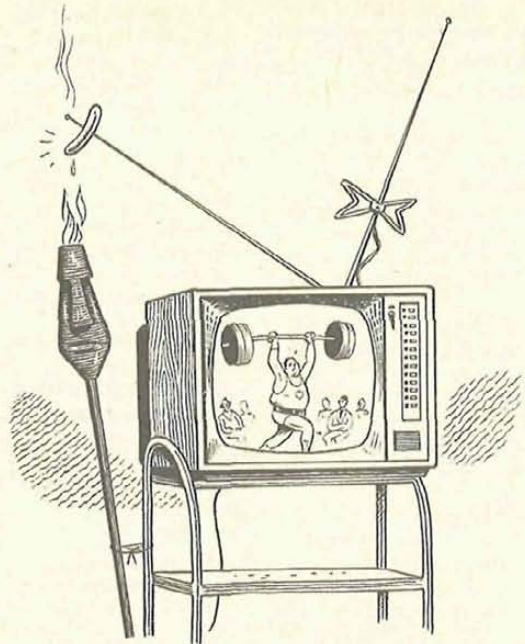
- 2 generic wieners
- 2 slices American processed cheese
- 1 pkg. M&M's® (official snack of the Olympics)
- Catsup
- Several slices of generic white bread

*Mold slices of generic white bread into the bottom of a recycled frozen-chicken-pie tin, forming an even crust. Barbecue wiener thoroughly with the Olympic torch, then place in the crust surrounded by M&M's.® Douse with generous amount of catsup. Top with processed cheese slices, then bake in your couch-side toaster oven at 350° for ten minutes. Serve.*

#### Dinner

Enjoy a repeat of the breakfast menu, or go to your neighborhood 7-Eleven (the official convenience store of the Olympics\*) and choose from their cornucopia of fine snack foods for dinner. Of course, there is always McDonald's® if you want the official burger of the Olympics.

\*Note: The Olympic athletes aren't permitted to eat at the 7-Eleven stores or at McDonald's® during the Games due to their rigorous schedules. Naturally, they would if they could. You can do your part in supporting the Summer Games if you consume only officially advertised Olympic food.



### Barbecuing Rabbit Ears

A dandy snack preparation tip: After you've completed the opening ceremonies and placed the Olympic viewing flame near your set, use the ends of your rabbit-ear antennas as hot-dog skewers. That way it will be easy to watch the events and keep an eye on your indoor barbecuing.

### Couch Potato Olympic Hall of Fame



One individual that the Couch Potato Olympic Hall of Fame has honored is Roland B. Sluka of Gary, Indiana, who, through a unique ability, could actually watch the events taking place at the 1924 Olympics in Paris on his radio! What is more incredible is that Mr. Sluka demonstrated his rare talent a full three years before the invention of television.



# SATURDAY

July 28

## MORNING

- 5:00 OLYMPIC PRAYERS** Father Flotsky, Reverend Mona, Rabbi Thom.  
**5:30 NEWARK AND THE OLYMPICS**  
**6:00 OLYMPIC SAFARI**  
**6:25 OLYMPIC BULLETINS**  
**7:00 CAPTAIN ZEUS ON MT. OLYMPUS** Cartoons  
**8:00 CHURCH OF THE OLYMPICS** Rev. Bob Richards. Religion and pole-vaulting lessons.  
**9:30 YUGOSLAVIAN OLYMPIC FASHIONS**  
**10:00 OLYMPIC PEP RALLY WITH SAM THE EAGLE** Cartoons  
**11:00 THREE STOOGES AT THE OLYMPICS** Comedy  
**11:30 COOKING THE OLYMPIC WAY** Phil and Steve Mayo, Wafer Johnson.

## AFTERNOON

- 12:00 HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE 1980 WINTER OLYMPICS AT LAKE PLACID** Jim McKay, Noam Chomsky, Sidney Vicious.  
**12:30 OLYMPIC LESBIAN PROFILES** Donna DeVarona interviews Billie Jean King.  
**1:00 HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE 1980 SUMMER OLYMPICS IN MOSCOW** Bryant Gumbel, Bernard Gimbel, Barney Google.  
**1:30 HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE 1984 WINTER OLYMPICS IN SARAJEVO** John Denver, Denver Pyle.  
**2:00 OUTTAKES FROM THE 1984 WINTER OLYMPICS** Peter Jennings, Peter Mar-

shall, Roberta Peters.

- 3:00 TORCH SONGS Musical Special** 100 years of Olympic torch-carrying songs from the Greek lament of 1896, "It's a Feta Accompli," to the theme song of 1984, "Do You Know the Way to Downtown L.A.?" Classic songs and music include "My Old Flame," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire," and the theme from "Chariots of Fire." Hosts: Harvey Fierstein, George Burns, Smokey Robinson.  
**4:30 BURN, BABY! BURN!** Documentary on the many injuries suffered by Olympic torch bearers with emphasis on the L.A. paramedic teams that will cover the event. Narrated by Blaze Starr.  
**5:30 WALTER CRONKITE'S OLYMPICS** Dean of newscasters analyzes the Games.  
**5:35 ROONE ARLEDGE AND MICKEY ROONEY OLYMPIC SEND-OFF** Special Mickey and Roone co-host a variety-comedy show that spoofs the Olympic Games. With John Candy, Lola Falana, Dave Winfield.

## EVENING

- 7:00 ICE HUMPING FINALS** Live from Sarajevo. The competition narrows down to three teams: Bovril and Dean from England, Tucker and Mazursky from the U.S.A., and Shashlik and Karaslova from the U.S.S.R.  
**8:00 MARIEL HEMINGWAY HANGS OUT WITH FEMALE TRACK STARS** Special Interviews, gossip, film clips, and lots of locker-room banter and frolics with actress and runner Mariel Hemingway.  
**10:00 MOVIE "Flashfoot"** (1984. Musical Drama) Chris, a teenager from New York,

moves to a small town in the Midwest where the church elders forbid the youngsters from running. Defying the harsh rules, Chris teaches the deacon's son and daughter how to run and stages a mini-Olympic Games at the local high school. The Games are a rousing success, but the church cuts Chris's feet off as a punishment. Sean Penn, Sean Kelly, Shaun Cassidy.

- 11:30 OLYMPIC NEWS ROUNDUP** Strom Thurmond  
**11:45 BIFTEC Y OLYMPICA** Favorite meat recipes of the Costa Rican equestrian team.  
**12:00 DAVID SUSSKIND SHOW Panel Discussion** Tonight's topic: "The Olympics: What Good Are They?" Guests include Alexander Haig, Brendan Gill, Joan Rivers, Chuck Yeager, and Sidney Hook.  
**1:30 BLACK OLYMPICS ON PARADE**  
**1:45 WALL STREET LOOKS AT THE OLYMPICS**  
**2:00 OLYMPIC NUDES** Rare film clips of the East German swimming teams (male and female) relaxing at a Baden-Baden spa.  
**2:30 MOVIE "Trading Olympic Places"** (1983, Comedy) Two sadistic Olympic coaches decide to switch 60-meter sprinter Eddie (Eddie Murphy) to the marathon and put shot-putter Dan (Dan Aykroyd) in the 60-meter dash. The object: to see if a slender, hyperactive Negro can run a long-distance and a flabby Caucasian can run a dash. They both fail badly, but the spirit of the Olympics prevails.  
**4:00 GAY OLYMPICS CRISIS REPORT**

**4:15 OLYMPIC SNACKS** Craig Claiborne, Phyllis Newman.

**4:30 OFFICIAL OLYMPIC UNDERWEAR SHOW**

**4:45 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF ZIMBABWE**

# SUNDAY

July 29

## MORNING

- 5:00 INTERFAITH BOXING** The High Episcopal Church vs. Teofilo Stevenson.  
**5:30 JAVELIN, THE GREEK WAY** Elia Kazan, Irene Papas.  
**6:00 BADMINTON ELIMINATION ROUNDS** From the estate of Freddie Fields in Bel Air. Finland vs. Chad.  
**7:00 GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND PRAY FOR OUR SWIMMING TEAM** Reverend Earl  
**8:00 JAVELIN JOUSTING ELIMINATION ROUNDS** 18 nations compete in the first round of this dangerous sport, jousting with javelins, on foot. Announcers: Eliott Gould, Faye Dunaway.  
**9:00 SWIMMING INSTRUCTION** Former Olympic great Buster Crabbe teaches you how to swim on dry land.  
**10:00 DECATHLON: OPENING ROUNDS** Athletes from 72 countries compete in grueling decal slapping and pasting.  
**11:30 TO BE ANNOUNCED**  
**AFTERNOON**  
**12:00 PREVIEWS OF TODAY'S OLYMPIC CHADPREVIEWS** Our backup Preview Team of Chad Everett and Helen O'Connell tell us what to expect from Preview Team Doug McClure and Donna Pescow.



WIN

Go! Go! Team!

Compliments of  
Your Local  
"Jazzbo Cola"  
Bottler

## Thinking about a career as an Olympic athlete?



The Famous Olympic Athletes School might be for you. Do you like to run, jump, swim, and do other things that make you sweat? Do you like to stand on top of boxes while the national anthem of your country is playing? Well, you might just be Olympic athlete material.

Don't delay, join today. Send \$150.00 for a free "Am I Olympic Material?" pamphlet to Olympic Athletes, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. You'll be glad you did.



**1:00 PENTATHLON: FINAL ROUNDS** A four-way tie for first place between Japan, Denmark, Italy, and Kenya as athletes compete in the tough five-event test which includes drawing accurate self-portraits with Pentel felt-tip pens, shooting fast rabbits, skiing cross-country on grass, hang gliding over the Rockies, and defeating a figure eight.

**2:30 BASKETBALL** U.S. vs. Thailand. The small, scrappy Thais are the first to face the powerful American team and will play in their colorful native robes and hats. Halftime ceremonies and dances.

**4:00 SOCCER RIOTING** Brazil vs. Italy.

**4:30 KOSHER OLYMPICS** Special events for Orthodox Jews. Today, women's hair shaving, men's breast-beating, and all-pareve competitions with eggs and vegetables.

**EVENING**

**6:00 MOVIE OF THE WEEK** "Olympic Village" (1983, Drama) Jon Voight stars in this made-for-TV movie about a young Esperanto instructor who tries to teach the rudiments of the language to athletes representing 189 different countries. In the course of his instruction he falls in love with a beautiful gymnast from China and a beautiful male distance runner from Kenya, learning for the first time that he is a bisexual. When the Kenyan finally meets the gymnast, he too falls in love with her, knowing full well that he is a bisexual. Unfortunately, the gymnast cannot defect to the West and returns to China. Voight and the Kenyan are now getting bored with each other and decide to go their separate ways. A bittersweet slice of life filmed on location in Los Angeles with many Olympic athletes playing themselves.

**8:30 HIGHLIGHTS OF TODAY'S EVENTS** Men's broad jumping, dry humping, frottage. Finals of Israeli-Egyptian tug-of-war, underwater golf, semifinals of the parthenon, the hexagon, and the sing-a-lithon. Georgina Spelvin.

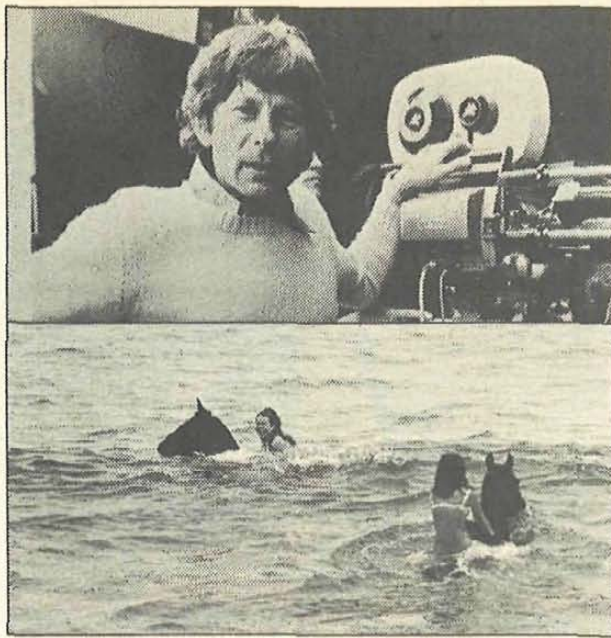
**10:30 A SALUTE TO OUR SPONSORS: EMERGENCY TELETHON** A tribute and a fund-raising affair for all the sponsors who pledged to underwrite the expenses and equipment of our Olympic team but did not meet the budget. Over \$100 million must be raised by 10:30 a.m. tomorrow or our athletes will not be able to compete because of lack of clothing, medical supplies, food, and drink. M.C.'s include Jan Murray, Phyllis Diller, Pat Harrington, Charles Nelson Reilly, Trini Lopez, Joe Frazier, Walt Frazier, Rocky Graziano, and Walter Mondale.

**MONDAY**  
July 30

ALL REGULAR OLYMPIC EVENTS PREEMPTED UNTIL THE CONCLUSION OF THE TELETHON. OUR REGULAR PROGRAMMING RESUMES AT 10:30 A.M.

**MORNING**

**10:30 MARK SPITZ SHOW** Mark Spitz, now a successful dentist, interviews and treats



The girls enjoy some horseplay in "I Lost It at the Olympics," directed by Roman Polanski.

Carl Lewis, Edwin Moses, and Tiffany Cohen for minor teeth problems.

**11:00 DIVING FOR DOLLARS** Olympic stars compete with trained dolphins, diving for silver dollars at Marineland in Palos Verdes. Hosts: Herve Villechaise, Cathy Lee Crosby.

**AFTERNOON**

**12:00 BLOOD TESTS** Last-minute testing of Finnish track stars for blood infusion and steroid use.

**1:00 CYCLING** Quarterfinals. From the San Diego Freeway.

**2:00 RECYCLING** Semifinals. From the Hollywood Freeway.

**2:30 HOORAY FOR YACHTS!** A look at the new Olympic yachts—goomers, windy-bangers, starfuckers, and skits, the big Scandinavian boats with 100 sails. Rosemary Clooney and Keith Jackson host.

**4:00 HORSELESS RIDING FINALS**

**5:30 MEET OUR OLYMPIC ORGANIZING COMMITTEE** A musical salute to Paul Zifren, Peter Ueberroth, and Harry Usher, the men who put the whole shebang together. With Peggy Lee, Vic Damone, Dionne Warwick, and others.

**EVENING**

**8:00 OLYMPIC RIFLEMAN** Chuck Connors

**9:00 OLYMPIC BLOOPERS**

**10:00 WOMEN'S LUGE** Live from Sarajevo Yesterday's tragic death of Soviet luger Tamara Tourmanova put a damper on the festive atmosphere at Sarajevo, but the finals promise even more thrills and spills.

**11:30 BASKETBALL** China vs. Japan. China brings a new enthusiasm to the game, inspired by U.S. athletes who have toured the country. Japan is the only team that is coached by a computer. Commentators: Bill and Kurt Russell.

**1:00 BALLROOM WRESTLING** Classic ballroom dances married to pure wrestling.

Couples must dance, then wrestle, then combine both.

**1:30 TICKLE WEIGHTLIFTING** Semifinals. The U.S., Yugoslavia, New Zealand, and Argentina compete as the judges tickle each contestant with a peacock feather as he makes his lift.

**2:00 OLYMPIC STARS WARM UP FOR TOMORROW** Stretching, light jogging, limbering-up exercises featuring the Tanzanian archery team.

**2:30 MOVIE** "Olympics: 2000" (1982, Science-Fiction) A mad scientist creates the perfect female gymnast from the bodies of dead Russian and Romanian girls of the past. Jack Nicholson, Tatum O'Neal.

**4:00 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF SIERRA LEONE**

**TUESDAY**  
July 31

**MORNING**

**5:00 EVENTS THAT WE MISSED YESTERDAY** Heavyweight boxing championship, finals of the 1500-meter run, men's basketball finals, all-men's and women's swimming finals, and the marathon.

**11:30 GYMNAST FASHION SHOW** Olga Mostepanova, Zhang Hong, Julianne McNamara, and others model the latest styles in leotards, warm-up outfits, and brief briefs. Commentators: Dick Button, Talla Shire.

**AFTERNOON**

**12:00 GAY BLACK OLYMPICS** Alternative Games from San Francisco.

**3:30 WATER POLO WITH HORSES** Live from Malibu.

**4:00 TRACK AND FIELD** Men's potato races, one-legged relays.

**5:00 JAPANESE VOLLEYBALL SHOES** Bruce Jenner and Belinda Bauer examine the

controversial rubber shoe for hidden springs.

**5:30 ROWING** Quarterfinals of the mixed couples, no children or pets, twice around the lake.

**EVENING**

**6:00 SWIMMING** Men's butterfly, women's caterpillar.

**6:30 CYCLING** Coming around the far turn, it looks like Italy in the lead, with Iceland a close second.

**7:00 WATER POLO** Injuries, drownings, a dirty pool.

**8:00 JUDO** Newest styles and trends in black belts, black suspenders, black mufflers, and black socks. Special demonstrations by world champion Tashiro Kokosai, the only man to earn and wear the black bikini brief. Co-hosts: Anthony Quinn, Tommy Lasorda.

**9:00 THE HOMOEROTIC IMPULSE IN THE OLYMPICS** The depth and intensity of male and female relationships are examined in this documentary made by Hugh Hudson, director of "Chariots of Fire." "This film is about men and women, their beliefs and illusions, their public and private selves. It transcends the sport, the medals, the patriotism. It is about biology, physics—the creation of the world itself." Anthony Andrews, Sir John Gielgud, Lord Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson, Jeremy Irons, and Corinne Calvet.

**11:30 OLYMPIC ROUNDUP WITH ROY ROGERS AND DALE EVANS**

**12:00 DAVE LETTERMAN POKES SEEMINGLY GOOD-NATURED BUT REALLY SORT OF MEAN FUN AT THE OLYMPICS** Guests: Richard Belzer, The Shirelles, Dr. Edward Teller.

**1:30 BIG SLALOM** From Sarajevo.

**2:00 GIANT SLALOM** From Sarajevo.

**2:30 MAMMOTH SLALOM** From Sarajevo.

**3:00 COLOSSAL SLALOM** From Sarajevo.

**3:30 SUPER-COLOSSAL SLALOM** From Sarajevo.

**4:00 DELUXE SLALOM** From Sarajevo.

**4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF CHAD**

**WEDNESDAY**  
Aug. 1

**MORNING**

**5:00 OLYMPIC VILLAGE REVEILLE** Thousands of athletes drop their cocks and grab their socks as another day of competition begins. Donna DeVarona is somewhere in the Village. And she has a gun.

**6:00 WALL STREET AND THE OLYMPICS**

**6:30 BLACK INNER-CITY HISPANICS LOOK AT THE OLYMPICS** The Rodriguez family of Newark gathers around the TV bright and early.

**7:00 GOOD MORNING OLYMPICS** Hartman/Lunden. Guests: Sidney Poitier, James Earl Jones, Pearl Bailey.

**9:00 SWIMMING** 100-meter sunstroke trials.

**9:30 VOLLEYBALL** An examination of the Japanese female volleyball team for pos-



sible traces of rubber.

**10:15 GRECO-ROMAN WRESTLING AND CUISINE** Favorite holds and regional dishes.

#### AFTERNOON

**12:00 TRACK AND FIELD** 10,000-meter high hurdles, pole vaulting with short poles.

**3:00 AS THE DISCUS TURNS** Soap Opera

**4:00 FENCING** Swashbuckling quarterfinals.

**5:00 GYMNASTICS** Stop-action shots of the Korean women's team on the uneven bars.

#### EVENING

**6:00 BASKETBALL** Patrick Ewing vs. Mexico.

**7:15 BOXING** Super-flyweights from Romania, Italy, Albania, and Morocco meet junior welterweights from the U.S., Brazil, Australia, and the Ivory Coast in an obvious mismatch. Hosts: Cary Grant, Floyd Patterson.

**11:00 TRACK AND FIELD** Sprints, dashes, runs, jumps, hops, and little mincing steps. Many countries competing.

**12:00 MOVIE "I Lost It at the Olympics"** (1984, Comedy-Drama) Four teenage girls from the U.S., Great Britain, Canada, and France compete in the equestrian events and lose their virginity. Made with a cast of nonprofessionals. All are actual competitors in the Olympics. Directed by Roman Polanski.

**2:00 DROP THE SOAP!** An informal look at the men's locker room in the L.A. Coliseum, with Dick Button, Donna DeVarona, Phyllis George, Jim Nabors.

**3:30 WEIGHTLIFTING ACCIDENT REPORT**

**3:45 HANDBALL, ANYONE?**

**4:00 HIGHLIGHTS FROM SARAJEVO** Men's bobsled, women's figure skating, a Serbo-Croatian turkey shoot.

**4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF SRI LANKA**

## THURSDAY Aug. 2

#### MORNING

**5:00 OLYMPIC BEDBUG REPORT**

**5:30 WORKING MOTHERS IN THE OLYMPICS**

**7:00 HOLY OLYMPIC COMMUNION**

**8:00 SALUDOS, AMIGOS!** A musical salute to our Olympic neighbors from the south. Trini Lopez, Peggy Lee, Tommy Smothers.

**10:00 \$25,000 OLYMPIC BRIBE GAME SHOW** U.S. athletes compete for extra meal money from shoe manufacturers.

#### AFTERNOON

**12:00 SWIMMING** Medleys: 100-meter, 200-meter, 400-meter, and six songs by Rodgers and Hart.

**2:15 HIGHLIGHTS OF EVERYTHING**

**3:00 A LOOK AT THE ABC OLYMPIC STAFF**

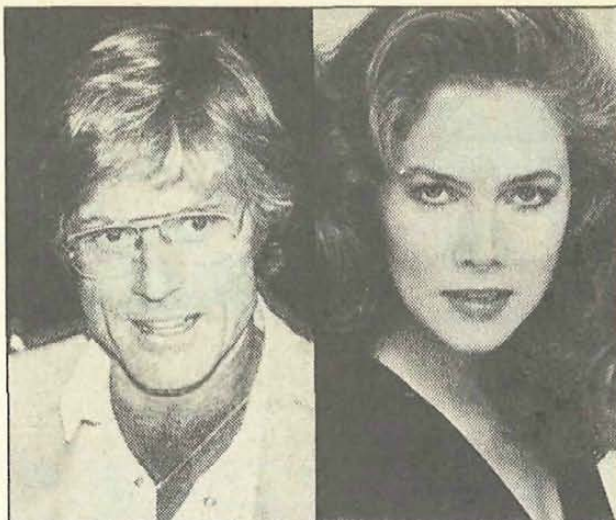
**3:05 APPLE BOBBING** Kenya vs. Chile

**4:00 THE YOUNG AND THE RESTLESS WEIGHTLIFTERS** Soap Opera

**5:00 NEWSFLASH** Updated report on the Israeli handball team, which is being held hostage by Lebanese terrorists.

#### EVENING

**6:00 HOCKEY**



Redford and Turner team up for twenty thousand laughs under the sea in "Olympic Splash."

**6:15 HANG-GLIDING TENNIS**

**6:30 CYCLING** Little French cycling caps are featured in a "Salute to Bike People."

**7:00 SWIMMING** Bodsurfing from Redondo Beach.

**7:30 VOLLEYBALL** Spiking accidents marred yesterday's action between Australia and Argentina. The ball is still wedged into José Malaguena's mouth.

**8:00 DIVING/BOXING** Suspected fixed fights between the U.S. and Canada. Investigation covered by ABC Eyewitness News team.

**9:00 MOVIE "Shoot for the Gold"** (1983, Drama) Inspirational story of a young murderer who becomes a sharpshooter in prison and qualifies for the Olympic team when he is paroled at age 77. The drama hurtles to a provocative conclusion as he wrestles with his newfound skills and latent murderous impulses on the Olympic target range. Sean Penn, Rip Torn, Diane Lane.

**11:00 HIGHLIGHTS OF WOMEN'S WEIGHTLIFTING**

**11:15 ANOTHER DAY OF CYCLING**

**11:30 BASKETBALL** U.S. vs. Colombia, Puerto Rico, and Belgium.

**12:30 NIGHT YACHTING** Semifinals of the blowfish, turbot, and haddock events, with Marina Oswald and Marina del Rey.

**1:00 VOLLEYBALL REPORT** Latest news on the Japanese rubber volleyball player scandals.

**1:30 WRESTLING WITH DONNA DEVARONA**

**1:45 OLYMPIC STARS ON THE TOWN** Jim McKay reports on the late-night revelers from Brazil, Yugoslavia, and South Africa, live from the Hard Rock Cafe.

**2:00 FUN ON THE BEACH** Olympic villagers camp out, drink beer, cook hot dogs, and sing songs.

**3:00 LOST AND FOUND** Running shoe and sock report.

**3:30 LATE NIGHT BASEBALL**

**4:00 CYCLING CARTOONS** Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd.

**4:15 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF UPPER VOLTA**

## FRIDAY Aug. 3

#### MORNING

**5:00 BOWLING** Semifinals. Austria vs. Andy Varipapa, Norway vs. Don Carter.

**6:00 SKITTLES** Quarterfinals. Pakistan, Finland, West Germany, Tunisia, Newfoundland, United States, Ireland, Spain. The Spanish team is the heavy favorite.

**6:30 JOE FRANKLIN'S OLYMPIC NEWS AND VIEWS**

**7:00 PRAY FOR CARL LEWIS**

**8:00 FAT ALBERT WINS THE PENTATHLON** Cartoons

**9:15 SWIMMING** Early-morning pool frolics with the U.S. and Australia.

**10:00 WARTHOG RIDING** From Santa Anita.

**11:00 SWIMMING** Swimmers from India shave their heads for the finals.

#### AFTERNOON

**12:00 MOUNTAIN TUMBLING** The San Gabriel Mountains are the setting for this new Olympic sport, a form of body skiing that is done from a mountaintop. Object: tumble down to the ground without killing yourself. The semifinals include the U.S., West Germany, Switzerland, and Ireland.

**3:00 RYUN'S HOPE** Jim Ryun tries to make a comeback in the 1500-meter run.

**5:00 HUNTING** Elimination round. Spain hunts Sweden, U.S. goes after Peru.

#### EVENING

**6:00 BASKETBALL** Small South American teams mix it up, double dribble, curse.

**7:00 BO DEREK'S OLYMPICS** Superstar Bo Derek performs in the decathlon, photographed and directed by her husband. Although the event is out of the regular competition, Bo goes through every phase, running in short shorts and halter top, pausing only for a moment to have torrid love scenes with a stranger doing warm-up exercises, and a small monkey. **10:00 FISHING** Scotland vs. Zaire

**11:30 MOVIE "Olympic Vacation"** (1984, Comedy) Chevy Chase and family on their third vacation for the movies, this time to Los Angeles and the 1984 Olympics. Chevy is mistaken for a Korean distance runner and ends up in the marathon. Beverly D'Angelo, his wife, is taken hostage by Canadian terrorists who do not give her up at the movie's end.

**2:00 PUDDLE JUMPING** Pilots in twin-engine Beechcraft Barracudas cruise on the ground and fly over puddles. Quarterfinals. Kenya vs. New Zealand.

**3:30 LATE-NIGHT NEWS FROM SARAJEVO** Men's cross-country skiing and drinking, women's trick slalom.

**4:00 PETER JENNINGS AND THE ISRAELI HANDBALL TEAM HOSTAGES** A dialogue with the hostages by phone, including a request for take-out food from L.A.'s Chinatown.

**4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF THE PHILIPPINES**

## SATURDAY Aug. 4

#### MORNING

**5:00 TAXI TO THE OLYMPICS:** Fat Chance

**6:00 L.A. WAKES UP TO ANOTHER OLYMPIC DAY** Wakeup scenes around town.

**7:00 EATING ON THE RUN** Breakfast with track stars Carl Lewis and Mary Decker and Olympic fan Johnny Carson.

**8:30 OLYMPIC TRIVIA**

**10:00 EXPLORING CRACKS** Olympic stars from many nations take a tour of the San Andreas Fault area looking for telltale cracks.

**11:15 WAKE-UP CALL FOR DONNA DEVARONA**

#### AFTERNOON

**12:00 LICE DETECTING** New Olympic sport from Malta, Taiwan, Burma. Winners are judged on quantity of lice in their hair and the speed of detecting and pulling them out.

**2:00 BASKETBALL** Entire U.S. team vs. Paraguay, Uruguay, Chile, and Honduras.

**4:30 BOXING** Sugar Ray Robinson and Sugar Ray Leonard square off in a grudge match.

**5:30 HEAD BASHING** From the 1983 Helsinki Championships, U.S.S.R. vs. Yugoslavia in a revival of the ancient Greek Olympic sport. No protective headgear is used. (Rerun)

#### EVENING

**7:00 DIVING** Diving into a small tank of lukewarm water exactly nine inches deep.

**7:30 CANOEING** American Indian team challenges Chile to a match race.

**8:00 TRACK AND FIELD** Losers and non-qualifiers in every event compete for also-ran medals in gold, silver, and bronze plate.

**10:00 KNUCKS** New card game for the Olympics. U.S. team is heavily favored against a slick Italian squad and the brutal Malaysians.

**11:00 DONNA DEVARONA STOPS A SOCCER RIOT**



- 12:00 BEACHBALL** Night beachball at Malibu. Female teams from Taiwan and Portugal.
- 1:00 GRECO-ROMAN FENCING** New to us.
- 1:30 VOLLEYBALL** Real volleyball players (no rubbers) vie for Olympic medals. Watch for Gambia's 8 ft. 7 in. spiker Mtohe Mustafa.
- 2:00 WATER POLO** Recent drownings have canceled this event. It is now being resumed with special underwater radar detection for flagrant fouls. Liberia vs. Colombia.
- 2:45 WEIGHTLIFTING** One-armed Pete Lavelle of Canada competes in the bantamweight division but doesn't expect to win anything. Sad.
- 3:30 HOPSCOTCH** Quarterfinals from Beverly Hills.
- 4:15 12-MAN BOBSLEDDING** Live from Sarajevo.
- 4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF BELGIUM**

## SUNDAY Aug. 5

### MORNING

- 5:00 BIOGRAPHY** Avery Brundage, former president of the International Olympic Committee. "Mr. Olympics" to many.
- 6:30 OLYMPIC MINORITY REPORT** Chicanos train for sprints.
- 8:00 LITTLE APOLLO AT THE OLYMPICS** Cartoons from Greece
- 9:00 JAMAL WILKES READS FROM THE KORAN**
- 10:15 OLYMPIC TEEN PARTY** All teenage competitors under 16 get together for a beach party and rock 'n' roll music. Live from Venice. Donna DeVarona, Frank Gifford, Olga Korbut.

### AFTERNOON

- 12:00 MOVIE "Olympic Splash"** (1984, Comedy) A mermaid (Kathleen Turner) tries out for the U.S. Olympic swimming team and breaks all records. After her disqualification, she is defended in a dramatic courtroom case by her lover (Robert Redford), who proves that she is an American citizen.
- 3:00 FENCING** Semifinals of the men's sabers. No rubber tips, no padding in the uniforms.
- 4:00 GYMNASTICS** Mixed doubles, triples, quads. Tight tank shirts, tight pants, leotards, disco music.
- 5:00 WIDE WORLD OF OLYMPIC SPORTS** Jim McKay is back to report on the doings in Sarajevo, with Debbie, Phil, Steve, Scott, and all the potential winners.

### EVENING

- 6:00 BASEBALL** Taiwan Little League champions vs. Canada.
- 6:45 L.A. NIGHT SPOTS SALUTE THE OLYMPICS** From Perino's to the Hard Rock Cafe to the Roxy, all of L.A.'s legendary restaurants, music clubs, and food emporiums extend their Southern California welcome to our friends and neighbors from across the seas. Music by Three Dog Night, Dave Brubeck, Curtis Mayfield, the Hurricanes, Quiet Riot. Hosts:

- George Carlin and Bill Cosby. Highlight: Shirley MacLaine's arrival in a UFO.
- 9:00 ISRAELI HANDBALL TEAM HOSTAGE REPORT** From somewhere in the Hollywood Hills, Dan Rather reports.
- 10:30 JUDO** Violent competition for the turquoise belt.
- 11:00 CYCLING** The wheels are turning; 1200 more laps to go.
- 12:00 MORE BEACHBALL** Australia vs. Taiwan. The controversial helium ball will be used.
- 2:00 BLACK OLYMPIC MAGAZINE**
- 2:15 THE SEXUAL SIDE OF THE OLYMPICS**
- 3:10 WE REMEMBER MARK SPITZ** Friends and acquaintances reminisce about the great Olympic swim star.
- 4:00 ABBOTT AND COSTELLO GO TO THE OLYMPICS**
- 4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF THE SEYCHELLES**

## MONDAY Aug. 6

### MORNING

- 5:00 HELLO, OLYMPICS!** Olympic songs, stories, jokes, and mime.
- 5:45 SON OF MERCURY** Olympic Cartoons
- 7:00 SKINNY-DIPPING WITH WEST GERMANY'S SWIM TEAM**
- 8:00 JUDO IN YOUR SLEEP**
- 9:30 TRACK AND FIELD** The boring events: discus, javelin, spear throwing, bunny hopping.
- 11:15 NIGERIAN WATER POLO TEAM MEETS THE HOLLYWOOD SQUARES** Rose Marie, Morey Amsterdam, Patrice Lumumba, Jr.

### AFTERNOON

- 12:00 WEIGHTLIFTING LESSONS FROM THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONS**
- 1:00 DAYS OF OUR OLYMPIC LIVES** Soap Opera
- 1:30 STOOP BALL** Elimination rounds, by satellite from Brooklyn.
- 3:00 BASKETBALL** An overweight Lebanese women's team tries to seduce its opponents from Brazil.
- 4:15 LET'S TAKE A BREAK AND PLUG OUR SPONSORS**
- 5:00 BIONIC OLYMPIC WOMEN**
- 5:15 MASTERPIECE OLYMPIC THEATRE** "The American" (1984) New adaptation of the Henry James novel, with the story taking place in 1980 in Moscow during the Olympics. "The American" of the title is Rick Blake, a young broad jumper. Rick falls in love with Carla, a deposed Italian princess who represents the dying, decadent European aristocracy. In the middle is Baron Adidas, the wealthy shoe manufacturer, who has a strange hold on their destinies and their feet. Stars David Hasselhoff, Susan Saint James, Yaphet Kotto.

### EVENING

- 7:00 RING-A-LIEVO** Elimination rounds. Glasgow vs. Cleveland.
- 8:30 SWIMMING** Aquatics and picnic with Japan, Taiwan, Sierra Leone, and Portugal. Trick swimming by Yoko Abe and Sally Miller.

- 10:00 ROWING VS. CANOEING** New Olympic sport pits rowboats against canoes. U.S. vs. Liechtenstein.
- 11:30 UNDETECTED DRUGS IN THE OLYMPICS** Masked athletes speak out about the new drugs that enhance their performances, make them feel good, and improve their sex lives.
- 12:00 THE DAVID LETTERMAN SHOW** Live from the Olympics. David now competes in the steeplechase, Greco-Roman kissing, kick boxing, and quaits. Highly amusing sketches, original songs, and cute props.
- 2:00 OLYMPIC TWO-REELERS** Early silents with Chaplin, Keaton, Harold Lloyd in slapstick Olympic events.
- 3:00 THE SEARCH FOR DONNA DEVARONA** Missing commentator is the subject of a citywide search. Hosts: Belinda Bauer, John Madden.
- 3:30 STILL NO WORD FROM THE ISRAELI HANDBALL TEAM HOSTAGES** No word from the Israeli handball team hostages.
- 4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF MADAGASCAR**

## TUESDAY Aug. 7

### MORNING

- 5:00 EARLY-MORNING COITUS IN THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE** Hidden cameras capture sleepytime fun in the Pakistani dormitory.
- 6:00 JAPANESE MINIATURE OLYMPICS** Bonsai athletes compete in all Olympic events.
- 7:00 WHERE ARE THEY NOW AND WHO CARES?** A look at the great Olympic stars of yesteryear and an update on where they are and if they've died. James Garner, Mr. T, Sally Struthers, hosts.
- 8:30 MORNING STRETCH AND WARM-UPS IN JIMMY SWAGGART'S CHURCH**
- 10:00 ARCHERY** Scheduled to compete are Scotland, Mexico, Israel, Tibet. At the time of this listing the arrows for the teams had been stolen. If the archery event cannot be scheduled we will cover another boring track and field meet.
- 11:00 DIVING** Non-springboard diving, belly whopping.

### AFTERNOON

- 12:00 FRENCH KISSING** Venezuela, West Germany, Australia, Spain.
- 2:00 SWIMMING** Olympic swimmers discuss the dangers of overchlorination of swimming pools.
- 4:30 WEIGHTLIFTING** Special events for the 400-pounders and up.
- 5:00 SIX MILLION DOLLAR OLYMPIAN** Steve tries out for the Olympics and wins every event.

### EVENING

- 6:00 COCKTAILS WITH DONNA DEVARONA AT THE GINGER MAN IN L.A.**
- 7:00 MEN'S DOWNHILL SKIING FROM SARAJEVO** U.S. hopeful Bill Johnson faces stiff competition from Austria, Switzerland, and West Germany.
- 8:00 OLYMPIC SOUVENIR SHOP CLOSEUP** A closeup look at all the Olympic sou-

## PROSPECTIN' THE BIGGEST GAME IN TOWN



After the Games, why not check out the real gold of Poppy Slim's Prospectin' Heaven, located just off the interchange, behind the Mobil station, where you bought the tickets from that scalper. Poppy's ready and waitin' to supply you with all the equipment you need to spend a wild afternoon pannin' for gold!

Poppy Slim's—The Official Bogus Tourist Attraction of the 1984 Olympics!

# Athletes— Don't Forget!



All Events  
Are Held on  
Pacific Time!

(A Public Service Message)



veners, novelties, clothing, and other promotional materials, as seen through the eyes of the Crumleys, a typical American family. Hosts: Tom and Nancy Seaver.

**12:00 TENNIS** Mixed triples.

**1:00 OLYMPIC BARBECUE** Merlin Olsen and Donna DeVarona cook up some steaks and hot dogs for the Turkish soccer team.

**2:00 VOLLEYBALL** More rubber discovered on the Malaysian team.

**2:30 MOVIE** "The Jesse Owens Story" (1984, Biography) The true story of the "other" Jesse Owens, who was white and failed to make the Olympic team as a shot putter when he accidentally dropped the 16-pound ball on his foot. Don Knotts, Buddy Ebsen, Tina Louise.

**3:30 HANDBALL** No word of the Israeli hostages, but the competition continues, with Syria vs. Uruguay.

**4:00 WATER POLO AT DAWN**

**4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF HAITI**

## WEDNESDAY Aug. 8

### MORNING

**5:00 HOCKEY** Guyana vs. Trinidad and Tobago.

**6:00 EARLY-MORNING BUBBLE BATHS WITH THE SWISS SWIMMING TEAM**

**7:00 CHRIST, THE FIRST OLYMPIAN**

**8:30 U.S.-ISRAEL PADDLEBALL** Elimination rounds. From Long Beach.

**10:00 \$25,000 PAYOFF** Under-the-table

Olympian payoffs to such prominent athletes as Carl Lewis, Patrick Ewing, Greg Louganis, Mary Decker, and Edwin Moses.

### AFTERNOON

**12:00 ONE OLYMPIC LIFE TO LIVE** Soap Opera

**1:00 DARK HORSES IN THE EQUESTRIAN EVENTS** Nigeria, Bangladesh, Jordan compete.

**2:00 HOW TO DRESS FOR THE OLYMPICS** What to wear for the unpredictable L.A. weather. Donna DeVarona, John Weitz.

**4:15 TRACK AND FIELD** The 2000-Meter Stop and Start. Mexico, the favorite, competes against the unknown, unheralded team from Iraq.

### EVENING

**6:00 WOODY WOODPECKER TAKES A BUS TO THE OLYMPICS** Animated special on how to use the Los Angeles bus system. Woody Woodpecker, Farmer Brown, and Betty Boop.

**7:00 CHARIOTS OF LOVE** English Olympians raise money for crippled children in Bangladesh.

**8:00 UNDERGROUND OLYMPICS** Basketball. PLO vs. IRA.

**9:00 THE O-TEAM TV Movie** Three ex-Olympians who were barred from amateur athletics for certain "irregularities" team up to become sports mercenaries—professional athletes for hire. Tonight: The O-Team competes in the Pan-European track meet in Helsinki against the drug-crazed Finns. Tony Franciosa as

Cannonball Jones, Tommy Agee as T-Bone, Shaun Cassidy as Shaun.

**10:30 PLAYBOY CLUB GOES TO THE OLYMPICS** Special Hugh Hefner hosts a Playboy party at the Los Angeles Coliseum for 3500 Olympic stars, culminating in the nude swim competition in his champagne-filled pool. Co-host: Hugh O'Brian.

**12:00 OLYMPIC TOUR OF UNIVERSAL STUDIOS** See 14 new Olympic TV films and series being shot at world-famous Universal City. Hosts: Jack Lemmon and Sheila MacRae.

**1:00 BOY OLYMPIC STARS OF THE PAST**  
**1:30 WALKING TOUR OF SARAJEVO** Follow Jim McKay and Donna DeVarona through the quaint, narrow, winding streets and alleys of this ancient city as it plays host to the great athletes and party people of the world.

**2:30 OLYMPIC SUGAR BABIES** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller.

**3:00 MOVIE** "Tarzan Goes to the Olympics" (1936, Adventure) Early unreleased Johnny Weissmuller film that featured his swimming talents. An Olympic swimming coach from England is lost in Africa and discovers Tarzan cutting through the water like a speedboat. He persuades the Lord of the Apes to represent the British Empire in the Games, but at the last moment, Tarzan swims back to Africa.

**4:15 OLYMPIC HIDE-AND-SEEK** Stars of the Australian swimming team hide from their coaches and trainers.

**4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF LESOTHO**

## THURSDAY Aug. 9

### MORNING

**5:00 LAST FINISHERS IN THE GIANT SLALOM** Live from Sarajevo. Jim McKay, Burgess Meredith, Meredith Baxter, Warner Baxter, the Warner Brothers.

**6:00 EARLY START FOR SUNDAY OLYMPIC PRAYERS** Reverend Sue, the Pointer Sisters, Harold Pinter.

**7:30 RANSOM NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE ISRAELI HANDBALL TEAM** Live from the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York.

**9:00 ANOTHER SALUTE TO ROONE ARLEDGE**

**10:30 GETTING READY FOR THE OLYMPICS** How Los Angeles is preparing itself for this momentous event. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Bob Jenner, Linda Evans.

### AFTERNOON

**12:00 BOXING** The referees and judges put on their own show of boxing and dancing.

**1:30 TRACK AND FIELD** Women's 200-meter baton throwing; men's hop, skip, and mince; men's throwing of heavy balls and weights. Tab Hunter, Terry Moore.

**2:00 WRESTLING WITH DONNA DEVARONA**

**2:30 SYNCHRONIZED JUDO IN CANOES**

**3:45 PINK OLYMPIC PANTHER** Cartoons

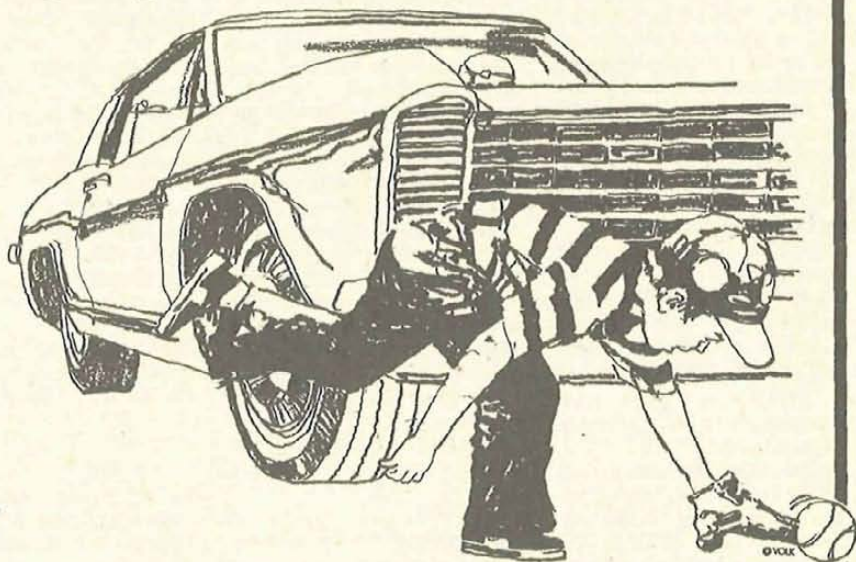
**4:30 ANOTHER OLYMPIC WORLD** Soap Opera

# Here's One Event We Don't Need to See at the Olympics!

Serious, tragic accidents can mar even the finest Olympic Games. That's why the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee named SafeCo Company the Official Rubberized Safety Equipment Corporation of the 1984 Games.

All over the Olympic Village, and in every sporting venue, you'll find SafeCo Rubberized Safety Equipment. We've made sure that any serious injuries suffered by athletes come at the hands of the competition, not because they've taken a nasty spill in the bathtub or slipped in a hallway on a pool of sweat.

There's no reason why that same gold-medal safety can't be yours in your home today. Call a SafeCo representative (his name is in the phone book) for a no-obligation visit to your home. Ask for the "Imperial" coverage. You'll be glad you did.



LET'S KEEP THE "LIMP" OUT OF OLYMPICS



**5:00 ISRAELI HANDBALL TEAM HOSTAGE UPDATE** Negotiations for the release of the Israeli handball team turn out to be a hoax perpetrated by the "Harvard Lampon."

**EVENING**

**6:00 CHICANO OLYMPICS** From downtown Los Angeles. Freestyle eating, bean counting, car painting.

**7:00 INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIANS PREPARE FOR A HUNT BREAKFAST**

**7:15 BASKETBALL** U.S. vs. Tunisia, Italy, Guatemala, Spain.

**7:45 WATER POLO** The Kenyan team, with its amphibious zebras, vs. the Salvadorans, one of the heavy favorites to win a gold.

**9:00 STEVEN SPIELBERG THROWS AN "A"-LIST PARTY FOR THE OLYMPIANS** Special Guests include Henry Kissinger, Sonny Werblin, David Rockefeller, Goldie Hawn, Warren Beatty, and others. Lots of standing around, drinking, deal making, posing for the cameras.

**10:00 ORTHODOX BOXING** Boxing according to strict Jewish law. All contestants wear prayer shawls and skullcaps and pound themselves on the chest.

**11:30 MOVIE "Terms of Olympic Endearment"** (1983, Comedy-Drama) Elvira Brownaway (Jill Clayburgh) raises her daughter Silky (Linda Hunt) to be an Olympic wrestler. Despite a bitter relationship, mother and daughter see their dreams come true when Silky represents the U.S. in the '84 Games. Just before her first match Silky learns that she is suffering from a rare mouth disease and will die in a matter of days. With Dale Robertson as Hobart Thornwood, ex-commander of an atomic submarine.

**2:00 ED MCMAHON DRINKS TO THE OLYMPIC GAMES**

**2:30 OLYMPIC HEALTH REPORT** Danger spots for venereal diseases in the Olympic Village. Donna DeVarona.

**3:30 OLYMPIC STARS OF TOMORROW**

**4:15 OLYMPIC BOWLING FOR DOLLARS**

**4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF SINGAPORE**

**FRIDAY**  
**Aug. 10**

**MORNING**

**5:00 TRACK AND FIELD** A lot of dark people running.

**6:30 ARCHERY** Poison-tipped arrow competition. Argentina vs. Ireland.

**7:00 PORKY PIG TRAINS FOR THE OLYMPICS** Special Porky, Elmer Fudd, and Genevieve are determined to lose weight and qualify for the Olympic Games. Narrated by Debra Winger.

**8:45 LOST OLYMPIC ATHLETES REPORT** Missing athletes, defectors, amnesiacs, and dropouts are urged to return by their consulates.

**10:00 ETHIOPIAN-FIJI CYCLING**

**11:00 SARAJEVO AFTER DARK**  
**AFTERNOON**

**12:00 CHILDREN'S VOLLEYBALL** Junior Olympics. Japan vs. Japan.



**Her daughter, his wrestler. Can Linda Hunt possibly be both in "Terms of Olympic Endearment"?**

**1:30 EDGE OF OLYMPIC NIGHT** Soap Opera

**2:15 ISRAELI HANDBALL HOSTAGE REPORT**

**4:00 THE JEFFERSONS** George loses all his Olympic Games tickets and misses the chance to see his nephew from Kenya compete in the 1500-meter race.

**5:00 WATER LUGE** Semifinals

**EVENING**

**6:00 OLYMPIC MEAT FESTIVAL** 178 countries offer their national meats to the city of Los Angeles. Live from the Norton Simon Museum.

**7:30 PEARL DIVING** Men's finals. Mexico vs. Tahiti.

**9:00 BASKETBALL** Palestine vs. Egypt.

**9:30 BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OLYMPIC PRESSROOM** Special A look at the hundreds of sportswriters and broadcasters using the free equipment donated by our Olympic sponsors. Exciting demonstrations of typing, audio and video taping, telephoning, computers, and word processors. Hosts: Jim McKay and Billy Carter.

**11:00 EQUESTRIAN SOCCER** In an effort to speed up some of the events that are running late, the soccer matches have been combined with the equestrian events.

**12:00 MOVIE "Olympic Academy"** (1983, Comedy) The city of Liverpool forms a training school for the worst Olympic athletes in the country, including alcoholics, drug addicts, geriatrics, and assorted perverts. Two aspiring weightlifters, Mutt (Michael Keaton) and Jeff (Tom Hanks) make the English team and go on to Los Angeles, where they contract double hernias.

**1:30 HOCKEY** Five countries that were forgotten or lost in the computer are scheduled to compete: Finland, Sierra Leone, Luxembourg, Colombia, and Martiniq.

**2:30 INSIDE DONNA DEVARONA**

**3:30 FENCING FOR DOLLARS**

**4:15 BEDTIME FROLICS AT THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE** Pajama parties, home permanents, fan magazines, snacks, and plenty of records and tapes.

**4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF SAUDI ARABIA**

**SATURDAY**  
**Aug. 11**

**MORNING**

**5:00 OLYMPIC GOSPEL HOUR**

**5:30 JERSEY CITY AND THE OLYMPICS**

**6:00 TRACK AND FIELD** Rerunning of the marathon and 56 other events.

**9:00 OLYMPIC BUS BREAKDOWN REPORT**

**10:00 BOXING** U.S. vs. Vatican City

**11:30 GYMNASTICS** Laundry time for leotards, warm-up suits, pants, and tank shirts. Gymnasts from many countries discuss their preferences in detergents, washing equipment.

**AFTERNOON**

**1:30 ARCHERY, BASEBALL, WATER POLO, DIVING, SWIMMING, WRESTLING, VOLLEYBALL, JUDO, FENCING, TRACK AND FIELD** Computer mix-ups and breakdowns have caused further problems in our scheduling, forcing us to cover 86 events in the next three hours to catch up.

**4:30 STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE GOES TO THE OLYMPICS**

**5:30 MISS OLYMPICS BEAUTY PAGEANT** Special Girls and transsexuals from 118 countries compete in the track suit, tank suit, leotard, and running shorts categories. Orson Welles, Jaclyn Smith.

**EVENING**

**7:00 BELLY WHOPPING** Sledding from Sarajevo. The Americans, with their Flexible Flyers, are favored over a strong East German team.

**8:30 MOVIE "Olympic Summer"** (1984, Romance) A warm, moving, poignant story of Tom, a security guard at the Los Angeles Coliseum, and Tamara, a shot putter from Russia. Unusually graphic scenes of lovemaking between the big, burly athletes that usually culminate in spirited Greco-Roman wrestling matches. When Tamara's true sex is revealed, Tom reveals his, and a new and different relationship is formed.

**11:00 ISRAELI HANDBALL TEAM ROUNDUP** No news is good news.

**11:15 SCATTERED COVERAGE OF ALL THE OTHER EVENTS**

**12:00 SALUTE TO THE ABC PRODUCTION**

**STAFF** Individual profiles and interviews with over 2000 people, including Rooney Arledge and Jim McKay.

**2:00 SALUTE TO DONNA DEVARONA**

**2:15 ONE MORE SALUTE TO DONNA DEVARONA**

**2:30 OLYMPIC RECIPES** Athletes from many lands exchange cooking ideas, favorite dishes. Food fight between Brazil and Burma.

**3:00 SALUTE TO THE FOURTH-PLACE FINISHERS** Mayor Bradley, Tom Lasorda, and others pay tribute to all the athletes who barely missed winning a bronze medal.

**3:30 THE REST OF TRACK AND FIELD**

**4:00 MOVIE "Olympic Village of the Damned"** (1982, Science-Fiction) Aliens from outer space inhabit the bodies of the English Olympic team, turning them into ruthless, cold-blooded winners, even though they train in steak-and-kidney pie and potted shrimp. They threaten to win every event until the San Andreas Fault cracks and swallows them in a catastrophic earthquake.

**4:30 NATIONAL ANTHEM OF THE FREE CITY OF DANZIG**

**SUNDAY**  
**Aug. 12, Final Day**

**MORNING**

**8:00 WAKE UP AND PACK** Athletes from around the world wake up to the final day of the Olympics and start packing.

**9:00 LOST AND FOUND** Stray articles of clothing, miscellaneous items, and souvenirs are claimed or auctioned.

**10:00 FAREWELL BREAKFAST** Sponsored by McDonald's.

**11:00 FINAL CHECKUP FOR BELONGINGS** Bathroom check for toilet articles, robes, pajamas, underwear, and socks hanging out to dry.

**AFTERNOON**

**12:00 PERSONAL GOODBYES** Athletes from 198 countries say goodbye to each other, promise to write or phone, exchange addresses and vows of eternal love.

**12:15 DEFACTORS ON THE LOOSE** Athletes from behind the Iron Curtain make their plans to escape.

**2:00 SEARCH FOR THE DEFACTORS** The KGB, the FBI, and local police send out a statewide dragnet for the missing athletes.

**3:00 OFFICIAL CLOSING OF THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE** Carol Burnett, Lou Rawls, Neil Diamond, Neil Sedaka, Betty White.

**4:00 ISRAELI HANDBALL TEAM HOSTAGES** Still missing.

**5:00 SEARCH FOR DONNA DEVARONA**  
**EVENING**

**6:00 FINAL EVENTS FROM SARAJEVO** Men's super-colossal slalom, women's snowball fighting.

**7:00 ABSOLUTELY THE FINAL CLOSING CEREMONIES** Michael Jackson and Shirley Maclaine urinate on the Olympic torch, extinguishing the flame. A real earthquake is scheduled as the closing spectacle.



# The Generic, No-Frills Human I

Frank Gifford here, killing time before something interesting happens on the field. You know, the Olympic dream stretches far beyond the Games here in Los Angeles, far into the lives of these athletes. For example, consider the life of 1, born in humble beginnings, 2. While just a mere child, he/she had to overcome great personal tragedy when 3. With great personal effort, he/she triumphed and is today in Los Angeles with the one person

1	2	3
Name and Sport	Birthplace	Personal Tragedy
Philip "Mr. Royalty" Blythe-Spirit, Equestrian	Right behind where I'm standing now.	Both grandfathers moved in and shared his/her bedroom.
Clarence "Chunky" Smellon, Diving	In the back of a peasant cart.	His/her mother was the town drunk.
Ursula "Spike" Andersson, Volleyball	Seventy miles from where his/her mother lay, dying.	His/her best friend was a puppet made from a piece of stale bread.
Tamara "Tammy" Babushek, Gymnastics	. . . Well, no one really knows, actually.	After being cursed by his/her father, his/her face froze with his/her tongue sticking out.
Ivan "Honeybear" Chetsnekyov, Weightlifting	In a gymnasium, somewhere behind the Iron Curtain.	The family TV went into the shop for four days in 1965.
Fanny "Outback" Ross, Heptathlon	Above a used-paper store, in Warsaw, the child of the custodian.	He/she realized that his/ her life was dull, dull, dull, dull.



# Interest Story with Frank Gifford

he/she claims was his/her inspiration to reach for the Olympic dream, 4. The Olympics are many things to many people, but to our plucky competitor, the Olympics are 5. But what about after the Games of the XXIIIrd Olympiad, what then? Well, for our hero/heroine, life after the Olympics will be filled with 6. Well, the little earphone I'm wearing is starting to squeak. This is Frank Gifford, with an Olympic Human Interest Story!

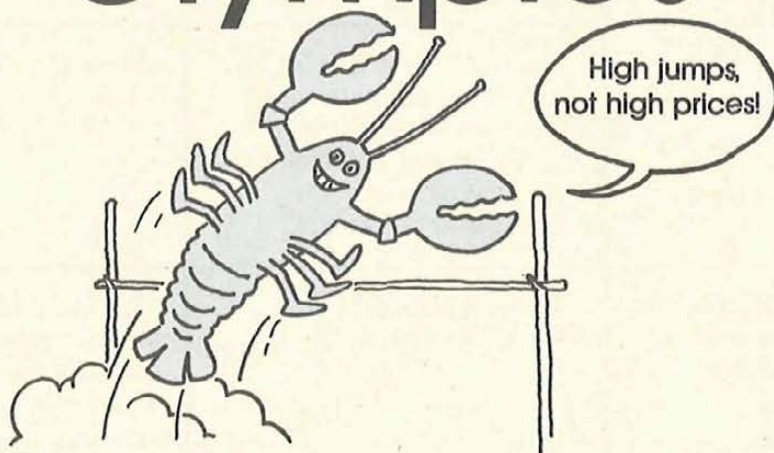
4	5	6
Great Inspiration	What the Olympics Are to Them	Post-Olympic Plans
His/her father, a self-styled authority on digestive parasites.	Like being in a rock group, only not as loud.	A fulfilling career in spot-welding.
His/her aunt, a fortune teller, spiritual adviser, and regional representative for a leading running-shoe company.	Taking a long ride in an airplane and getting a neat set of plastic wings at the end of the ride for not crying when the plane started to tilt.	Staying in California to open a driving school.
His/her cousin Max, a mental defective who had to get out of the country anyway.	Three weeks off the farm! Hoo-boy!	Buying a big house for his/her parents, and then moving really far away from it.
The parent/coach assigned to him/her by the state at birth.	A chance to meet some Hollywood producers and <i>finally</i> get his/her career off the ground.	Getting brain surgery for Cousin Max.
His/her pet mongoose, "Fluff."	An excuse to buy an entire new wardrobe.	An effort to find the parents separated from him/her at birth by the state.
A 100-watt light bulb he/she affectionately called "Gramps."	Faster . . . higher . . . stronger . . . better . . . nicer . . . neater . . . wilder . . . crazier . . . nuttier . . .	A twenty-four-hour-a-day jet-settin' nonstop social whirl.



Heather Locklear's  
**LOBSTER  
SHACK**<sup>®</sup>

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**The Seafood  
Olympics**<sup>™</sup>



**Featuring**

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- Heather's Famous Triple Jump—Scallops, Shrimp, and Baked Potato **\$7.95**
- Nadia's Swordfish **\$7.95**

All the above served with Heather's delicious squid cakes.

**Plus our super-special Olympic favorites:**

- The Gold Medal: Lobster Tail, Sirloin Steak, Baked Potato, and Veggie **\$15.95**
- The Silver Medal: Seafood Bisque, Potato, and Roll **9.95**
- The Bronze Medal: Squid Cakes and Beans **\$4.95**

Plus much more . . .



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"shack up" with Heather**<sup>®</sup>

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Noon till 1 A.M.

**"Where the stars come out—to eat"**<sup>™</sup>



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*Share the spirit.  
Share the refreshment.*







The French team features newcomer Kid Robespierre, who trained on sides of cheese at his father's farm. . . . In the 1956 Melbourne Games middleweight Victor Zalazar of Argentina complained that his opponent had shot him in the stomach after the second round. The protest was disallowed, but Zalazar eventually fought his bloody way to a bronze. . . . 1976 Montreal middleweight silver medalist Rufal Riskiev of the U.S.S.R. was actually Tom Hines, a dry-goods salesman from Toronto. . . . The 1920 super-heavyweight Ronald Rawson really was that. Standing eleven feet six inches and weighing 783 pounds, he later went on to become a high-rise building in his native London. . . . A dog has never been awarded an Olympic bronze boxing medal.



FOCUS ON SPORTS

The addition of attractive round-keepers/hostesses is just one of the changes King will make.

Boxing is always one of the most watched and exciting of Olympic events. Olympic competition has launched the careers of such greats as Muhammad Ali, Sugar Ray Leonard, Floyd Patterson, and Joe Frazier. It has also produced its share of curious stories, such as the East German judge's admission following the '72 Games that "yes, I am legally blind, but I can still drive if someone sits beside me and tells me what the shadows are."

Boxing in 1984 will be different from that in any previous Olympics in at least one respect—the presence of promoter Don King. After a lengthy negotiating session at dawn in his limousine by the Santa Monica Pier, King convinced IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch of the correctness of his arguments, left him the negatives, and emerged as the new commissioner of boxing for the Games.

We located King out in the back of his luxuriously appointed and rented Bel Air estate, getting a quick manicure "before I dial some important numbers." Donning the proffered swim trunks, we joined him in the warm Jacuzzi while busy, pretty assistants teased and bothered his hair into the trademark 'fro.

"Me and the judges are looking forward to some fine bouts this year," said King, letting the invigorating jets of water splash over him and his long-limbed assistant, Honey. "Russians got a wreckin' crew with Sabyrov and Alexandrov—and with big guys like that, I wouldn't bet that no boycottin' would stop 'em from showin' up. Same with those Cubans. They got Stevenson and a shitload of guys who know they'll be back chopping cane if they fuck up. Old Fi-del ain't gonna keep them guys locked up!"

"The East Germans got a light heavy called Axel Grease who beat the hell out of a Mercedes at some fairgrounds exhibition. Sucker was going fifty miles an hour, too. And the Chinese got some clown called Yin Yang or something who's supposed to look like Bigfoot. Smell like him, too."

King and Honey laughed so hard that Don's cigar fell out of his mouth and into the foamy water. Paying the swirling stogie no heed, he continued, "The U.S. got a sure thing with Mark Breland, and some other tough customers like Pernel Whitaker and Steve McCrory. It's gonna be a fine competition. 'Course we're gonna run things a little differently this year."

King had his bathrobe assistant, Dawn, help him with the garment and led us inside to the glass-enclosed patio area. A bikini-clad Kathy wheeled in the silver bar cart, and King fixed himself a Scotch and orange juice as he spoke.

"First off, there'll be two separate divisions, the OBC and the OBA. Each of these august ruling bodies will present their own medals, and then in maybe six, seven months after the Olympics we'll hold the title-unification bouts. Maybe they'll be on HBO, maybe we'll go closed-circuit—it's too early to tell now. There're gonna be fifteen rounds, too.

None of this candy-ass three-round shit."

As Honey massaged his shoulders and Candy, a new friend, brought in the snack tray, King grew contemplative.

"You know, I could make more money tying my shoe than I will on these Olympics. Money's not what I'm in this for, man. I'm doing this because I love the Olympics and what they stand for. I want people to look back on Don King's Olympics and say they were the best ever.

"If they ever let a black man run the whole show, man, then you'd see some Olympics. I'd get rid of that race-walkin' shit and that water polo and about half those other foreign sports. I'd have it in Vegas, every two years, not every four. Maybe make half the sucker boxing, with a track and field undercard, and a laser show. But you think they'd ever let me do that for them? Shit, you should have seen the hassle I had making them agree to show Michael Jackson videos between the matches this time."



FOCUS ON SPORTS

Tonight at 8:00: Stevenson and Biggs Going for the Gold. An HBO Only. Right after Pat Benatar's Thirteenth Special and Robert Klein's Look at Socks.





**1910**—Hector García bowls from border to border across Uruguay in sixty-eight days, popularizing cross-country bowling throughout South America.

**1915**—Five English bowlers drown in the Ganges as their cross-water tosses fall short during an intra-colonial meet in India.

**1921**—Warren G. Harding bowls the White House lawn.

**1928**—Cross-country bowling becomes part of Olympic competition, with Peruvian uphill bowlers sweeping the medals.

**1936**—Germans sweep medals. Bowling balls issued to German infantry.

**1938**—Polish national team beats Germans.

**1939**—Germans bowl into Poland.

**1958**—Release *Bowling for Love*, first 3-D cross-country bowling movie.

**1960**—Cassius Clay abandons cross-country bowling at the last minute to concentrate on boxing for the Rome Olympics.

**1963**—Soviet bowling balls stationed in Cuba.

**1968**—Bowling in the high altitude of Mexico City proves highly taxing, and only the French, using lightweight balls, can finish the entire course.

**1978**—"Sisyphus" Bachheimer bowls up Mont Blanc.

Cross-country bowling was born on the vast estates of Poland's ruling class, where landholders carried bowling balls along on grain-flattening forays. Some historians say the practice was a matter of self-protection; others say that bowling balls were considered good company for taciturn Poles. In either case, Slavic noblemen bowled the flatlands of central Europe long before indoor bowling was introduced.

For a time, say scholars, bowling balls were a fashion item. No nobleman would consider walking his estate without one to roll ahead of him. At least one researcher claims the word "stroll" is actually a combination of the words "strut" and "bowl." It should actually be spelled "strowl."

Of course, "strowling" occasionally gave way to a more hurried pace when one country gentleman met another, and the element of competition made the quaint practice into a legitimate game. The object was to bowl one's way from point A to point B before one's opponent. The only rule was that no competitor was allowed to carry his ball. It had to be bowled the entire distance.

In today's complex system for scoring cross-country bowlers, the first to finish the course isn't necessarily the winner. As in golf, the number of bowling "strokes" counts in the overall score.

But the outdoor bowling of a hundred years ago was simpler, and it had a practical side, too. Some noblemen became quite good at bowling for small game. While adventurous

bowlers went after wild boar, most preferred smaller, less aggressive targets, like rabbits. All found their bowling balls handy for rodent control. However, toward the end of the last century, bowling balls found their way into the hands of insensitive commoners, and before long peasants were indiscriminately bowling down dogs and small children.

Real problems started when anarchists began bowling from cover against the tsar's mounted soldiers. In 1890, the tsar decreed that commoners were forbidden to have bowling balls. He sent Cossacks to comb the countryside hovel by hovel and destroy all illegal balls found among the peasants, an action that had unexpected results.

Many bowling Poles went underground by going indoors—the beginning of lane bowling as we know it today. The ruthlessness of the tsar's bowling crackdown also generated intense national feeling, which would ultimately lead to independence for Poland.

Shock waves of the Great Bowling Pogrom, as it came to be known, were not confined to Poland. Many of the tsar's soldiers secretly brought the banned bowling balls home with them, and before long Russians were bowling much as the Poles had, though in very different terrain. In Poland cross-country bowling was practiced only on the farmlands north of the Carpathian Mountains, but in Russia it became a popular sport in the mountainous Urals and the Caucasus.

A form of "downhill bowling" evolved among the Russians, who forced anti-tsarist

DAN NELKEN



*Americans' Olympic hopes are riding on Fletcher Harris of Abilene, Kansas. Here he prepares for one of his great, arcing cross-water tosses. "I do the best I can . . . I do the best I can," he said recently, adding, "I do the best I can."*



prisoners to carry bowling balls up into the mountains. From there, high-ranking Russians amused themselves by bowling down on Jews and Gypsies. Techniques which evolved here would eventually become part of what we now think of as cross-country bowling.

Uphill bowling, the most taxing skill in a demanding sport, was first developed in Switzerland, where inbred clans of mountain folk were always on the lookout for daring new events to enliven their winter sports meets. Until uphill bowling came along, this obtuse crowd had competed in sports like great-big-boulder-lifting and big-fat-tree-trunk-dragging. Bowling up the Alps was their kind of sport. Even today, the Swiss cross-country bowling team is rated one of the best in the world, and its star player, Helmut "Sisyphus" Bach-enheimer, is easily the world's greatest uphill bowler.

But there's more to cross-country bowling than just getting a twenty-pound ball of black mica up the mountains. To post a winning score, a competitor must bowl accurately down the other side. Otherwise the bowling ball can outdistance him and be lost. He must cover flat country in broad, long-distance rolls to keep the number of strokes down. And overall, he must hustle his booties.

It may not guarantee a win to come in first, but it certainly doesn't hurt.



**L.A.'s well-known freeways will pose a severe test for the cross-country bowler.**



**The 1984 Olympics will mark a special event in the life of little Becky Mayer, eight years old: she'll be allowed to ride her bike on the street for the first time!**

**Those ugly black knee-length bicycling shorts are "aerodynamically ridiculous," reports sports physician Chris Hampton. New research indicates that their fabric actually attracts wind resistance. This year is the first that Olympic cyclists will compete in their underpants.**

**Editor's note:** *Eleventy jillion years ago, man invented the first bicycle—two stone wheels strung together with leather strips. Now that seats have finally been invented, cyclists everywhere enjoy "biking" on these stone-and-leather contraptions.*

When the cyclists gather at the Olympic Velodrome in Dominguez Hills this summer, they can expect an experience that's out of the ordinary—even for the Olympics.

Coleco Industries, which underwrote the cost of the three-million-dollar facility, has also supplied the vehicles for the race—Big-wheels.

"We certainly didn't expect this," confesses cycling commissioner Pete Siracusa. "Those things are less than two feet high! One of our athletes bit off the tip of his tongue when his knee hit his chin. And several of them keep scraping their knees on the ground. But I guess we have no choice." (The commission was unaware, when Coleco won the Velodrome contract, that Bigwheels are the closest thing to bicycles that it manufactures.)

At least there's no danger of more serious accidents. The track, which is three hundred meters long, is cushioned with what one Coleco spokesman calls "our secret patented



**Competition is all well and good, but Coleco wants the athletes to know that everyone will get some kind of prize, just for getting in there and trying.**





**Coleco officials hope that their new safety measures will help prevent accidents such as this one, which crippled the Russian team during the '56 Games in Melbourne.**

rubbery stuff." (Insiders claim the substance has an eerie resemblance to baked Incredible Edibles.) Though cushiony, the track is firm enough to permit a skilled contestant to pedal his Bigwheel at a healthy sixteen to seventeen miles per hour.

And—in another break with Olympic tradition—the track is neither round nor oval, but straight. "We didn't want anyone to get hurt taking those turns," says Darren Matthews,

Coleco's vice president for consumer affairs. "It's our business to *protect* kids while they're having fun."

Coleco has insisted on a few other safety rules as well. For one thing, the winners' medals must be too large to be swallowed. Were the medals to be cast in gold, silver, or bronze, the cost would be prohibitively high, so they will be made of durable nontoxic plastic in bright, attractive colors.

It's all been a bit difficult for the contestants, some of whom (the ones from poor countries) have never even heard of Barbie, much less Bigwheels. With only two days to practice on the new vehicles, previously skilled cyclists found that they were "all feet," and few of them were cheered by a Coleco official's exhortation, "Pretend that it's a big truck! Vroom, vroom!"

But Coleco recognizes that there's been some sacrifice involved, and the corporation hopes to show its appreciation in several ways. *Everyone* will get some kind of prize just for trying, so no one need feel left out. And for the first time in Olympic history, an event will offer a snack mid-race: half a cream-cheese-and-jelly sandwich to be distributed to all the racers at the 150-yard mark. Coleco employees will hand make the sandwiches themselves.

After the race, winners and losers alike will be packed off to Coleco headquarters for a gala tour—and then a much-needed nap.



DAN NELKEN

**Olympic judges will carefully check each cycle to see that it meets specifications. Looks like this Italian entry might have to drop out!**



DAN NELKEN





Horses were not indigenous to ancient Greece. Thus, the ancient equestrian contests consisted of Greeks riding around on objects resembling broomsticks, which were also not indigenous to Greece. The word "equestrian" derives from the Greek word "queue," which means "to line up." The original equestrian events entailed standing around with broomsticks, waiting for tickets to other Olympic competitions.

ABC Sports will cover the equestrian events from its special two-man "artificial horse." This horse, made from the finest cotton and nylon, will hold two cameramen, one at the front and one at the back, and will be ridden by former ABC star Chuck Connors. The horse will broadcast, for the first time anywhere, front and rear views of the sport.

Every girl's dream—a pony of her own—can be a reality this year in Los Angeles. "It's too expensive to send the horses back after we're done with them," claims IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch. "Come August 13, you can pick up one of these nags for a song!"

**Editor's note:** None of us had enough money as children to really get into the whole horse scene, and after careful deliberation we decided that owning a videotape of the Tatum O'Neal remake of *National Velvet* wasn't much of a help in understanding the equestrian events, either. So we proudly present a good friend of ours who has a lot of money and a couple of horses in Connecticut to explain the finer points of horsemanship.

## A Debutante Looks at the Equestrian Events

by Bitsy Tarkington

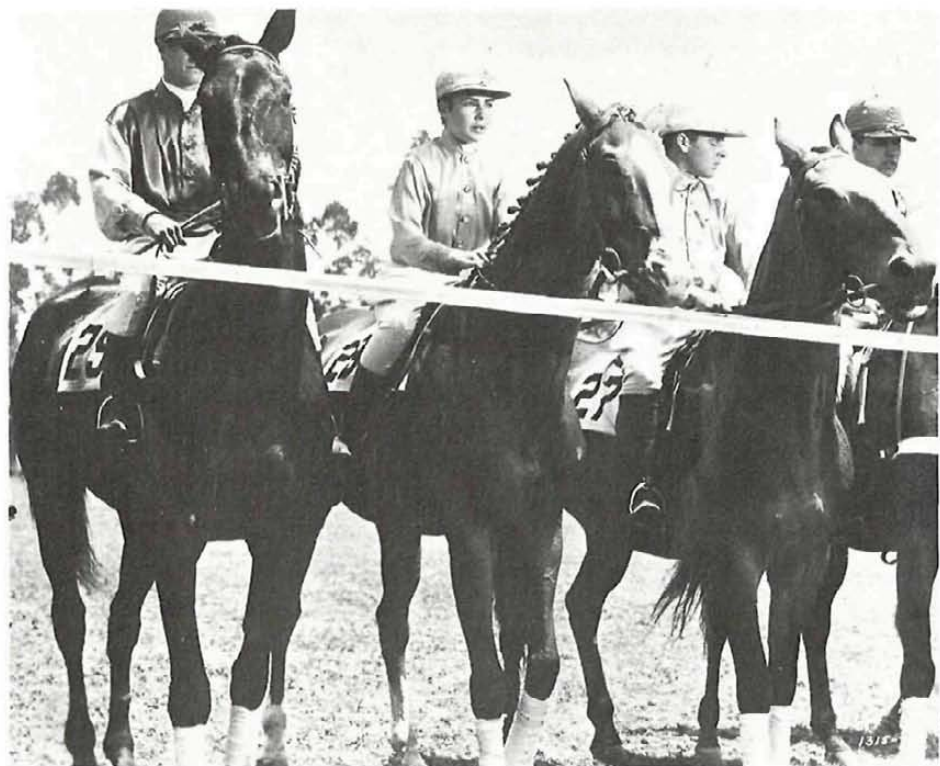
Okay, so first of all, it's really hard. I mean, it looks easy, but it's not. I mean, you try it if you think it's so easy! To begin with, there's a bunch of different events, starting with one called dressage, where you have to make your horse do all kinds of different steps but also make the horse look as though it is just drifting through the motions without you saying anything at all. And then they have jumping, which is just an invitation to break every bone in your body, if you ask me. Those fences look cute, but *watch out!*

Okay, so in dressage you have to make your horse go forward and backward and trot and canter and even piroouette on its hind legs. And horses don't even have gearshifts! (Isn't that funny? My boyfriend, Mark, thought that up. Hi, Mark!)

Then there's this thing they do called the cross-country event, it's like a marathon. I mean, they all ride around until the horses start falling over in the dirt and sometimes they crush the riders. Just look at Princess Anne and you can see how this stuff can scar you for life!

Okay, but the really important thing to watch for is the clothes. I mean, if you're like me you *really* can get into the way these clothes look. I know that some days, I get dressed in my tack and don't take it off until cocktails! But the thing about these Olympics people is that they have to do so much work in their clothes! So watch what they wear, because by tomorrow all of it will be sold out at your local store.

There's another really great thing about the equestrian events. Riding horses is *really* a great way to meet British guys, you know? And if you're watching them on TV, you usu-



The outstanding prospect for the Los Angeles Games is Elizabeth Taylor, riding the Pie, her horse in *National Velvet*. Many insiders doubted that Liz and Pie would ever reunite, but Liz has told friends, "I got back once with Dick, who's simply a horse's ass, so I can certainly go it again with Pie."



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# NATIONAL LAMPOON



ally get to see some guy who looks like Michael York. I mean, I like to look at big, sweaty horses flexing their muscles as much as the next girl, but you have to hold me back when it comes to some of those English riders. (Bet you can't guess why the English don't use saddles!)

So, like, it's a lot of work, for the rider and the horse, but I've never been able to figure out *what* is going on in the horse's mind, so watch the rider and you'll enjoy the events.



*Equestrian insiders, who know that it's practically impossible to watch everything that goes into a successful jump, usually watch how high the rider's bottom rises from the horse, and then how hard it falls. This makes for "great fun," we've been told.*



**The Italian Aldo Remosano, long considered throughout the world to be the grand master of foil fencing, continued to actively compete for three years after he was declared legally dead. . . . In the event of an accidental decapitation during a saber bout, fencing etiquette requires that the offending party touch his own head and declare, "Mea culpa".... "Crazy" Ludwig Hervon of Austria was so named because he fenced every match in a bulky gorilla suit. He never won a single bout, but received a gold medal for good sportsmanship in 1976. . . . The longest fencing bout in Olympic history was one seven and three-quarter hours long between Ed Havelcourt of Great Britain and Dirk Corvak of Romania, in 1952. The match finally ended when the ceiling collapsed, killing both contestants. . . . Formidable fencer Gene Retsky of East Germany was stripped of his amateur status and thus disqualified shortly before the 1976 Games when it emerged that, using the name "Lean Gene the Fightin' Machine," he was a regular contestant on his country's enormously popular *Dueling for Dollars* TV program. . . . Fencers, throughout Olympic history, have had the lowest incidence of drug-related scandals attributed to them. Surprisingly, however, they have been among those athletes most likely to stay up too late drinking beer and watching reruns of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*.**

Fencing is one of the oldest, yet least understood, of Olympic competitions. Sword battles were a common event in the earliest Games in ancient Greece, though until around 400 B.C. contestants were pitted against mythical half-men, half-beasts more often than each other. The sport was fantastically popular during its first several centuries, drawing larger crowds that even the traditional urn-painting event or sacrificial virgin toss, due to the fact that battles generally continued until the death of one or both opponents.

Of course, modern-day fencing is a more civilized, and thus less interesting, sport. Spectacular deaths, or even serious injuries, are rare events indeed, though they do occur if one is prepared to endure hundreds of hours of bouts while waiting for a foil to snap and pierce someone's mask. Even in the absence of freak accidents, however, fencing can be an unpredictable and occasionally exciting event, since skilled fencers tend to improvise.

Take, for instance, the spectacular finale of the '72 Olympic saber competition between Belgium's Stanislaw Cutek and Georges Lepage of France. Cutek, behind by two hits, startled spectators and judges alike by parry-



*Despite the scarcity of oxygen at the high altitudes at which the Games took place, fire proved an added danger in 1968 at Mexico City. The results—several injuries to people and clay figurines.*



ing a vicious blow, circling behind his off-balance opponent, then leaping to a nearby windowsill and from there to the chandelier, neatly knocking the blade from Lepage's hand as he swung overhead. His tactics, though completely illegal, earned him a standing ovation from the crowd and the nickname "Swashbucklin' Stan."

Such colorful behavior is what makes an otherwise interminable match worth watching. Fencers cheat constantly, though usually in less blatant ways, and the deciding factor in most competitions is simply who can get away with it.

Perhaps the most infamous case was that of Alexander Romykin, a member of the Soviet Union's team in 1976, who, with a tiny button concealed in the handle of his electrically wired foil, was able to automatically score touches he had never achieved. The Olympic Committee got wind of Romykin's ruse when his device short-circuited and incinerated his hand. The hapless Soviet was forced to confess under official torture, and "Lefty" Romykin now bides his time teaching remedial sports therapy at a remote gulag.

Other unscrupulous techniques in what is commonly referred to as "the sport of underhanded backstabbers" include pointing over

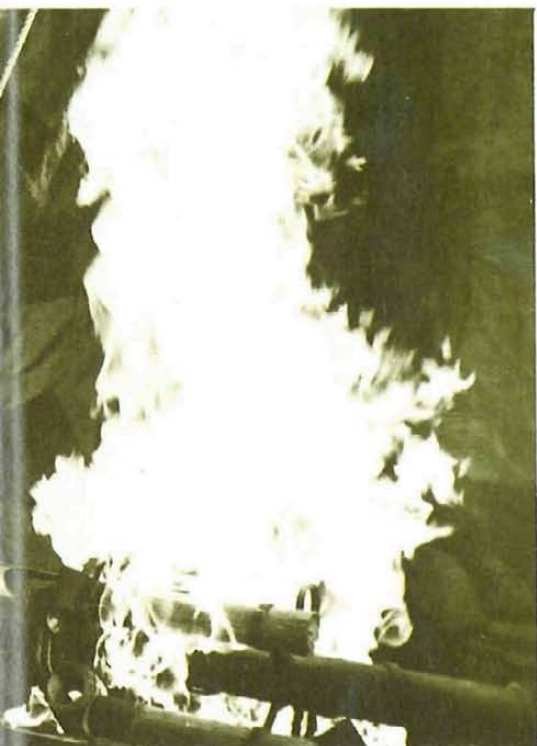
an opponent's shoulder and crying, "Look out! Runaway tractor!" before striking the decisive blow (Zappelli of Switzerland vs. Gretschi of Luxembourg, 1948), and substituting a length of smoked sausage for an opponent's blade (Hoskyns of Great Britain vs. Rompza of Germany, 1964).

If one does not find these sorts of antics sufficiently visceral, a better bet would be to try to finagle standing room at one of the real-life duels which inevitably follow matches between the more hot-blooded teams; the Italians or Panamanians can generally be counted on to take umbrage at some sleight, either real or imagined, revolving around an obscure point of fencing chivalry. For instance, after the *épée* finals at Montreal in '76, Fabio Battista, the Italian coach, accused Lajos Kamuti, captain of the Hungarian team, of having undergone a sex change operation between matches in order to compete on both the women's and men's teams. Although the sixty-year-old Battista was clearly drunk at the time, Kamuti challenged him to a duel immediately, using weapons of the Italian's choice. Battista accepted, choosing to fight with broken beer bottles and stout lengths of chain, but his son Antonio invoked the *codice duello* and insisted he fight in his elderly father's place. As Antonio Battista was only ten years old at the time, it was expected that Kamuti would respectfully decline to fight. Therefore, it was a startled crowd of three or four hundred that watched the hot-tempered Hungarian thrash the young boy to within an inch of his life, in an alley behind the gymnastics stadium, during what was a surprisingly hard-fought contest.

Sadly enough, this sort of panache is the exception rather than the rule in most Olympic fencing, and visitors to the Los Angeles Games this year, Americans in particular, are likely to find the spectacle disappointing. The United States has never fielded a particularly successful fencing team, perhaps because Americans, given their gunslinger heritage, justifiably find the sport quite silly. Due to its enormous popularity in European countries, in many of which saber battles are still a routine method of settling insurance claims and other legal disputes, it would be safe to assume that the U.S. will again be thoroughly trounced in this competition. Only the most diehard Errol Flynn fan could conceivably care less.



**Pirates are but one obstacle on the way to a gold medal in fencing.**



FPS





**Pointers.** A field hockey stick weighs 7¼ pounds. The goal is 12 feet by 7 feet and weighs considerably more. The ball weighs 5½ ounces, but if you take one in the chops, just try laughing it off.

**Coach Sez.** "Remember, a woman needs only one ovary to conceive," says coach Aloise as her team roars onto the field.

**"You're a Better Wing Than I Am, Gunga Din."** Several men's countries—India, Pakistan, Zimbabwe—have long-standing field hockey traditions—thanks and a tip of the Olympic chapeau to British occupation!

**What's My Name?** All of the following American prep or pre-prep schools have sent field hockey athletes to the '84 Olympics except one. Can you guess it? Miss Porter's, the Madeira School, Ethel Walker's, Dana Hall's, Noroton Convent of the Sacred Heart, Kent, Silver Hills, Rembroke, Indian Mountain. Answer: It's Silver Hills—an alcoholic rehab center for wealthy women. (If you asked Ethel Kennedy, you cheated.)

**Outlook.** If U.S. goes gold, look for tougher sell on TV movie than previous biopic limning 1980 ice hockey surprise at Lake Placid. The all-fem eleven seems natural for small-screen soap-meller, Hollywood historically skeptical of stories found in own backyard.

As Olympic sports go, men's field hockey is a relatively new one. The first competition was in 1908. Women's field hockey is even newer: 1980. Notice how '08 is '80 backwards. Try to remember that. Because the last time America won a medal in field hockey was 1932, in Los Angeles. So the next time America wins a medal in field hockey should be 1923, in Los Angeles! But there weren't even *Games* in 1923. So it doesn't always work. But these "next" Games are in Los Angeles! Prophetic? Or just stuff? Hard to say.

Remember: Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln and Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy.

Certainly those in search of bizarre oddities will find their share and more in the field hockey competition. Why is the American women's team made up entirely of rapacious prep school girls? What made rival women's teams withdraw en masse from the Summer Games? How did the U.S. women's team end up in the men's division? And why are they favored to win? Wasn't it Tennyson who called women's field hockey "the sport of congenitally undatable muffins"? But what did he know about dating? Wasn't it Browning who said, "The only dance Tennyson ever got was 'Goodnight, Sweetheart' "?

The odyssey of the women's field hockey team began last fall, when coach Jill Aloise, puckishly known as "Mistress of the Sticks," attended the annual Kent (Connecticut)



**The practice sessions always end in a bit of fun.** "But wouldn't it be nice," asks Reetsy, "to use as a practice ball the head of a Catholic?"



**The girls hate losing, and, unlike sex, it isn't required of them.**

School Play Day, the famous "World Series of women's field hockey" for prep and pre-prep schools.

"I just went from match to match, culling out the best," said coach Aloise. "Best players, best schools, best families. They go so well in hand. None have such bottomless capacity for the barbaric as the well-bred. Every member of my squad is the daughter of at least a two-time ambassador"—hence the nickname "Ambassadoras."

Meeting some initial resistance to draggy year-long practice sessions, coach Aloise promised "to let us fall down and be injured in front of our boyfriends, which you have to respect her for," said Reetsy "Rice Chex" Larkin, co-captain with her sister Beetsy "Wheat Chex" Larkin (the Madeira School).

Then it was off to the Pan Am games, where the Ambassadoras, invoking the dreaded Sadie Hawkins Play Day challenge, soundly thrashed all the men's teams, including the heralded U.S. eleven, whose utter humiliation led them to retire from future competition, closely followed by the rest of the women's division. Newspaper headlines blaring THE PERIOD AS BIG AS THE RITZ? were a shameless distortion of the facts: no one wanted to go up against the U.S. women as legend of their "formidable, savage, and so





EPG

rude style" spread. Shrugged center half Teaser Tomkins (Ethel Walker's), "They don't like it, it's their hardships."

The International Olympic Committee had no choice but to switch the Ambassadoras to the men's division, where even President Samaranch privately acknowledged their strength. He was overheard warning coach Aloise not to let her charges wear their gold medals on the subway.

Potential rivals such as India or Pakistan apparently have trouble roughhousing with women from the "sahib class," while Zimbabweans choke when branded "servants." Frankly, according to coach Aloise, only the girls' tendencies to "scold" each other for misplays could keep the U.S. from the top spot. Explained a former Pan Am opponent: "One girl missed a pass and the others turned on her like jackals, taunting. 'Your father was kidnapped in Malaysia and they didn't even send him home a piece at a time!'"

One thing is sure about this new, combined division. If America wins a medal in 1984 they'll be expected to repeat it at the next Olympics—1948, in London.

Did anyone say "dynasty"?



The highest score ever tallied in an Olympic football match was a 33-0 victory by the Poles over the Soviet Union in 1972. This score was never made official, however, as the Polish team had arrived and played the game a day early, before the Russians showed up. . . . In 1976, Japanese officials vehemently denied that a star player for their football team was, in fact, an uncannily lifelike android. These same officials were later forced to shamefacedly confess their ruse when the accused player, ARBT-5107, blasted a goal clean through the net and into a crowd of spectators, seriously injuring half a dozen people. . . . The greatest number of penalties in a single game was a whopping 112 amassed by Nicaragua in 1964—it alone among the South American teams failed to observe the recent ruling prohibiting small firearms on the playing field. . . . Incredibly, the winning goal in the 4-3 victory of Argentina over Hungary in 1960 was scored by Argentinian team captain Emmanuel Pesos, a man with only one hand and no legs. Except for the part about the legs. . . . Though for the most part discontinued, the practice of hurling the captain of the losing team into a ravine gained renewed popularity during the Mexico City Games of 1968, due to the convenience of the nearby Quexecoatl Cliffs.

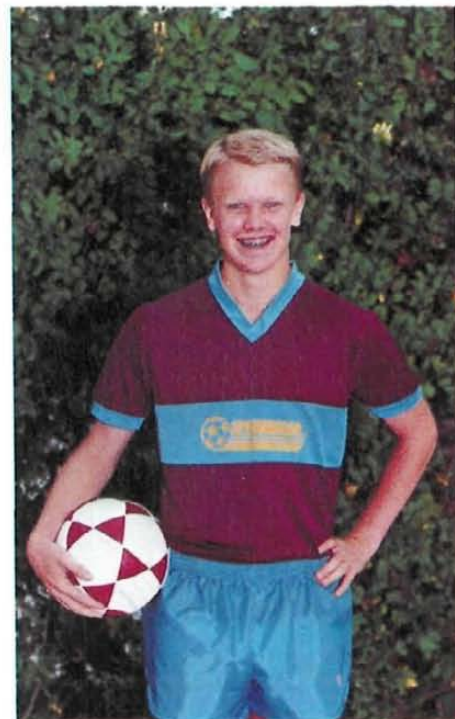
**Editor's note:** We are pleased to have a great Southern football coach and gentleman rise from the grave to give his views on Olympic football.

**They Call This Football?**  
by Bear Bryant

Football? They call this football? Where are the cheerleaders? Where are the shoulder pads? Let's face it, a bunch of guys running around in gym shorts kicking the shit out of a little ball is *not* football. It's soccer. And frankly, it bores me to tears.

Why do we even bother *playing* a candy-ass sport like this? The Communists win all the time anyway, since they breed their athletes like racehorses or grow them in test tubes or something. *Then* they have the nerve to claim that there are no professional athletes in their countries, even though the state has been paying for young Ivan's daily regimen of physical training and mind control since he was pulled from the incubator.

The only ones worse than the Reds are the South Americans. In this case, the threat is not on the playing field—all their *real* athletes



**An American youth, captured by the Spirit of the Foreign Football.** "This, this is a tragedy," claims Bear Bryant.





**Foreign decadence displayed on the "football" field. "Hey, number eight! Drop yer rock and pull up yer sock!"**



**Look out! I'm a-comin'! Shoo!**

go to the World Cup instead—but in the stands. For most Latin Americans, soccer matches are the only outlet in which to release the pent-up frustrations of a lifetime spent in a maggot-ridden banana dictatorship, waiting for death from some obscure disease or at the hands of freelance executioners. As a result, South American soccer riots are a routine excuse for martial law and an effective means of population control, but in the Olympic forum they serve no such practical purpose. The incident during the 1968 contest between Peru and Argentina was typical: when Argentinian team captain Arturo Ferrer was ejected from the game for rough play—he had been caught striking Peru's goalie repeatedly with a barrel stave—outraged spectators stormed the field to set fire to the referee, doing a quarter of a million dollars' worth of damage to the stadium and trampling several players to death in the process. If this is your idea of fun, you're welcome to it.

Personally, I don't see why we don't introduce *real* football to the Olympics. We wouldn't need to use our pros. Hell, our high school kids could beat the pants off those

skinny South Americans and wimpy European jocks, if you put them head to head in a man's game where you don't get thrown off the field for pushing the other guy around a little. It seems to me that Los Angeles is the ideal place to introduce this sort of competition. While we're at it we could get rid of a lot of these other fruity "sports" like archery, cycling, and volleyball. For that matter, who really wants to watch track and field events, or a bunch of skinny girls doing gymnastics?

I guess when you get right down to it, I don't much care for the Olympics in general. Give me a six-pack and the Super Bowl any day. Now *that's* football.





**"There is no substitute for the school crossing event," claim those "in the know" —the school crossers of Saudi Arabia. The Saudis have erected the world's largest, most complex school crossing, at a cost of \$7.5 billion. The crossing includes artificial cars, guards, and kids on the corners who beat up little girls for their candy money. Oddly enough, Malcolm Forbes vacations there every year.**

**This year's U.S. school crossing team was completely funded by Michael Landon. "I love those kids," Landon told reporters, "especially when they get across the intersection and play 'Find the Candy' in my shirt pockets!"**

**Over the objections of the World Federation of Miniature Golfers, the forty-kilometer school crossing replaced international miniature golf this year. The latter features holes designed to represent life around the world: windmills from the Netherlands, cheese rounds from France, torture pits from El Salvador, etc. Well, maybe next time.**

Happily, this event, which was at one time referred to, with disdain, by certain of the more prominent ancient Greek philosophers, who, one would think, should have known better, as "two dopey kids, one a boy, one a girl, crossing a big street," is finally getting the attention it deserves. All of ours.

At last the forty-kilometer school crossing is being recognized as the grueling test of endurance and cunning it truly is.

Here is the event as described by Pythagoras, one of the first participants, in one of his journals:

"So there I was, holding the hand of my stupid little sister, with a road fully forty kilometers in width spread before me. It was rush hour, and truckloads of ancient Greek philosophers were speeding toward Athens to the public baths.

"The judges signaled us to begin, and little Pythagorette and I made for the other side. Of course the event is not as simple as just crossing a 150-lane interstate highway during rush hour with a three-year-old girl in tow. There are also the academics. The educathlon is divided into four parts.

"At the ten-kilometer mark, one is required to stop and diagram a compound-complex sentence, all the while dodging truckloads of dirty philosophers.

"At twenty kilometers, the task is to name all the presidents of the United States in alphabetical order. The catch is that they must be alphabetized by the second letter of their last names.

"At thirty kilometers, the girl must complete the following message: 'Bullwinkle is a . . . .' No, not that message. This message: 'Beethoven is to deaf as Homer is to \_\_\_\_\_.'

"The answer is, of course, 'Mrs. Homer after he's been drinking,' but the little kids usually get tripped up on this one.

"Once on the other side of the big road, the only task remaining is to name the four elements of the universe, in order of appearance. Gummo doesn't count."

Against all odds, Pythagoras excelled at the educathlon. During his tragically long adolescence, he was the recipient of no less than three gold medals and a sack of golden beans. His sister, being a female and therefore property of the state, received none of these and so gave up the games at the age of sixteen to form an all-girl orchestra.

In modern times, the event has changed little, except that ancient Greek children are barred from the competition because they have an unfair advantage regarding the Homer question.



**When the Greeks said, "Chariots of Fire," they were usually referring to the popular forty-kilometer school crossing. Here two schoolchildren narrowly miss death.**

PHIL SCHEUER/RICHARD CHESNUT



**Training under the most grueling of conditions, this year's American forty-kilometer-crossing team is a leading contender to take the gold.**

EPG





**Ecaterina Szabo of Romania** won the "Cutest Costume" award in an early pre-Olympic qualifier. "Half the judges were wearing raincoats when she came on," says an insider. . . . **Zhang Hong of China** has never seen the color purple. . . . **Julianne McNamara** has sworn never to endorse anything "embarrassing or icky" on national TV. "Just junk like Police records and Bubble Yum". . . . All three girls are hot in the running for the Olympics' greatest honor—Gymnastics Darling. . . . Rhythmic gymnastics is a new event for '84, and promises to be the silliest. . . . When asked who they would most like to have dinner with, over 50 percent of the girls answered, "Sting" or "Anyone from Duran Duran". . . . Their favorite food? Pizza and nachos, in that order.

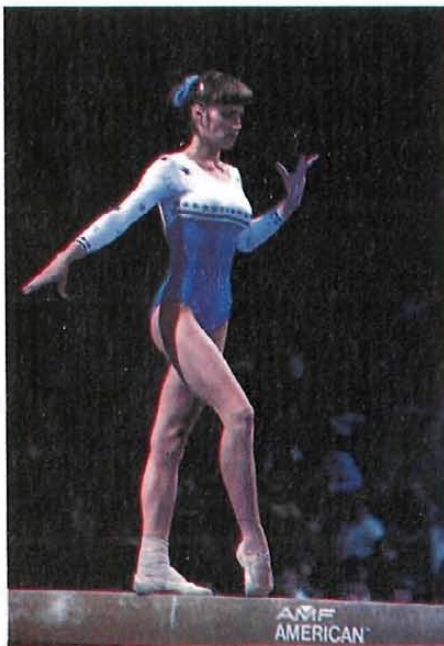
## Women

Previously a dull exhibition of adolescent double-jointedness, women's gymnastics in the 1984 Olympics has been transformed into a truly exciting adult sport for the eighties. Thanks to commercial sponsors, gymnastics has been given the flash and glamour it needs to survive in a cruel, crass, and competitive world.

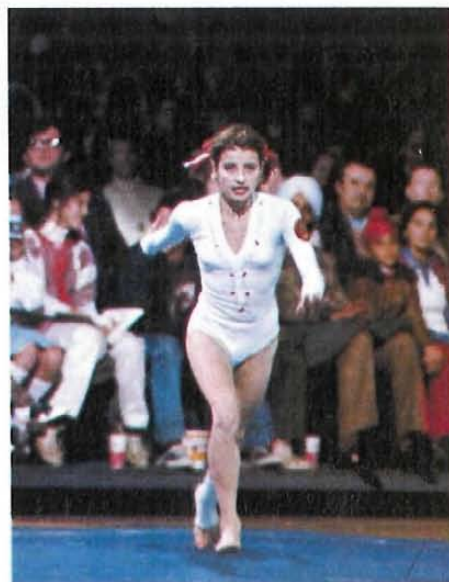
Director of Gymnastic Events Bob Giraldo has revamped the sport by discontinuing some of the events and changing others. Gone is the dull horse vault—in its place, the graceful, acrobatic exercises on the slow bucking bronc, inspired by a scene in the movie *Urban Cowboy*. Points for this event are based on: poise while writhing, breast movement, and cutest Western-style leotard. The official sponsor of the slow bucking bronc event is the Nashville Cable Network.

Floor exercises have been retained, but the name has been changed to the "aerobics workout." Points are based on: writhing with a smile on the face, most pert breasts, and most unusual leg-warmers. The sponsor for the aerobics workout is Jack Lalanne.

The balance beam is still a major gymnastics event, now revamped and renamed "discobeam." Points for discobeam are awarded



"If I fall, I will have to live in a shoebox and eat wire for supper."



"If I got a medal, perhaps an extra share of cold porridge will be mine."

primarily for the ability to walk backward like Michael Jackson on the beam to the sounds of current Motown hits wearing a leather mini; and, simply, breasts. Discobeam's official sponsor is *Soul Train*.

The asymmetrical bars are an important part of gymnastics, but modern technology has added a new twist. The asymmetrical (or "uneven") bars are now pressure-sensitive, so that when the gymnast swings back and forth, the bars light up in different neon colors at her touch and flash rhythmically to the accompanying music. This event has been renamed "flashbar."

Judging women's gymnastics takes a keen eye for detail and an ability to look authoritative without leering. Chosen for this auspicious task by the Olympic Committee are LeRoy Neiman, Bob Guccione, Helen Gurley Brown, Denny Terrio (of TV's *Dance Fever*), William F. Buckley, Jr., and the Solid Gold Dancers. Also present will be the stand-in for dancer Marine Jahan, who was the stand-in for Jennifer Beals in the movie *Flashdance*.

To express their gratitude and admiration, the sponsors offer the following gifts to the top gymnasts (these gifts in no way can be construed as payment, which is specifically tabooed by the Olympic Committee):

Gold medalists for the women's gymnastics events will receive contracts for promoting Maxithins, Summer's Eve, the sponge contraceptive Today, and Femiron. Silver medalists will each be given a new hairstyle by famed New York stylist Suga, and bronze medalists will each receive a case of Deodorant Maxithins.



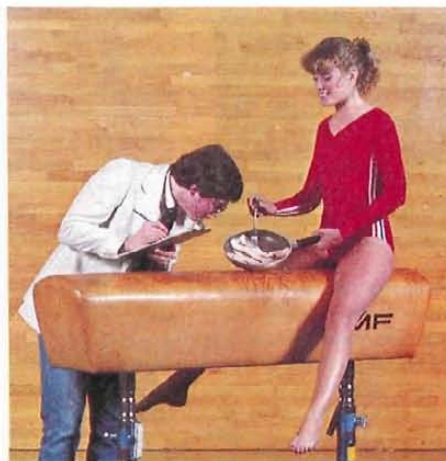


DAN NELKEN

**Kathy's all-American good looks and winning ways are sure to keep fans of all sexes from making sandwiches during the competition.**

### **A Day in the Life of a Gymnastics Hopeful**

From the moment photographers storm in to interrupt the few precious hours of sleep fifteen-year-old Kathy Robbins has managed to snatch on the horse, the day is nothing but a whirl of activity for the young gymnastics hopeful. This high school sophomore from Glendale, California, wants to win to bring honor to herself and her country, and "because the medal will look really neat when I hang it from the rearview mirror on the BMW my dad promised to buy me for my birthday." Well, medal or no, any fan of the sport can tell from these photos that Kathy will do anything in her power to uphold the gymnast's sacred vow to "stand tall, do good, and always smile right at the judges."



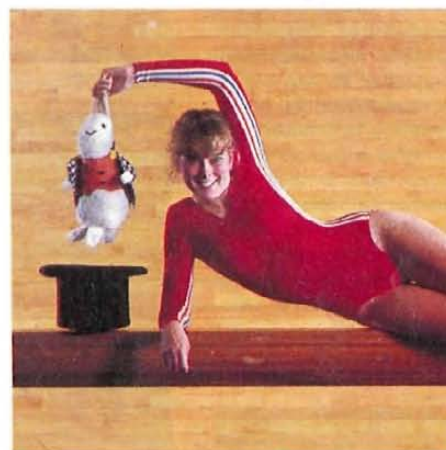
DAN NELKEN

**Kathy cooks up a hearty breakfast for the Dutch judge, the homemaker segment being an important part of international gymnastics competition.**



DAN NELKEN

**To this pretty gymnast, "privacy" means "something for the other guy."**



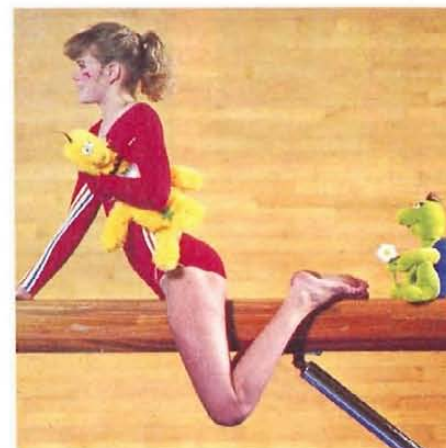
DAN NELKEN

**Each year after the Fashion Show, the porky gymnasts stage a Talent Festival to entertain themselves and others. Here Kathy adds a "magical" touch to the lighthearted shenanigans.**



DAN NELKEN

**Kathy's busy schedule requires some unusual means for drying clothes.**



DAN NELKEN

**Poised between girlhood and womanhood, the youthful and talented gymnast practices some new maneuvers with some old friends.**





While the Chinese team is noted for its tumbling, the Australian team is noted for its tumblers. "Yes, to raise money to get our team to L.A., we sold glasses full of Foster's with each team member's name inscribed on the side," commented a press aide. . . . A tragic story gymnasts like to tell over a roaring fire is the saga of Bud Ringwald of Canada. A former circus performer, he was considered the world's finest gymnast, but couldn't perform unless wearing a clown suit, at that time against IOC rules. He hung himself on the rings in '59. . . . On the lighter side, Tong Fe of China likes to pretend he's Roy Rogers when working the horse. Go get 'em, Tong.



FOCUS ON SPORTS

"Boy, what a view," Conner seems to say.

## Men

Two of America's top hopefuls in the quest for medals in men's gymnastics are friendly rivals on the rings and friends outside the gym. Each has a markedly different view toward his life and work.

"Back from the dead? You bet," laughs Bart Conner as he limbers up before a rigorous workout on the pommel horse. "Most people know that I injured myself pretty seriously competing in Japan a few months ago. But what might come as a surprise to them is my being actually clinically dead as I lay in that Sapporo hospital.

"During this period of time, I felt mysteriously drawn toward a pulsating source of light coming from the end of a long tunnel. As I got closer I realized that the light was coming from Chris Schenkel and his crew. Only Chris Schenkel was different—how I couldn't pinpoint at first. Then I noticed the long, flowing robes he was wearing, and that when he looked at me he seemed to look right through me. When he spoke, he didn't even move his lips, and he said, 'Go back.'

"He said, 'Go back, for your work here is not yet finished. You have yet to appear on a Wheaties box, or be insulted by Norman Fell at a celebrity roast featuring the likes of Julio Iglesias and Mr. T. Go back, right after the following words from our sponsors.' "

Peter Vidmar's tale is equally remarkable. "My tumbling routine in the floor exercise portion of the competition is actually a coded message to space aliens who might be monitoring our activities. I've translated each letter of the alphabet into an equivalent segment of the tumble. When I do my routine, I am saying more than 'Give me a medal, please.' I am also saying 'Hello, Space Creatures. Welcome to our planet and gtyukil.' " Peter admits that the last part of the message doesn't really make that much sense, "but I have to land on my feet, or I wouldn't score any points."

Amazingly, Conner and Vidmar, so far apart on their reasons for competing, can agree on one thing. "We both enjoy gymnastics for the same reason," says Conner. "Where else can twenty-two-year-old guys hang around fourteen-year-old girls in leotards and not get thrown in jail?"



FOCUS ON SPORTS, MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

Vidmar hopes to attract new fans to his sport.





**1603—A humble peasant with a knowledge of judo challenges three samurai to a fight—and loses.**

**1950—Jujubes, a chewy candy made by Heide, appear on the market and enjoy moderate success.**

**1964—At last judo becomes an Olympic sport. When the Japanese team wins, the sport is withdrawn immediately, not to reappear until the 1972 Games in Munich.**

**1981—Nineteen-year-old Mike Flanders takes only three judo classes before dislocating his thumb.**

**1984—For the first time, combat to the death is permitted in the Olympics.**

**Editor's note:** *Its subtleties usually invisible to the Western eye, judo has long remained a mystery to American journalists. Far be it from us to buck the trend. Here is Dr. Kenzaburo Sasake, Eighth Dan, and owner of Dr. Sasake's Most Incredible School of Self-Defense and Ways of Death and Enlightenment.*

**Judo: The Centuries-Old Art of Wearing Tunics and Scurrying Around**  
*By Dr. Kenzaburo Sasake, Eighth Dan*

The legend is told of a sword floating down the river. Mile after mile it floated, and no one dared to halt its progress.

But at last a storm arose. Fierce gusts of wind frothed up the water's surface. The sword floated patiently on. Then a shower of ash leaves fell into the water, dirtying the sword. Still it floated on, as serene as if nothing had happened. Suddenly the sun came out from behind the clouds. In a rage the sword leaped out of the water and stabbed the sun through the heart, ending its light forever. And even now the sun never dares to shine when the sword floats down the river.

This is the essence of judo—the Gentle Way.

But, you are saying in your impatient Western voices, we want to know who's on the

team. But, I counter, to ask that is not to display the proper judo attitude. It is only by *not* asking—by not even watching the event—that you can learn to become true masters of the art.

But, you say, we don't *want* to be true masters of the art. We just want to watch the event! And to this I say—still impassively, but with a bit of judicious sternness in my voice—if that is true, then any judo student will be able to kill you instantly.

You think that judo cannot kill? To the uninitiated, it often seems so. "It is not a valuable self-defense technique, such as our kung fu master, Chuck Norris, would have us study," people whine, recklessly displaying their ignorance. "It's just a bunch of guys hopping around on wrestling mats."

Yet I have witnessed many occasions when such "hopping" put a man to death. Sometimes this was due to faulty technique, as when a green-belt student, attempting to throw a first-Dan student, slipped and hurled his partner out the window. More often, however, the death was the natural result of *correct judo attitude*.

Let us imagine, for instance, that a small student faces a very large opponent, whom he knows he cannot throw in the conventional manner. Instead he summons up his self-confidence and resourcefulness and decides to strangle his opponent instead. Or—to demonstrate another version of correct attitude—imagine a student who has been beaten in combat through his own carelessness. He does not complain or offer excuses; he merely stabs himself, of course remembering to bow to the victor first.

The Gentle Way is most definitely the Way of Death as well. And the Olympic Committee has decided to honor this for the first time in 1984. At last members of the judo team will be allowed to spar to the death. They will no longer be disqualified for killing an opponent. Instead, they will receive the recognition so long denied them by the Western world, echoing the famous statement by an eighth-Dan judo master: "Striving to efficiently mutualizing clarity of Harmony-Self into the maximized Universe."



**Having learned their lesson from previous Olympic coverage of judo competition, ABC this year will regularly warn young viewers: "Don't try this at home, kids!"**





Heather Locklear will open this year's modern pentathlon by riding in the official "Miss Modern Pentathlon" float, a part of the larger "Let's Keep L.A. Modern" parade, which is part of the larger "L.A. Says Yo, Olympics" festival, included in this year's Olympics.

ZZ Top, originally scheduled to be the U.S. modern pentathlon team, will not compete this year. They were disqualified by the International Olympic Committee for having appeared in more than two music videos this year. "Yeah, you could call me upset," says lead guitarist Billy Gibbons. "But then you'd be wrong."

The last modern pentathlon, hosted in Paris in 1916, featured the famous "Lost Generation" team of modernists, coached by the legendary Gertrude Stein. The modernists took the event neatly, excelling in "freestyle writing," "metaphor wrestling," and "moveable feasting."

**Editor's note:** The Los Angeles Modern Pentathlon is a demonstration sport designed to highlight the folk sports and native skills of the host region, Los Angeles. Contestants in the five segments of the event will be awarded points not only on the basis of finishing time but also for demonstrating L.A. attributes, including guile; facade; trend agility; light, airy "now" colors; and parts per billion of petrochemical waste products.



### Lounge Polo

Lounge polo, played in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel, is the consummate challenge to the pentathlete's powers of deal cutting, point swapping, end running, moon promising, and being noticed. From a standing start at the maître d's station, the pentathlete must strut, lunge, or bribe his or her way to a better table than any other pentathlete's. He or she may then begin a discussion with others at the table concerning network scumbags, studio morons, or the mismanagement of the lifts at Vail, but must be interrupted by a waiter bringing a phone to the table within twenty seconds. The pentathlete should say into the phone, "Irving Producerberg wants to work with me? Doing what? Molesting little boys? Irving Producerberg's cash bounces. Tell him to go fuck himself," hang up, tell someone at the table, "Don't eat that toast. The toast is terrible here. I have a guy now, he does all my toast. I'll give you his number. It's unlisted. He only does a few people's toast," and jump up to go across the room and say hello to Sir Run Run Shaw.



### The Long Jump Start

An automotive coping event, the long jump start uses a regulation car, which must have an expired warranty, a forged emission certificate, and really bad rings. This car, driven by a pentathlete, will break down suddenly and with sickening noises in (a) seventy-mile-an-hour traffic on the Ventura Freeway or (b) Watts. Skills used in this sport include: calling the automobile club and listening to on-hold music for twenty-five minutes while you pump dimes into the phone and people glare at you; walking two miles to a Texaco station and getting on your knees to beg the semi-English-speaking Iranian attendant to help you; walking three miles to an automated-teller machine next door to a youth gang clubhouse; running three miles back to the Texaco station with malt-liquor-maddened Crips chasing you; and learning about incompatible voltages. To be eligible to win the event, the pentathlete should finish with the car up on blocks in his or her front yard, but not yet paid for.

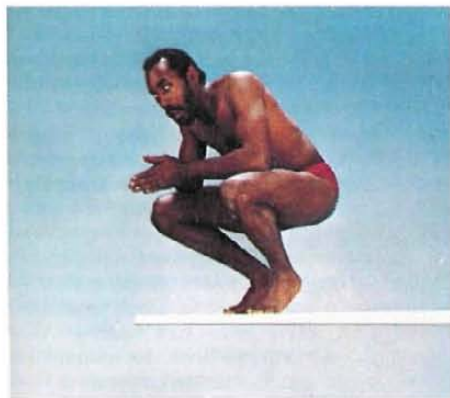


### The Tot Put

The Tot Put, a child custody event, is played by pentathletes competing in one-on-one arrangements. The regulation tot weighs seventy to one hundred pounds, is between seven and thirteen, and often takes an active role in "playing the pentathletes off" against each other. Some pentathletes prefer to use their own tot in the event, one that has been



"home-broken in," for a familiar, emotionally frayed feel. In a typical match, Pentathlete A will put the tot in a car and drive to Magic Mountain, and Pentathlete B will respond by putting the tot in a Montessori school with cool teachers. Pentathlete A might recover by putting the tot in \$1,500 worth of back-to-school clothes from the Galleria in the Valley, and Pentathlete B would have to put the tot on a plane to Ixtapa for Easter vacation in order to stay in the game. "This is one event where being fit is an absolute necessity," says a pentathlete who scored well in the trials, "although proving that your opponent is unfit is a big plus too. If your opponent is a woman, as mine was, a good eight-by-ten glossy of her trolling for punk bass players at Danny's Teriyaki Oki Dog on Santa Monica can be a tremendous asset."



MICHAEL WATSON

### Freebasestyle Swimming

This is such a great event, this is the best event in the whole thing, you won't believe how great this event is because the, it, wait, you, okay the water is what's, you swim and swim and swim and swim, really fast, it's like you have this whole bathing suit on and these other people are water too I mean swimming too, and how blue the water is, I mean the pool it makes the water look blue it's like a whole, who's the guy who paints the swimming pools I mean the guy who paints the pictures of the swimming pools not the guy from the pool company who just paints the swimming pools, ha, Hockney, it's, there are bugs under your skin and it's, you try to scratch, I mean make them, get them out of there, or if your eyes explode, great event. God.



MICHAEL WATSON

### The Fifty-Hope Dash

The fifty-hope dash is a free-form event in which victory goes to the first pentathlete for whom fifty popular L.A. hopes have been dashed. Among the hopes most often used in this event: finding affordable housing closer to town than Hawaiian Gardens or Sunland; finding a divorce apartment not next door to a Piece o' Pizza stand with a "Had a Piece Lately?" sign that blinks in the window; breathing east of Point Dume between May and November; commuting less than ninety minutes to work; going to a rock club where the house is not papered by a record company; going to a rock club where four-dollar drinks contain measurable alcohol; going to a rock club where Frazer Smith is not the opening act; your parents not finding out about your topless scenes in a Crown International beach comedy; getting a guy who works on Cheers to listen to a great story idea; getting a woman in the the A & R department of Elektra/Asylum to listen to a demo that is a kind of cross between Dory Previn and Prince; getting a junior agent trainee at CAA to read a treatment for a high-concept sci-fi comedy in which Jennifer Beals is an extra-dimensional android from Planet Soultrain; making a career breakthrough by attending a screenwriting workshop at Sherwood Oaks Experimental College or a one-day film industry seminar at UCLA or a lecture by local deep thinker Harlan Ellison at the Writers Guild; being able to locate your car in the Century City shopping center parking lot; that thing on your mouth turning out to be just a cold sore; getting all the way through a Ray Bradbury think piece in the Los Angeles Times, a Ben Stein column in the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, or a Latina-S & M-Lesbian-Madame Mao Thought-Splinter Group Hour on KPFK; making it from the left-lane freeway entrance at Hollywood Bowl across six lanes to the right-lane exit at Barham Boulevard without precipitating an eight-car pileup and going to heaven; and going to heaven. The present world record for the fifty-hope dash was set in 1976 by a very nice young man from Minneapolis, who managed to sweep all fifty in his first two and a half days in town.

How did the famous philosophers see the Olympics? Here's a sample:

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



**Berkeley:** "It really doesn't make the slightest difference who wins the gold or silver, since the medals' material existence cannot be seen as separate from the observer's perception of them. However, the bronze medal is real, and should be kept tarnish-free with Bishop Berkeley's Sparkle-Glo."

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



**Descartes:** "I make lucrative product endorsements, therefore I am."

AP/WIDE WORLD



**Bruce Springsteen:** "Sometimes, when the darkness is kinda comin' down on the county line, you been workin' all day, tryin' to keep your dreams alive, and the blue light of the TV is on ya, and Wendy's sittin' on the porch of her daddy's house, it's nice to know Jim McKay can still do it, ya know?"





Who said the biggest terrorists are also the biggest softies? When fearsome Raji Hurrjlit of Lebanon spied lovely Jennifer Beals strolling down the street, he machine-gunned "I Loved 'Flashdance' " into the side of a nearby school bus. . . . While shooting at a leading industrialist from Italy, one red-faced Turkish terrorist sheepishly admits to bagging a goose that was flying overhead. "It just wasn't my day," confessed the nearsighted marksman.



British intelligence believes this to be an accurate likeness of terrorist Bobby O'Brien. "Even his mother likes it," notes a highly placed source.



This sketch of Be'bii is the second-largest-selling poster in Libya, right after the latest Heather Locklear.

The jolliest excitement at this year's Summer Olympic Games won't be in the swimming pools or out on the running tracks but in the dormitories, cellars, limousines, and locker rooms where athletes congregate. Those are the playing fields for the Olympics' most popular sport, seldom practiced professionally until this decade—terrorism.

And when it comes to raids, bombings, assassinations, hijackings, and other events of the Olympics' first terrorist competitions, it's sure that the top-ranked Palestinian and Libyan teams will be the ones to watch. This exciting new sport has attracted impressive teams from eighteen countries thus far, fifteen of which are from regions dominated by Islam. These talented young athletes have captured countless hearts in the Arab and Third Worlds with their boldness and stunning displays of hatred.

The darling of the terrorist circuit, of course, is Libya's reigning champion, Fuqq'wimi Be'bii, the "Bruce Jenner" of car bombing. Be'bii began his training at age two among the simple mud huts of his home, Damjanqee, where a few hundred malnourished and diseased peasants earn an average of six cents a month shucking army ants. The ants are shipped to Tripoli, where they're dipped in milk chocolate and sold later in Swiss and Beverly Hills gourmet sweetshops for two hundred dollars and up, cost per box depending on whether or not the stingers have been removed.

Be'bii rose from this extreme poverty ("My mother and twelve brothers had only six teeth between them," he quips) to become the best car bomber in the business. "It's something you have to love doing," he adds, noting that "the girls can't get enough of it—as long as it isn't their car.

"I think Jaguars make the nicest flames," he goes on, "although there's something about the smell of a Rolls as it explodes that just gives me goosebumps."

Be'bii is but one of hundreds of talented young terrorists who have been playing to sellout crowds in Tripoli, Abu Dhabi, Khartoum, Damascus, Mogadishu, Doha, Tunis, Tehran, Shiraz, Baghdad, and other bustling sports centers. Where the German and Swiss have traditionally excelled in the Olympic winter sports, the Soviets in gymnastics, the British in equestrian events, and the Americans in swimming and bravado, Arab and Third World youth has found a natural superiority in terrorism. It's a sport which, up till now, has been only casually played in Britain, with the exception of the truly outstanding Northern Irish competitors.

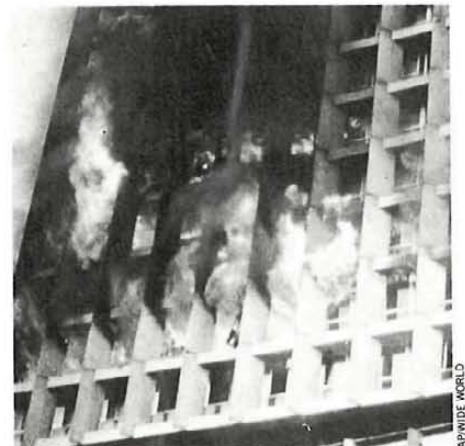
Among them is Belfast-born Bobby O'Brien. This gifted competitor has set four world's records by placing twenty-six successful explosive devices in a four-mile range in under twenty minutes. The dashing, handsome O'Brien, the last surviving member of a once close-knit family that numbered eighteen or nineteen, is always

asked to detonate dams, bridges, monuments, and the like wherever he travels. "It's always 'Oh, Bobby won't you please detonate this, it's only a wee factory,'" he says, laughing. His prowess has so impressed the young minds of Northern Ireland that the popular competitor last year started a training camp in a small isle in the North Sea. And what would the hale, forthright lad like for himself? "Oh, a crack at Joan Rivers, I guess. And me thumbs back."

In the greatly anticipated hostage-taking contest, there is probably none finer than the Palestinian Sirkhul Djurk, who hails from a refugee camp near Amman. His skill with both living and nonliving hostages has earned him a reputation as the "Jesse Owens of innocent-victim taking." So impressive has the young Palestinian been in the preliminaries that Los Angeles's sizable Jewish community has, en masse, let their homes, albeit at a slight profit. The Jews have taken a collective holiday to Alberta, Canada, leaving no forwarding address.

Djurk has told reporters that he owes everything to his father, a man who supported his family by breaking the backs of armadillos so that the animals' flesh could be removed from the shells and served to wealthy tourists.

"I vowed never to live my life like his, and I formed a solidarity pact with the armadillos. I led them on my first raid against an Israeli border patrol," comments Djurk, looking every inch the madman. "I will not stop until each armadillo and Palestinian can walk in peace in his homeland. Then I will stop. Of course, if I get angry, I might start up again. I don't know. It's just one of these things."



The firebombing championships in Antwerp produced several early favorites and a large number of insurance claims.





This year Mexico had high hopes of capturing at least a bronze medal in the distance medley. Their hopes were dashed recently when the entire four-man team disappeared while practicing distance swimming in the Rio Grande. . . . South Korean swimmer Kim Luk Choi has a formidable breaststroke, and many are convinced he could cop the gold. One possible impediment: like many South Korean swimmers, he has a tendency to veer off course. Watch for fireworks if he inadvertently swims into a Yugoslavian swimmer's lane. Those Reds can be fiercely territorial. . . . Uruguay reports a new training breakthrough: this year their swimmers have broken several records in practice sessions. The secret? Well-placed electrodes that monitor and motivate Uruguayan boys to try harder. . . . From Lebanon comes word that the freestyle relay team may be suffering from internal squabbling. At a recent meet a Druse swimmer loaded himself with explosives and attempted to slam into the sidewall of the pool while doing the backstroke. Fortunately, water prevented the dynamite from detonating. . . . Don't count China out in the race for the gold. Although its distance team disappeared while practicing off the coast of Hong Kong . . .

**Editor's note:** "The Unofficial Guide" is happy to host, as its official swimming commentator, Dirk "Bud" Bart!

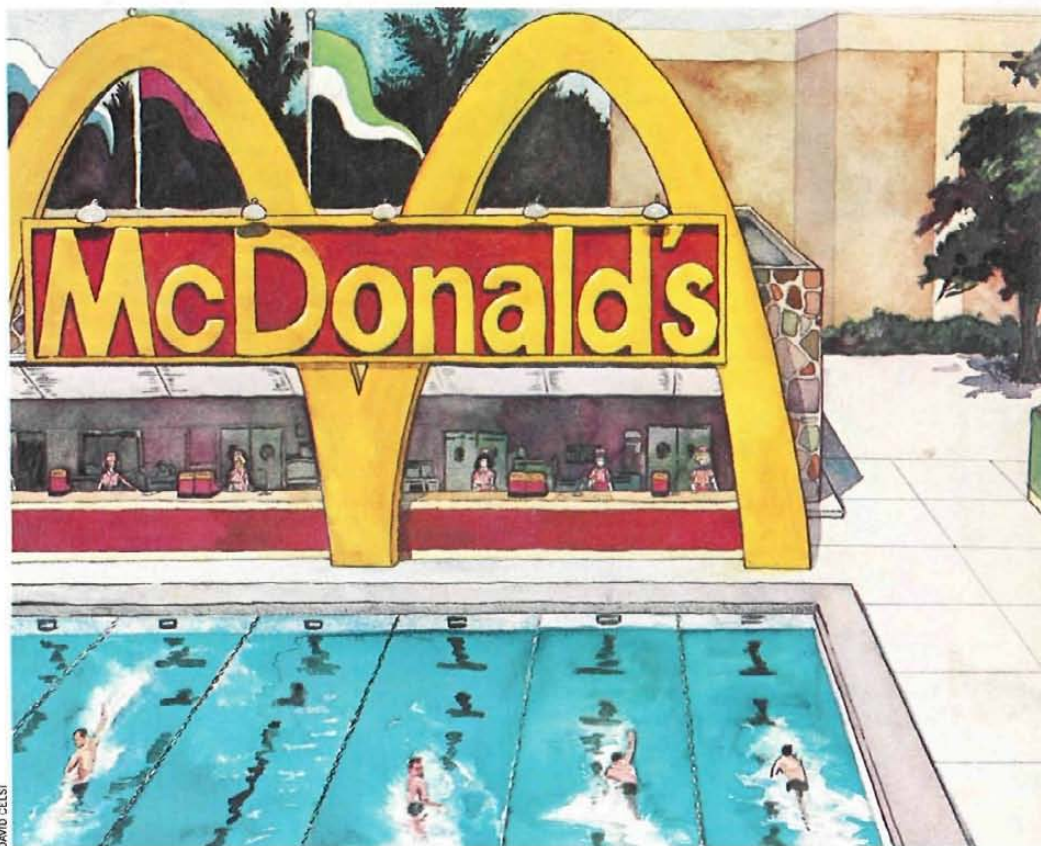
## Poolside at the 1984 Olympics

by Dirk "Bud" Bart, Unofficial Swimming Host

Like, the Olympics in L.A., man. Bitchin'. I'm in charge of the swimmin' and divin' program, and, like, it's gonna be fuckin' unbelievable. I understand that athletes from every country in the world, like, even the faraway ones like Canada and, um, Puerto Rico, are sending their top swimmers. I wrote a welcome letter to all these dudes tellin' them what to bring. I said, like, if you want, dude, bring some beach towels, some cutoffs, and an ounce. I didn't say of what, but swimmers like to party, so it should be awesome. Awesome. I told them that there's three things to do in L.A. Number one: they can "go for it." Number two: they can "mellow out." Number three: they can get "blown away." I also told some of these guys to load up on PABA, 'cause, like, the blond guys could

get rilly roasted, and then they'd look like toast city on the tube. The West German team arrived already, and these guys really go for it—party down. What totally blew me away, though, was that, like, these Deutsch dudes have, like, their own language, and hey, they have their own word for everything in the English language. Like, instead of saying "brews," they say "das Rheingold," and instead of "rilly bummed," they say "Sturm und Drang" or "Weltschmerz."

They say that the Japanese team has, like, its own language too, but with a whole different set of words. Cosmic. But hey, it's cool, 'cause, like, swimmers have their own universal language—especially if everybody checks in with an ounce. McDonald's is, like, the "undertaker" or "underwriter" for the pool complex, and, like, they rilly made a far-out space. The pool is designed by the same guys who do their restaurants, so there's, like, Special Express Lanes and piped-in music and it's totally automated. When you go into the water, there's a Mexican girl at minimum wage, and you tell her your name and what event you're



DAVID CELSI  
**The McPool, site of this year's Olympic swimming competition.**



swimming, like whether it's the 50-Meter McFreestyle or the 100-Meter McBackstroke, and she gives you a receipt.

Then, I guess, like, after you swim, for the urine test you can give a regular sample, or a large (if you give a large you get to keep a free sample cup). The entire pool is surrounded by, like, sand brought in from Santa Monica, 'cause I told these design dudes, "Hey, no way anyone in L.A. swims in pools—everyone goes to the beach." But then they said, like, a lot of these swimmers come from countries that don't have any beach, and, like, I couldn't believe it either.

But it's true, man. What a douche.

So they said they could at least bring in some sand, and then I told them I would, like, recommend some turpentine to wipe the

black shit off everyone's feet. Like tar. And McDonald's said, like, hey, guy, McGo for it.

And, like, a lot of my buds from Santa Monica said they'd come and be, like, lifeguards if they could bring their boards with them for between the events. And I said, go for it, but, like, I didn't think the pool would have waves, and they were just blown away. Completely. And McDonald's said to be sure they didn't blow whistles for free swim in the middle of the 400-Meter McMedley.

I think it should be totally awesome. The best seats, the real primo ones, will be in the condos that, like, the builders put up around the pool. If you can't buy one of those, I'd say for sure the best thing to do would be, like, to just mellow out and go to the beach and Beta it. Also, bring an ounce for playing it back.



**The '84 Olympics have more than their share of unsung heroes. One of them is Floyd T. Brown, pool maintenance man.**

Whoever called it the City of Angels never cleaned pools for a living. After what I've seen, cleaning the official McDonald's pool is more of an honor than a challenge. Here's why:

In the first place, you don't have your urine problem. These amateur swimmers are professionals, if you know what I mean—they spend their lives underwater. They respect it.

Another big plus is you don't have your "hair" problem. It's murder trying to get people to wear bathing caps, and forget about the pubic stuff. But these athletes, again because they respect their pools, have shaved all their hair off. In general, and this is sometimes called Rubin's Law, the higher the level of competition, the lower the amount of man-made, water-borne detritus and the like.

About the only problem I can predict, and it's nothing to sneeze at, is the "oil" situation. A lot of these fellows like to glisten up before a meet. They spread on the grease and the oil, and you know the second they hit the water it comes right off. And, of course, oil and water don't mix.

But I've got time to prepare. And I've got forty years under my belt—I'm ready for this one.



UPI

**Gold medalist Mao Tse-tung will try for a big comeback with the Chinese team in 1984.**



## A Guide to the Great Olympic Dives by Greg Louganis, Member, U.S. Diving Team

Greg Louganis here, honored to write this column, because aside from collecting mirrors, diving is my life. I've been asked to explain the complicated scoring technique for divers. . . . Let's just say we all do pretty well in *that* department.

Now let's move on to the events you are likely to see. To begin with, there are two divisions—the three-meter springboard and the ten-meter platform. So far no problem, even the swimmers could follow that. . . . well, some of them. Now, in the springboard competition, we have to do five compulsory dives, one from each category in the diver's kama sutra:

1. We can stand *forward* on the board, and just plop in—this is the so-called missionary position.
2. We can stand with our backs to the water, and fall in *backwards*—this dive is most often taught in prep schools.
3. We can start facing the water, then do a *reverse forward* dive by turning over in midair and crashing into the water—a move the guys call the "DC-10."
4. We can do a *twist* dive by coming off the board any way we want, then, in midair, pretending to dry our backs with a towel like Chubby Checker in a Golden Oldie Concert.
5. Finally, there's the *inward* dive: curl up into a fetal position on the board, and get in touch with your inner feelings.

For these springboard dives, and for the platform, we can enter the water head first or feet first. Almost all divers prefer to use the head-first entry, because hitting the water at high speed can be dangerous and no one wants to fuck up their feet.

Each dive, whether springboard or platform, is assigned a degree of difficulty depending on the number of twists, somersaults, and orgasms attempted prior to entry.

Seven judges score these dives on a scale of 1 to 10: 5 to 6 is good, 6.5 to 8 is excellent, and above 8.5 probably indicates that the diver knows a few other, basic positions really well.

**Predictions:** Look for the defecting East German judge to give about the same score as everyone else, but look for his score to be singled out as unfair, politically motivated, and ruthless. Look for camera close-ups on his sweaty, totalitarian forehead, and don't be surprised to see a montage of prison camps superimposed over his face if he gives what ABC considers to be a particularly bad call.

Look for Greg Louganis, that's me, to walk off with more gold than a Chinese immigrant. Look for me to get a lot of TV commercial endorsements when this thing is finally over. Then watch me fade back into obscurity within three years.

Finally, here's a sampler of the more crowd-pleasing high-degree-of-difficulty dives you are likely to see:

**Water displacement:** The object of this deceptively simple dive is to achieve the bluntest angle of water entry. Some guys like to flap their arms, some like to go belly out, arms akimbo. Divers are judged on form, and by the actual amount of water splashed onto spectators and judges. World record holder: Cannonball Adderley.

**The team skip:** In this rare dive, a teammate stands at the pool edge and wedges you into the crook of his arm as if you were a flat stone. He then hurls you at the water surface, and you are judged by the number of "skips" you achieve before finally piercing the water. The record of seventeen "skips" is held by the still-comatose Enrico Dominguez, who last year skipped across the hundred-meter length of the pool and then bounced several more times on the concrete before finally coming to rest in the laps of several still-comatose spectators.

**Deep-sea:** Fashion-conscious divers love this one! Divers must stand on the edge of the platform dressed in the classic "Diver Dan" outfit of antiquated deep-sea helmet and suit. Fish and coral are released into the pool, and the diver plunges below. Soon, ink-squirting squids, barracuda, and man-eating sharks are released while the diver hunts for buried treasure deep in the lock of an abandoned pirate ship.

**The Johnny Weissmuller:** A special dive added for Los Angeles. First, several vines are hung from the pool ceiling. Divers let out a jungle-like yodel, then leap off the platform and swing from vine to vine to vine. While swinging, they scan the audience for a well-dressed young professional, scoop him or her out of the audience, and, clutching same, finally dive into the deep end of the pool.

**Empty pool dive:** This dive has the highest degree of difficulty scorers can apply, but few divers deem it worth the risk. The pool is first emptied of all water, then the diver climbs slowly to the platform while a recording of "Amazing Grace" plays over the loud-speakers. The dive counts two twists, a somersault, and a head-first entry. I'm the champ, and I can guarantee you won't see me attempt this gimmicky dive. It could really eat into my lucrative endorsement contracts.

That's about it. See you at the Games, and then at the Greg Louganis Health Spas, the Greg Louganis Workout Videotape, the Greg Louganis Swimwear stores, and in *The Greg Louganis Story*.



Water displacement



The team skip



Deep-sea



The Johnny Weissmuller



Empty pool dive





The ancient Greeks had no word for "volleyball," but did have six different phrases for "Spike the mutha down his throat".... Experimental games using a giant Nerf ball have begun in several East European countries.... The Japanese women's team has been known to cross into several different time zones in order to practice up to thirty-six hours a day.... In Holland the story of "Zwiecky," a volleyball that goes back in time and befriends a dinosaur egg, has enthralled generations of schoolchildren.... Rolling the ball under the net has never been sanctioned as an official way to score.... Diving for a loose ball in the 1956 Melbourne Games, Chile's Octavio Gusto suddenly learned everything there was to know about home, life, and auto insurance. He later vowed to use this knowledge for good, not evil.

## ABC Serves Up Love to Net More Viewers

Who will win the volleyball gold medal?

For a while, world volleyball experts favored the powerful Japanese men's and women's teams. But three factors eventually decided them otherwise: the increasing height and power of Eastern bloc squads, the sheer improbability of a double gold victory, and, finally, the recent crash of the Japanese volleyball team plane into the Sea of Japan.

The Olympic world, to be sure, was stunned by the fatal accident, but not as much as by its subsequent development—a revised volleyball schedule adopted by ABC. The network, citing the need for more exciting, palpable competition, took advantage of "this unfortunate tragedy" to substitute a more "colorful, action- (and ratings-) oriented team," namely, the renowned crew of the hit TV series *The Love Boat*.

The move was roundly applauded by the mourning Japanese, who view *The Love Boat* as revolutionizing television in much the way *Gidrah*, the *Three-Headed Monster* altered cinema. And so, despite the IOC's formally expressed anger, ABC has proceeded with its "Love-sational" volleyball format.

The new setup features several one-hour match/cruises to Puerto Vallarta and a special two-hour game/cruise to China. The competition centerpieces one casually played volleyball game plus a raft of internationally famous entertainers, all spewing platitudes and double entendres. Gary Burghoff, Annette Funicello, Donny Osmond, JoAnn Pflug, Phil Silvers, Helen Hayes, Soupy Sales, and Carol Channing are among superstar cameo substitutions who will join foreign volleyballers in a series of sophisticated game-embellishing plots. Scheduled: Two female Romanian players try "Romance Roulette" with the French men's squad; an American coach and a defecting Russian player fall in love, but are hounded by a bumbling KGB agent who, in turn, falls for a gorgeous CIA darling; a divorced Yugoslavian couple learns to serve and spike, and, in the process, they rekindle the love they thought they'd lost.

Upbeat prime-time promos have heralded the "fun- and love-loving competition." One spot features Captain Merrill Stubing (Gavin MacLeod) sprightly skipping across the *Pacific Princess's* covered pool and stringing a net around various railings and chaises, while the ship's lone bartender and Negro (Ted Lange) quips, "Volleyball, anyone?" and springs over the bar, landing in the outstretched arms of a surprised Yeoman-Purser "Gopher" (Fred Grandy), who ripostes, "Volleyball, yes! But weightlifting, no!" Backed by a chorus of canned guffaws, he cleverly drops the smiling brown man to the deck. In another spot, Doc (Bernie Kopell) prepares to serve an oversize beachball in the Acapulco Lounge, but he cleanly whiffs at it when his attention is stolen by two meandering big-breasted beauties. He is chided by Julie (Lauren Tewes) and Vicki (Jill Whelan).

As one might expect, CBS and NBC have railed bitterly against this exclusive setup, so much so that placatory ABC has allowed each network one team in the competition. The IOC, now writhing with uncontrollable exasperation, must contend with an opening round that pits Mexico against *The Love Boat*, Iceland against *The Dukes of Hazzard*, and Zaire against *The A-Team*.

Recognizing the brazenness of its actions, ABC has granted the IOC television time to debate the *Love Boat* setup—but only after the committee bitterly agreed to infuse the session with a proper dose of canned laughter, mawkish exchanges, and a music-accompanying, meeting-ending freeze-action shot showing all international representatives laughing harmoniously.



The Finnish team quickly caught "Malibu fever" on a recent stateside tour.



DOCTOR, ARE YOU SURE THAT MR. MEESE WILL LIVE THE REST OF HIS LIFE AS A VEGETABLE?

YES, NURSE, BUT THANKS TO THIS NEW PROCEDURE, HE'LL BE A SMILING, LAUGHING, ROLLICKING VEGETABLE.



DAN NEIKEN

## NATIONAL LAMPOON OFFERS MED SCHOOL BY MAIL

**H**I. I'M IRVING. THE HUMOR DOCTOR. FOR YEARS I HAD patients coming to me with maladies I simply couldn't diagnose. There was listlessness, morbidity, a general malaise. Ailments ranged from psychological to terminal. Nothing could cure them. Nothing seemed to work.

Then I came across an article by Mao Tse-tung, titled "Laughter as Medicine," written while on his now famous medicine-free Long March. Mao told the story of how when one of his men fell off a seven-thousand-foot cliff with the luncheon meats, Mao and the others laughed it up and told jokes about the Nationalists until their stricken comrade was well and back on his feet.

Right then, something clicked. I knew this must be the answer I had devoted my life to finding. No longer would I dabble in X rays, drugs, or Band-Aids. Laughter would be my medicine! Quickly I went about my business. I secured a number of copies of the *National Lampoon*, chose my first guinea pigs, and supplied them with a steady dose of the humor magazine. We proceeded slowly at first, as this was still a relatively new form of medicine, which I had yet to master. Gradually I increased the dosage, always keeping enough copies of the *Village Voice*, *U.S. News and World*

*Report*, *Rolling Stone*, and other humorless publications on hand as an antidote to an overdose. Within days, a metamorphosis was clearly discernible. The patients were healthy and walking around. One patient's arm grew back. *Patients, once close to death, now spew forth one-liners and hand out exploding handkerchiefs.*

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**Super-heavyweight lifters and recent defectors Alexander Kurlovich and Anatoly Pisarenko of the U.S.S.R. both share a fondness for cats. "Very good for breakfast," says Kurlovich. "Da, comrade weightlifter," says Pisarenko. "I especially like the Siamese".... Amazingly, ace Bulgarian lifter Antonio Krastev knows no "knock knock" jokes.... The only organized activity of the small farming town of Gordova is the production of breakfasts for two-time gold medal winner Vassily Alexeev.... Mentioning the word "hernia" is strictly forbidden during international competition.... "I bet they're really fags" will be said approximately 23,000 times by TV watchers during weightlifting events in Los Angeles.... Discontinued after the 1920 Antwerp Games: an event in which contestants tried to smell the most weight.... Traditional weightlifting good-luck saying: "Don't drop it on your foot."**

You're en route to an evening of Olympic weightlifting. The rumor is that hotshot Chinese weightlifter Wu Wang is going to set a world record by snatching 128 kilos in his 56-kilo class. One question is on everyone's lips: Just how heavy *is* that?

Doubtless people will also want to know if Wang is a man or a woman, and just what is meant by "snatch," but those are questions beyond the purview of this modest introduction to weightlifting.





Instead, we will try to come to grips with the metric system. Unless you are lucky enough to attend the Olympic Games with a drug dealer (or an Official Drug Dealer of the 1984 Olympics) you will likely become confused as meaningless number after meaningless number is posted on the Official Canon Scoreboard. Let's go over metric basics:

First of all, these weights *are* heavy. The entire metric system is heavier than our own

system. Countries that use the metric system have stronger gravity, and weigh more, than America. People who use the metric system tend to be fatter and a little more sluggish (Germany, for example, uses the metric system, as do Poland, Hungary, and Russia). For proof, one need only turn to the world of boxing, a sport in which speed and quickness must accompany brute strength. In the last several decades, no country that uses the metric system has produced a heavyweight champion.

But weightlifting is a different story. As they say in French, it is "le sport des vaches avoirdupois"—the sport of fat cows. When a mustachioed Hungarian woman steps into that circle and hoists eighty kilos, you can be sure she really has as strong a snatch as anybody. How strong? Let's turn to our Official Banco Ambrosiano Conversion Chart of the 1984 Olympics:

## Official Banco Ambrosiano Conversion Chart of the 1984 Olympics

Weight	1 Gram	1 Kilo	20 Kilos
<b>Drug Equivalent</b> 	Enough cocaine for a quiet evening at home for four heterosexuals or two homosexuals or half a basketball player.	A brick o' dope; enough for Paul and Linda to take with them when they go into town on an errand.	Enough reefer for an L.A. high school prom, or enough cocaine for an entire eight-hour shift at McDonald's.
<b>Common Consumer Goods Equivalent</b> 	See above.	The weight of four radios that the government of India gives to people who have vasectomies.	Pia Zadora, or one ghetto-blaster radio carried by a person who didn't have to get a vasectomy.
<b>Damage Equivalent If It Were a Nuclear Blast</b> 	Bad sunburn, unless you use PABA 14. Heat as intense as when M. Jackson's hair caught on fire.	Enough to spark a made-for-TV movie, but not enough for a mini-series.	Would cause one hundred cases of male-pattern baldness a year for twenty years, or sixteen <i>New Yorker</i> articles a year for three years.
<b>Bags of Groceries Equivalent</b> 	Not applicable.	A typical late-night 7-Eleven shop, unless you are shooting the clerk and emptying the day's cash into your bag.	One week's shopping for a blond family of four, a welfare family of eight, a Mozambique family of 12,980.
<b>Comment</b>	Take the drug equivalent.	Shoot the clerk.	Cancel your <i>New Yorker</i> subscription.

PHIL SCHUELER





There were no weight classes in the first Olympics of 1896. This almost led to the extinction of the lightweight wrestling community.

Time limits were not introduced into Olympic wrestling until 1920, and a 1912 match between Russian Martin Klein and Finland's Alfred Asikainen dragged on well into the 1916 Games.

The complexity of scoring has been a perennial problem in both freestyle and Greco-Roman wrestling events. Matters were simplified significantly in 1948 when judges realized that part of the difficulty lay in the fact that they had inadvertently been relying on a tennis rule book.

A revolution in Olympic wrestling occurred when the rules were changed to allow bodily contact in 1956.

The 1960 Games brought further refinement to the wrestling rules when the "no knives, no chains" rule, first developed in non-Olympic competition between American youth organizations, was adopted for Olympic use.

Olympic wrestling as we know it finally crystallized in 1968, when it was determined that Soviet wrestlers must win in virtually every category.

**Editor's note:** "Red" Charnetsky is a sportswriter for the Soviet news agency Tass. He is considered the leading Russian authority on such sports as reindeer boxing, sable throwing, and tag-team ice baseball. Early this year we commissioned him to come to this country to do a piece on the U.S. wrestling team from a Soviet perspective.

## **A Soviet Sportswriter Looks at the American Wrestlers** by "Red" Charnetsky

On arrival in California State of America, I am given passes to wrestlers' training camp, but I am clever and think, Ha, this could be trick of wily Americans. So instead of going to training camp, I go to great American sports arena to see U.S. wrestlers in real action. There are thousands and thousands of people in crowd, and so far as anyone knows I am just one more American citizen forced by law to attend sporting event for evil propaganda purposes of imperialistic American government bent on global domination.

Maybe I am not so clever as I think, though, because enthusiastic American sports aficionados seated around me seem to get suspicious, and attempt is made to make me drink large quantities of inferior capitalistic beer product. So maybe I do get little bit drunk, but I still see what I see.

American wrestlers are most ferocious I have ever seen! I have very difficult time figuring out rules, and maybe there are not



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

**I find the plight of the American Negro to be no better these days, as these shots I took in Anaheim prove.**

any. Sometimes there are three or four wrestlers in ring at once, and it seems to be "okay" to throw wrestlers out of ring, stomp on heads, even use concealed weapons. Wrestlers are like angry she-bears protecting cubs! Or like crazy men! They throw each other around till you think maybe one of them is killed. But not even hurt! Man is thrown out of ring—just comes back in and jumps on



FPG

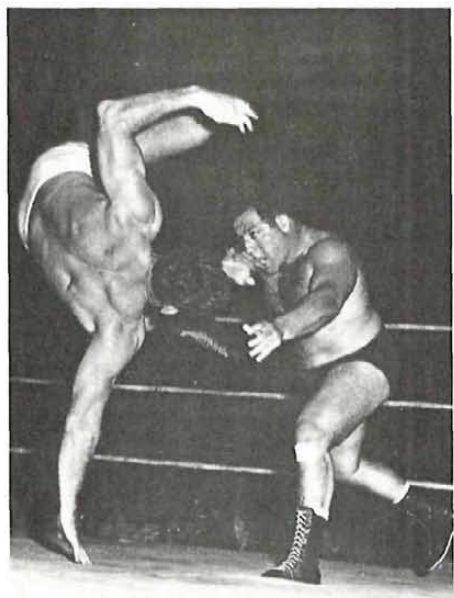
**Inside one of these gambling dens I heard a man say, "I will wager my ten-year-old daughter now, so caught up am I with gambling fever."**



other man's head. I think he breaks other man's neck, but no!—other man turns around and clobbers first one in brain with hidden steel hammer. Referee tries to bring order into match, but only succeeds in being punched in eye! It is most terrible thing I have ever seen. Then more people come into ring and I cannot tell what is going on. There is a giant with purple hair and two midgets who I think should not be in ring at all but who climb up on giant's head and use ear-pull move outlawed by International Sports Council in 1935.

What can I do to stop insane battle that will surely end in fatal injuries? I climb up on my seat and shout for police, army, anything, but all that happen is that guard come and throw me out of arena. Then I realize that apparent madness is normal course of events for American wrestlers. With training like this, Olympic wrestling will seem like child's play, I am thinking.

Later I go to wrestling camp and find I am right: Americans are trying to trick me! Wrestling is all very calm, to lull me and thus Russian people into false sense of complacency. It is a good thing I have not been fooled!



**Americans try to thwart my reports back to Russia by hurling themselves at me willy-nilly.**



**"Way to go, Smitty" is the official motto of the crew from Great Britain, although no one knows why. . . Watch for Ted Turner in disguise as a cabin boy aboard the U.S. entry. "I'm just a natural-born prankster," claims Ted. "Want a blonde?" . . . Although Heather Locklear is mentioned several times in this issue, there will be no prize given to anyone who guesses which staff member she is "dating" . . . The amount of buried treasure found by yachtsmen during the Olympic Trials this year is in excess of three million dollars. "You just keep running into the crap," says one noted seaman. "I mean it's like a Woolworth's of the deep."**



## Libya

Libya's entry in the yachting competition, *Great Qaddafi, Glorious Messenger of God*, isn't going to break any speed records, but if it doesn't win the gold this year you'll be heating your home with dried cow chips this winter, according to Libyan officials.



## U.S.S.R.

Western yachtsmen thrill to the wind in their faces and the smell of the salt sea air, but this team of defecting Soviet yachtsmen seems to prefer the privacy and security of sailing fifty fathoms down.



## Fiji Islands

There now seems to be no question that early Fiji Islanders plied the Pacific a thousand years ago in boats not unlike this one, but yachting observers wonder if the wet bar on this craft will be well enough equipped to impress this year's judges.



## United States

America's yachting team this year was selected on the basis of entrants' contributions to the Olympic Committee. NOTE TO JUDGES: You're welcome to drop by for cocktails and caviar any old time.



AP/WIDE WORLD

## Colombia

Colombia's team has made over two hundred practice runs to Miami this year, so the members ought to be at the peak of training. Also, they seem like very energetic people.



FFG

## China

Insiders predict that the People's Republic's lack of experience in modern yacht-building technology will be a major handicap in the race for the gold this year.



FFG



AP/WIDE WORLD

## Vietnam

The Vietnamese team has been plagued by bad luck this year. Every time the Vietnamese launch a boat, the boat never seems to come back to the harbor.



FFG

## Australia

Australia's boat had already passed this point by the time our photographer arrived.

## Ask Pete the Pirate:



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

**Shiver me timbers, avast and aweigh, mateys! With all this flibber-de-jibber about the Olympics, my mailbag is fuller than a ship's knothole on "Pirate's Party Night."**

**Q: How old do you have to be to get on an Olympic yacht? —Stevie Phillips (eight years old)**

**A: Well, Stevie, ol' Pete never asks for I.D. when he sees a ripe piece of man-flesh requestin' permission to board. Both you and your sister are welcome to prowl my gangplanks any old time.**

**Q: Where's the best place to bury treasure?**

**—Longines Silver**

**A: Inside a whale's mouth, say some old salts, or just anyplace where's you can dig a good, deep hole. Bend over, says ol' Pete, and I'll show you where I bury mine.**

**Q: You don't seem to know much about the Olympics, Pete. What gives?**

**—Matty Simmons**

**A: Funny you should mention it. I was just packin' my bags! See you in Tahiti.**





DAN NELKEN

**Tennis**

The "sport of crybabies" will appear for the first time as a demonstration sport in the Summer Olympics (it was experimentally included as an event in the Winter Games at Lake Placid in 1932, with disastrous results). Professional tennis is a game of dynamic personalities, none of whom will be competing in the Olympics. It is not until you see it played by a bunch of enthusiastic but not terribly gifted amateurs that you realize how incredibly dull a sport tennis really is.

**Location:**

Eureka, California  
688 miles from downtown Los Angeles



**Rowing**

This is a terrifically boring sport. So boring, in fact, that the Olympic Committee has gone to desperate extremes in an effort to increase its popularity. Participants in this year's rowing events will be required to don humorous costumes during competition. The Luxembourg men's team, widely regarded as the best in the world, may find their efforts hampered by the cumbersome bear costumes they're being forced to wear, while the Swedes, considered vastly underrated by some observers, may find that their large papier-mâché heads—designed to resemble Swedish folk heroes—impair visibility.

**Location:**

Charlton Heston's swimming pool  
Bel Air  
13 miles from downtown Los Angeles



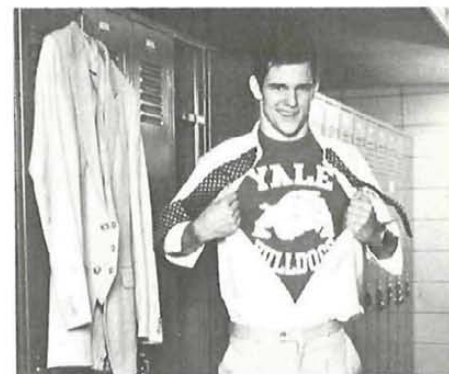
FP3

**Canoeing**

Let's face it: the romance of canoeing has very little to do with Norwegians in fiberglass kayaks shooting down an artificial watercourse. The canoeing events share with handball the distinction of being the least popular of the Summer Olympic sports, and the Olympic Committee is offering a ten-dollar rebate to anyone who is willing to attend. A new women's event in kayaking, the five-hundred-meter for fours, will provide an excellent opportunity for those watching on TV to make themselves an anchovy-and-egg sandwich or switch over to see the exciting conclusion of *Dallas*.

**Location:**

The Roaring Rapids  
Magic Mountain Amusement Park  
84 miles from downtown Los Angeles



DAN NELKEN

**Handball**

Lawyers, stockbrokers, and advertising execs from thirty-eight nations will be meeting in Los Angeles this year to get some of their aggressions out and maybe even talk a little business. Play is expected to be brutal, since contestants in this sport go after victory on the court with the same animalistic fervor that characterizes their dealings in the corporate world. Incidentally, no women spectators will be allowed at this event. It's a man's game.

**Location:**

Beverly Hills All-Ivy Health Club  
8 miles from downtown Los Angeles





Amid all the controversy over Olympic amateurs accepting commercial sponsors, the Taiwanese nine are justifiably proud of the purity of their uniforms, which trumpet their Taiwanese heritage without the vulgar adornment of brand-name labels. The Taiwan-Ons will be clad simply in Mickey Mouse T-shirts, lime-green Handi-Wrap running shorts, and shower cloths.

One of the least-remembered demonstration sports in Olympic history took place at the '36 Games in Berlin, when the Germans demonstrated National Socialism. It caught on briefly, but today is practiced only by the International Olympic Committee, and even then behind closed doors.

Citing the well-known "Koufax precedent," Israel has refused to field a baseball team because all of the games are scheduled on Jewish holidays. "It would be hypocritical of us," says Shymsha Yudel, honorary co-captain of the non-existent team. "Besides, why participate when all the umpires would be united against us, they would secretly remove the padding from the outfield walls whenever we went into the field, and suddenly out of nowhere would be a secret ruling saying we had to score double the runs?"

It is an Olympic tradition that the host country may add to the agenda of official events a "demonstration sport," which is usually a national or "folk" game, popular among its own citizens but unknown to the world at large. Guests from other lands are invited to watch or, if they wish, to compete. The demonstration sport also provides an opportunity for the host country to win something; in the '64 Games in Tokyo, for example, Japan's only victory was in the empty-pool high-dive kamikaze event, in which the Nipponese athletes were virtually unchallenged.

But back in 1932, in the first Los Angeles Games, wealthy sportsmen of many nations joined their American counterparts in the briefly popular Depression-era sport of long jumping out skyscraper windows. Beer-and-prawn distance chundering proved to be a universally popular Australian addition to the '56 Games in Melbourne. And in 1968, many visitors enjoyed taking part in the age-old colorful Mexican game of *la corrida de los estudiantes*, or "rebel shooting."

In 1984, the United States has graciously offered to take the whole world "out to the old ballgame"—the baseball game, that is. A round-robin tournament of amateur nines from many lands will, for a week, slug, sling, and slide it out in beautiful Chavez Ravine, home turf of the Dodgers.

Mystery surrounds the precise historical origin of the game of baseball, but most experts agree that the game either was or was not invented by Abner Doubleday in 1839, and in any case is much older than that.

In our time, the American national pastime has achieved enormous popularity in territories conquered by the United States military, and is today played in Canada, Mexico, Venezuela, Guam, Japan, the Caribbean, Central America, and even Dixie.

The 1984 United States team is favored to win the Olympic tournament in Dodger Stadium, although a Dominican Republic entry, composed entirely of the Alou family, is expected to play well if they can find something to eat. But the smart money is on a long shot—the entry from Taiwan, a small island in the Pacific that likes to call itself China.

For several decades, teams of Taiwanese twelve-year-olds have arrived annually in Williamsport, Virginia, and beaten the bejesus out of Little League champions from the rest of the world. No team from the United States or anywhere else has ever scored a run, much less won a game, against these peerless prepubescents from the Far East. Yet, astonishingly enough, neither has a full-grown Formosan ever appeared in the uniform of an American professional team. The nonpareil fielders, pitchers, and hitters of Taiwan return each year to their native land, and there await the word from Washington that will unleash them against the usurping materialists in Beijing, just across the strait.

And while they await the liberating command, they grow strong, and exercise, and practice. Oh boy, do they practice! On the small offshore island of Quemoy, a magnificent baseball stadium has been built, and, with millions of dollars in U.S. foreign aid, the Taiwanese government has equipped it with the finest of everything, from batting cages and pitching machines to exploding scoreboards and rude hot-dog vendors. Towering homeruns launched from this diamond have landed on the shores of the so-called People's Republic, inciting international incidents such as occasional return shelling.

If the Taiwanese contingent can get its credentials past the notoriously Marxist International Olympic Committee, baseball fans here might be in for a new orientation, a new slant on things, as it were—and some of the finest moments in baseball—since Bobby Thomson's 1951 pennant-winning clout—which was, if memory serves, a Chinese homerun.



The Taiwanese baseball stadium, on the island of Quemoy, home of the Championship Taiwan-Ons, managed by Tong Sun Ming. Will 1984 see yet another Ming Dynasty?



**Ladies and Gentlemen, Weren't They Wonderful?  
Let's Give a Big L.A. Hand to...**

# THE 1984 OLYMPICS!

The first modern closing ceremonies took place when the Games were revived in 1896, the year that ushered in the great Olympic tradition of giving out medals. The period prior to that was a time of industrial revolution and major strides in unionization, and athletes had refused to participate in the Games because they weren't being paid anything for it. Since athletes had never been considered especially bright, Olympic officials hoped that they might mistake small, useless pieces of engraved metal for negotiable coinage. The athletes were satisfied and, despite slightly increased I.Q. levels in recent years due to improved breeding and nutrition, still are.

Regrettably, over the years, participants in the Olympics have not always shown the sportsmanlike conduct suitable to their calling, and nowhere has this been more evident than at closing ceremonies, when,

after long weeks of brutal competition, nerves are frayed to the maximum. In 1952 a Russian athlete who thought he had unfairly been denied the winning medal for discus throwing set off a small atom bomb in the city where the Olympics had taken place. Four years later an American contestant did the same, claiming that he was upset because "the judges failed to give due regard to the fact that my sponsor's product was a genuine breakthrough with hexachlorophene."

Because of these unfortunate events, for several years the closing ceremonies were combined with the opening ceremonies. Today, in fact, the closing ceremonies are often held before the opening ceremonies because, in the words of one athlete, "The closing ceremonies always make me feel sad, and I'd rather just get them over with right away."

The 1932 Olympics were unique in that they consisted entirely of closing

ceremonies. Explained one official, "That year we decided to do away with the opening ceremonies because, due to a worldwide depression, people were pretty impatient for the action to begin. But without opening ceremonies to set the stage, we found we couldn't very well go ahead with the Games. That left only the closing ceremonies, so, to make the most of them, we divided them up into three sections. We had the opening closing ceremonies, the middle closing ceremonies, and the closing closing ceremonies. It turned out to be a huge success."

However, as Emerson once said, "History is what's over." The 1984 Olympics are about to end, and this year's closing ceremonies promise to be especially impressive. One new addition to the festivities is especially noteworthy. Explained one committee member, "We know that the fellows and girls go through a lot of stress during these Games and that, after the medals are given out, there's a lot of pent-up tension. So this year we're going to devote a full two-thirds of the closing ceremonies to letting them kill each other. They can punch, hit, kick, stab, and shoot, all the things we don't usually allow them to do in the Games."

As always, the sheer physical condition of the athletes presents one of the biggest obstacles for those planning the closing ceremonies. Having barely survived their strenuous ordeals, most are on crutches; many have lost several limbs; each has experienced some degree of brain damage. All, inevitably, are in screaming pain, and want desperately to die. In one particularly dramatic part of this year's closing, millions of Darvon tablets will be dropped over the athletes from a dirigible, streaking across the sky like confetti, while athletes hold their heads up and mouths open to try to catch as many as they can.

Yet physical agony, however in-

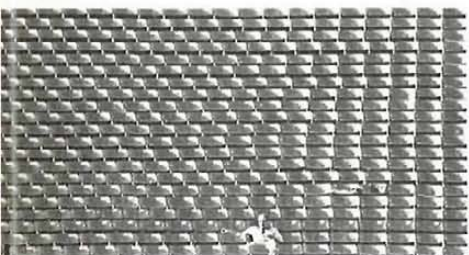
**The scene at the 1896 Olympic closing ceremonies before pandemonium broke out. Athletes from all over the world became enraged when it was discovered that their medals could not be traded in for a ticket home.**





tense, represents only one small part of the closing ceremonies. There is also psychological agony. Athletes are expected to present a constant front of bravery and coolness; indeed, one of the greatest sins possible is for an athlete to cry. And yet what could be more heartbreaking than a last goodbye? Athletes are leaving behind gala weeks of free rent, free food, free name-brand (not generic) steroids, and constant, wanton sex with attractive groupies of every nationality, including, this year, honey-eyed, long-legged California beach girls and voluptuous, publicity-hungry Hollywood starlets.

The ancient Greeks, being homosexuals, were sensitive to the fact that the Olympic closing ceremonies were symbolic of the inevitable finale of our ultimate sport: life itself. In order to keep such distressing thoughts out of their heads, they spent the entire closing ceremonies performing unnatural sex acts. We, of the enlightened twentieth century, take a Valium or two and watch a little porn on cable.



**While the torch may reside forever in Greece, the "eternal fan" sits in the stands of the Los Angeles Coliseum, waiting for the next Olympiad to visit his city.**

All these things will take place at the closing ceremonies this year, and they should be very interesting. Unfortunately, because of the thick L.A. smog, no one will actually see any of them.

In light of all this, one may well ask: Why have closing ceremonies at all? Considering the splendor of the Games themselves, wherefore this extra need for pomp and circumstance? Psychologists have long pondered man's ubiquitous need for closing ceremonies. Perhaps the most interesting speculation on the matter was given by psychologist Howard K. Robinson. "The human being," says Robinson, "is possessed of an innate need to know when something is over, so he can get on to the next thing. Otherwise, we'd spend our whole lives doing only our first thing, a very limiting prospect indeed." The original Olympians doubtless would have agreed.

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## A History of Judging

Sweat glistening on contorted muscles and faces grimacing in painful angst make many people think that athletic competition is the most taxing task in the Olympics. But far more onerous is having to watch endless hours of overdeveloped grotesques gyrate and strain. Most unpleasant of all, however, is watching the idiotic spectacle and being expected to pay attention long enough to form opinions. Such is the job of the Olympic judges.

The responsibility of judging the best of the best has never been easy. Inevitably, ill feelings result when one Mongoloid gets it in his pea brain that he didn't get a fair shake. In the classical Greek Games, athletes were scored verbally rather than numerically: *Εὐθικεγον*, *Δτυφ*, and *Ξκμρα*, roughly translated as "A-OK," "Not Wicked Good," and "You Stink of Goat." A discus hurler earning a rating often threw the offending judge into a lime pit and had his relatives pelt the official with stinging pot shards. Since the judges were drawn from the slave caste, penalties for unsportsmanlike evisceration ranged from the loss of a quart of olive oil to the sacrifice of two ewes; not heavy punishment, even in today's inflation-ridden *Ωππενξι*.

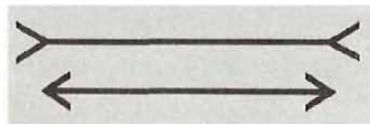
The invention of the stopwatch and the finish line made modern judges' lives easier and longer. Chosen largely from the international ranks of washed-up athletes and infirm coaches, today's officials still must rate certain events subjectively. A scale of 0 to 100 was agreed upon in 1898, although no judge in this cen-



"Man, I can't wait to see Mary Decker's nipples," joshes an overheated judge.

ture has given an athlete anything higher than a 10.0.

But judges are, after all, only sub-human. With national pride at stake, politics has reared its flag-waving



**Which of the above lines is longer? Which of the lines is better? An Olympic judge must know.**

head. The IOC strives to keep its officials objective, but the system does have its bugs. In the 1936 Berlin Olympics, for example, haughty Third

Reich judges tried to disqualify Jesse Owens from the hundred-yard dash, invoking a technicality disqualifying "anyone with the same initials as Jimmy Olsen, Superman's pal." More recently, Moscow's 1980 Summer Games saw Soviet judges award extraordinary scores and complimentary munitions shipments to Angolan athletes in the fifty-meter belly-bloat float, a swimming heat invented especially for toadying Third World nations.

In this modern era of bionics and steroids, officials are often called upon to differentiate between not only winners and losers but also between androids and humans, eloi and morlocks, even men and women. In the 1976 Montreal Olympics, the United States challenged the sexuality of East Germany's female wrestlers. The Polish judges' rigorous sessions of heavy petting with the formidable *Fräuleins* proved inconclusive, however. Are they men or women? asked an expectant world. The judges' answer: Yes, and more.

The 1984 Los Angeles Olympics promise a host of exciting battles. Handpicked representatives from every nation will vie for the gold and silver. Aside from these covert transactions in commodities, Olympic judges will no doubt adhere to their ancient motto: *Σαβγα ηθ κρο ζ ψηθικση* "I have no brain, yet I must score."

**The Swedish judge frankly admits, "I don't know what's going on. I have taken too much LSD with my morning breakfast."**







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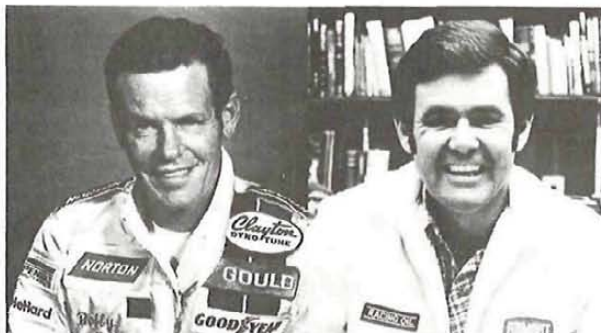
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## Where Are They Now?

Henry Austin Dobson wrote, "Fame is a food that dead men eat—I have no stomach for such meat."\* Just the type of thing you'd expect some English pansy to come up with. If we had fewer poets and more athletes like these people here, perhaps my alma mater could raise the money it needs for that new stadium and stop calling me up in the middle of the night looking for handouts.

So whatever happened to these people anyway? Well, let's see what my research assistant has come up with. . . .



AP/WIDE WORLD

### Robert Garrett (U.S.)

Old-timers who remember a fresh-faced, happy-go-lucky Bob Garrett at the first modern Olympiad would be shocked to see the track and field sensation today. "I'm not bitter," insists 108-year-old Garrett, who now operates an ammunition store in Miami Beach. "It's just that I got fucked up, down, and sideways, so fuck the fucking Olympics and fuck you." Friends say that Garrett has never gotten over the fact that he was unable to parlay his Olympic fame into a single television commercial or Gore-Tex activewear endorsement, though he did become the "talking leech" for a popular bloodletting firm of the day. He maintains his unusual hairstyle, he says, "because it helps me get into bar fights."

#### Gold Medals:

**Discus Throw (95 ft. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  in.); Shot Put (36 ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  in.), Athens, 1896**



AP/WIDE WORLD

### Oliver Halassy (Hungary)

Oliver Halassy lost his right leg from the knee down when he was knocked over by a Budapest tram at age eleven, but he became a European swimming champion and served as the catalyst for his team's victories over Germany in the '32 and '36 Olympics—the latter trouncing being especially damaging to Hitler. So what do you want me to do, make fun of the guy? He had a handicap that some people consider funny, yet he did a fuck of a lot more with three limbs than most of you giggling assholes do with four. What do you want, Helen Keller jokes? Fuck you, you never had to earn a dime in your lives, you sniveling shits. He went on to live happily ever after.

#### Gold Medals:

**Water Polo, Los Angeles, 1932; Water Polo, Berlin, 1936**



AP/WIDE WORLD

### Pat McCormick (U.S.)

"Remarkable" is the only word for plucky Pat McCormick. Her two gold medals at Helsinki were achievement enough for any woman, but then, incredibly, she defended both those medals at Melbourne in 1956—a mere five months after giving birth to her son. Then, late in 1957, she underwent the sex-change operation and fattening-up process that would lead to even greater successes when she became Pat McCormick, obese male comedian. A regular at the Polo Lounge, Pat now spends his time shuttling happily between emergency fill-in spots on *The*

#### Gold Medals:

**Women's Springboard Diving (147.30); Women's Platform Diving (79.37), Helsinki, 1952; Women's Spring-**

**board Diving (142.36), Women's Platform Diving (84.85), Melbourne, 1956**



AP/WIDE WORLD

#### D.N.F.:

**Women's 100 Meters; Women's 100-Meter Hurdles, Moscow, 1980**

*Tonight Show* and emergency fill-in spots on *The Merv Griffin Show*. "And don't be surprised," he cracks, "if I enter a few of the events in this year's Games!"

### Mariel Hemingway (U.S.)

One thing women athletes have taught us is that the old male stereotype of "beauty"—the rounded, full-figured, divan-reclining, bonbon-nibbling, buffed-nailed, empty-headed blonde of yore—pales in comparison to the Woman of the Eighties, the slim, sinewy, glistening, in-command, powerful-but-feminine individual who makes men feel proud just to share a species designation with her. Any man who hasn't been asleep for the last decade knows that women athletes are iconic, representing the potential in all women that will someday help us to realize the potential in all men. On the other hand, tits and ass are what sell this magazine, and they told me that if I can't find a picture of an athlete with a real nice set of knockers I can just go work for *Interview*. So I found this shot of Mariel Hemingway, who played an Olympic athlete in *Personal Best* and must be pretty hot stuff or else Hef wouldn't keep putting her on the cover. And she's had implants, too. Check out those yabbos!



AP/WIDE WORLD

### Tommie Smith (U.S.)

We really don't know what happened to Tommie Smith, though we heard he coaches underprivileged kids somewhere. But Jesus, wasn't that about the coolest thing you ever saw, when he and John Carlos did that Black Power salute on the rostrum? Isn't that worth seeing again? I mean, remember back then, when protest was protest and a gesture could be as powerful as a gun? And then four years later that faggot Mark Spitz wins seven golds and all he can think about is getting TV work. Goddamnit, nobody gives a fuck about anything anymore. I wish Tommie Smith would run for office or something, I'd vote for him in a minute. Mark Spitz, Christ. ■

**Gold Medal: 200 Meters (19.8), Mexico City, 1968**

\*John Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, Fourteenth Edition. I have no time to wade through piles of fag poetry looking for quotes.



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The bearer of this pass is a member of the press, a veteran journalist with years of experience in the field. Man, the stories he could tell—crossing the DMZ at night to get an interview with a top Vietcong commander, playing Washington secretaries with drinks and cocaine to get the inside dope on a little thing called Watergate, parachuting into the mountains of El Salvador to get a firsthand look at some rebel strongholds. This Olympics story is more of a vacation than anything else for a guy like this. No hassles, please.



NOTE TO TICKET TAKER: Okay, already! This isn't a real ticket. But you've got to understand what happened. It's in the pocket of his sport coat. Which have a habit of finding decent accommodations in the part of the world right now. Naturally you wind up a million miles away from anywhere, in some scummy town that hasn't been cleaned since the Cold War days. So you have to drive for two days straight on these crazy highways, bumping to bumpet of course, in order to park in a lot that's hardly closer to the stadium than your hotel room. After what's been through, don't you think he deserves to get into this event?

NOTE TO TICKET TAKER: Listen up, buddy! The bearer of this ticket just happens to be a close personal friend of the Reagan and quite possibly (being a modest type of person who prefers anonymity in these matters) a benefactor of the LAOOC to the tune of millions and millions of dollars. So certain to this individual and you just might get that transfer to the women's gymnastics events you've been hankering about. Be even the slightest bit snooty and you'll never work in the sports industry again. Think about it. But don't think too long. This isn't the sort of person you want to keep waiting.

NOTE TO TICKET TAKER: This is a genuine Olympic ticket, not a fake forgery. It looks a little different from the other tickets for this event, sure, but that's because it's a very special ticket for a very important ticket holder. Not only should you admit the holder of this ticket to the event shown on the front of this ticket for any other event that comes to attend, for that matter, but you should also go out of your way to treat him or her with the extra courtesy we've sold them your job is on the line or anything like that, but better safe than sorry.

*Do all my pools on the  
for Angles Olympic  
Organizing Committee  
This here is one hell of a  
guy, so be sure to let him  
into the backroom if he  
wants a little you-know-what,  
or you know what!!!  
R.W.R.*

NOTE TO TICKET TAKER: Hey, don't even think about giving the holder of this ticket any trouble. He or she is extremely important individual, with close connections not only to the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee but also to certain very influential people in the federal government, maybe even in the White House. Come to think of it, haven't you seen somebody who looks an awful lot like this person standing in the background at a recent presidential press conference or something like that? A wrong word, or even the hint of any hesitation on your part to cheerfully admit the bearer, and you'll be back to cleaning out the stables for the equestrian events.



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